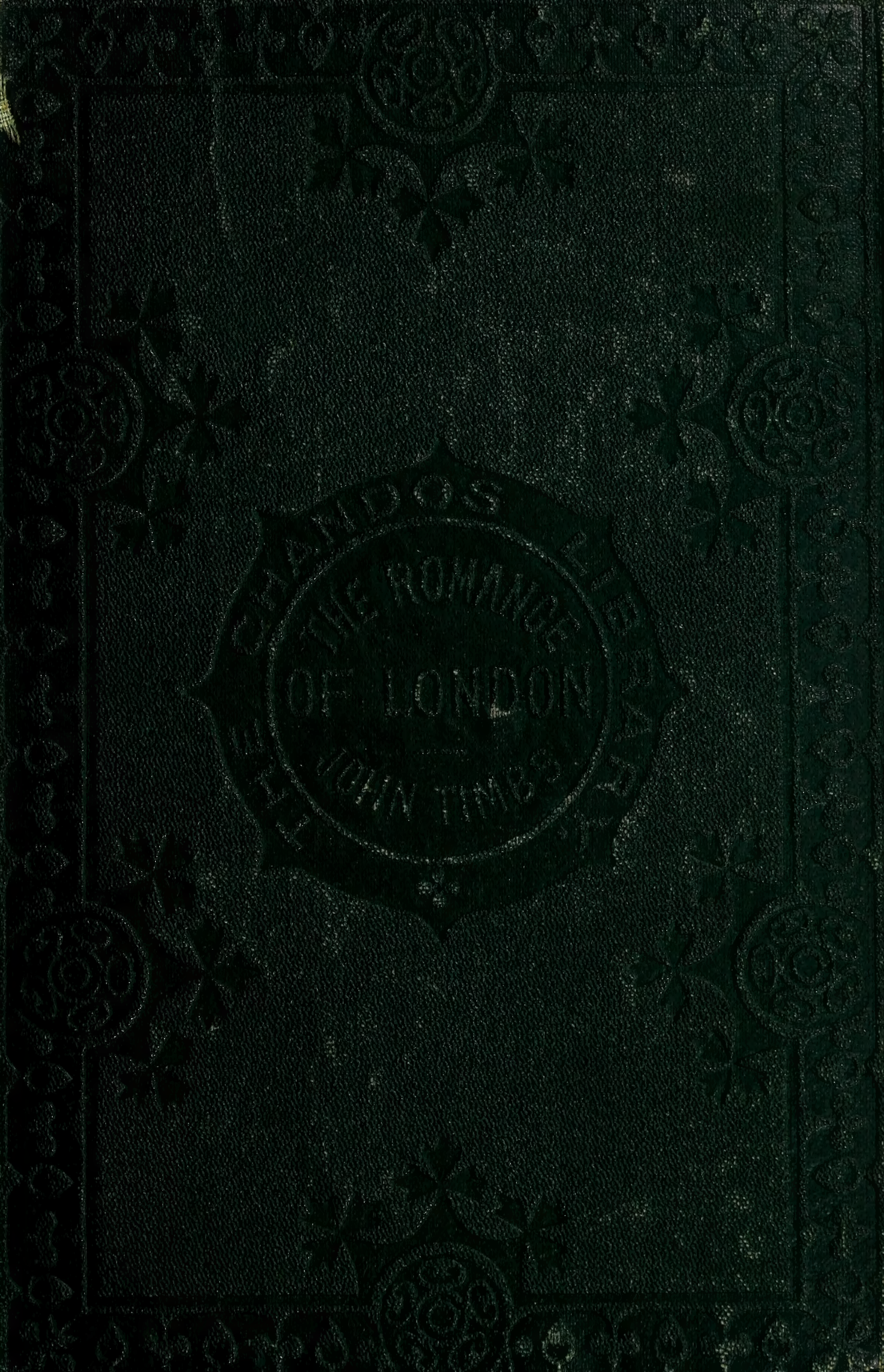

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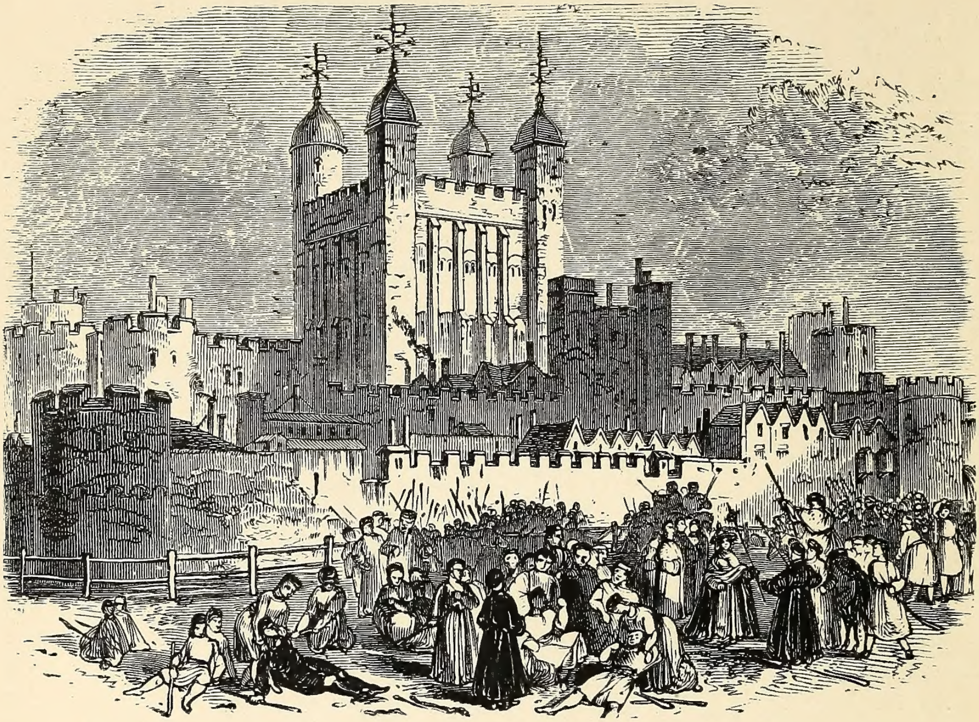

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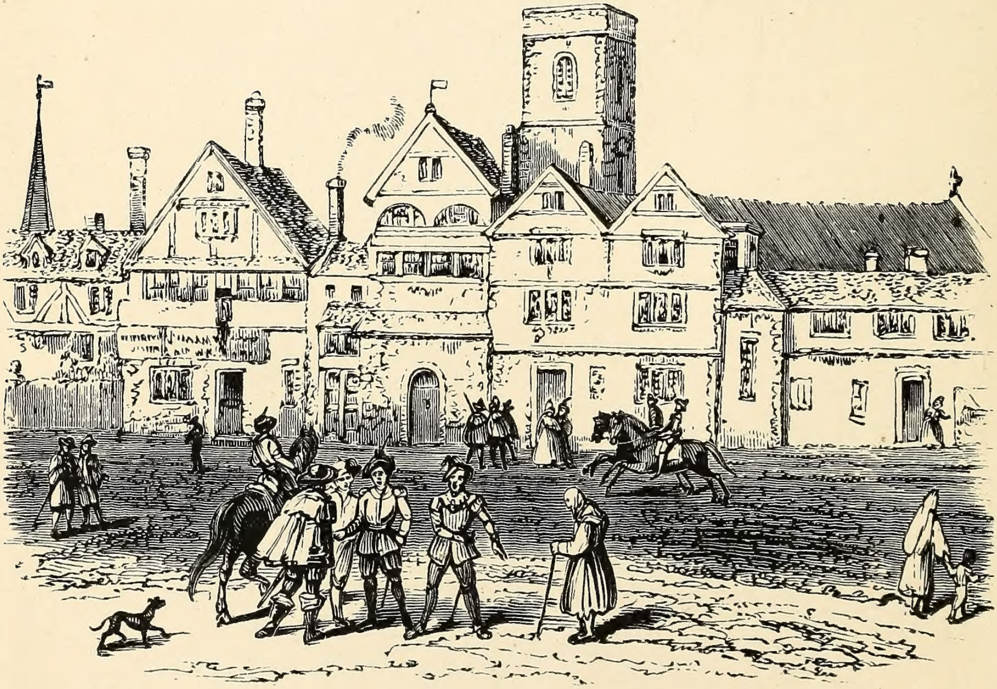

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THE
ROMANCE OF LONDON:

STRANGE STORIES,
SCENES AND REMARKABLE PERSONS
OF THE GREAT TOWN.

BY

JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF "A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE," ETC. ETC.

"'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange."—SHAKSPEARE.

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CONTENTS.

SUPERNATURAL STORIES.

PAGE
A GHOST STORY EXPLAINED, ... 1
STEPNEY LEGEND OF THE FISH AND THE RING, . . 4
DREAM TESTIMONY, ... 6
MARYLEBONE FANATICS: SHARP AND BRYAN, BROTHERS AND SOUTHCOTE, ... 7
HALLUCINATION IN ST PAUL'S, ... 14
THE GHOST IN THE TOWER, ... 18

SIGHTS AND SHOWS, AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE PUISNE'S WALKE ABOUT LONDON, . . . 27
THE WALLS OF ROMAN LONDON, ... 30
THE DANES IN LONDON, ... 32
CITY REGULATIONS IN THE PLANTAGENET TIMES, . . 36
ST PAUL'S DAY IN LONDON, ... 37
CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN WESTMINSTER HALL, . . 39
LONDON COCKPITS, ... 43
STORY OF THE BOOK OF ST ALBAN'S, . . . 45
RACES IN HYDE PARK, ... 47

246971

PAGE
OLD PALL MALL SIGHTS, ... 49
ROMANCE OF SCHOMBERG HOUSE, ... 50
DR GRAHAM AND HIS QUACKERIES, ... 54
ORIGIN OF HACKNEY-COACHES, ... 60
THE PARISH CLERKS OF CLERKENWELL, . . . 62
SEDAN-CHAIRS IN LONDON, ... 62
A LONDON NEWSPAPER OF 1667, ... 65
AMBASSADORS' SQUABBLE, ... 67
DRYDEN CUDGELLED, ... 69
FUNERAL OF DRYDEN, ... 71
GAMING-HOUSES KEPT BY LADIES, ... 73
ROYAL GAMING AT CHRISTMAS, ... 75
PUNCH AND JUDY, ... 77
FANTOCCINI, ... 81
MRS SALMON'S WAX-WORK, ... 83
THE RAGGED REGIMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, . 86
THE PIG-FACED LADY, ... 89
COUNT BORUWLASKI AND GEORGE IV., . . . 92
THE IRISH GIANTS, ... 95
A NORFOLK GIANT, ... 99
CELEBRATED DWARFS, ... 100
PLAYING ON THE SALT-BOX, ... 103
A SHARK STORY, ... 104
TOPHAM, THE STRONG MAN OF ISLINGTON, . . 105
THE POPE'S PROCESSION, AND BURNING OF THE POPE, . 107
THE GIANTS AT GUILDHALL, ... 115
LORD MAYOR'S DAY, ... 120
PRESENTATION OF SHERIFFS, ... 124
LORD MAYOR'S FOOL, ... 125
KING GEORGE III. AND THE BARCLAY FAMILY, . . 127

PAGE
CARLTON HOUSE AND THE REGENCY, . . . 131
THE PRINCE REGENT AND THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," 136
THE CORONATION-STONE AND CHAMPIONSHIP, . . 138
MUSICAL CELEBRATION OF ST CECILIA'S DAY, . . 145
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA, ... 147
THE OPERA IN 1747, ... 152
A FASHIONABLE ROUT IN THE LAST CENTURY, . . 153
VAUXHALL GARDENS, ... 155
A RIDOTTO AT VAUXHALL, ... 166
MARYLEBONE GARDENS, ... 167
JUBILEE MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH, . . . 172
THE BOTTLE CONJUROR, ... 177
MRS CORNELYS AT CARLISLE HOUSE, . . . 179
BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, ... 188
BELZONI AT BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, ... 210
MAY FAIR A CENTURY AGO, ... 212
MEN WHO PLAYED FEMALE PARTS ON THE STAGE, . 215
NANCY DAWSON, ... 220
PUFFING ON THE STAGE, ... 221
GARRICK'S ACTING, ... 224
JOHN BANNISTER'S ACTING, ... 227
A PARTISAN ACTOR, ... 229
THE MINISTER AND THE PLAYER, ... 230
MILKMAIDS ON MAY-DAY, ... 232
SWEEPS' HOLIDAY AT MONTAGUE HOUSE, . . . 233
MERMAID HOAX, ... 236
THE PORTLAND VASE, ... 238
UNBURIED AMBASSADORS, ... 239
WATCH-FACE AT SOMERSET HOUSE, ... 240
LORD STOWELL'S LOVE OF SIGHT-SEEING, . . . 241

PAGE
HOGARTH'S "INDUSTRIOUS AND IDLE APPRENTICES," . 243
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S ZENITH, ... 246
HARLOW'S PICTURE OF THE "TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHERINE," 248
THE LANSDOWNE FAMILY AND LANSDOWNE HOUSE, . 250
AN ASTRONOMICAL CURIOSITY, ... 253
DOWNING STREET, ... 255
CURIOSITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE, . . . 257
OPERA-HOUSE SPECULATION, ... 263
HUMOURS OF EPSOM RACES, ... 265
THE FOUR INDIAN KINGS, ... 269
THE ST MARGARET'S PAINTED WINDOW AT WESTMINSTER, 272
PAINTED WINDOW OF "THE FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD," . 276
GOING TO FIRES, ... 279

STRANGE ADVENTURES AND CATASTROPHES.

A MEMORABLE EXPLOSION, ... 284
EARTHQUAKES IN LONDON, ... 286
THE NEW ZEALANDER VISITING THE RUINS OF LONDON, . 290
DANGEROUS CLASSES IN THE LAST CENTURY, . . 293
YORK BUILDINGS, A SITE OF MISCHANCE, . . . 298
THE BURNING OF MONTAGUE HOUSE, . . . 301
SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S SHOP IN LOMBARD STREET, . 306
THE BURSTING OF THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE, . . 308
RUNS UPON THE BANK OF ENGLAND, . . . 315
THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA, ... 317
WORTH OF A QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING, . . . 323
IRELAND'S SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES, . . . 325
LOTTERIES IN LONDON, ... 332
FASHION FOR FLOWERS, ... 342

PAGE
FLOODING OF THE THAMES TUNNEL, . . . 343
BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, . . 348
HUDSON, "THE RAILWAY KING," 351

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY AND THE LANSDOWNE FAMILY, . 353
PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES, ... 356
MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AND SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, ... 360
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, ... 367
THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S ECCENTRICITIES, . . 368
CELEBRATED PHYSICIANS, ... 370
A QUACK OCULIST, ... 372
VOLTAIRE IN LONDON, ... 374
A SCENE IN MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL, ... 376
NAT LEE'S MADNESS, ... 378
DIRTY DICK OF LEADENHALL STREET, . . . 380
THE CROSSING SWEEPER, ... 382
A MOCK PRINCE, ... 385
AN ERRANT JOURNALIST, ... 387
DEATH OF FLAXMAN, THE SCULPTOR, . . . 389
DEATH OF NEWTON, THE PAINTER, ... 391
CHARLES LAMB AT THE PLAY, ... 392
"CORNER MEMORY THOMPSON," 396
DEVILLE, THE PHRENOLOGIST, ... 398
MONK LEWIS, ... 399
THE PENALTIES OF AVARICE, ... 401
COLERIDGE'S OPIUM-EATING, ... 403
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S LAST LECTURE, . . . 406

PAGE
ECCENTRICITIES OF COBBETT, ... 408
ECCENTRICITIES OF LORD BYRON, ... 413
HOW ROBERT BLOOMFIELD WROTE HIS "FARMER'S BOY" IN THE HEART OF LONDON, ... 415
DR DIBDIN, THE BIBLIOMANIAC, ... 416
SAMUEL ROGERS, THE BANKER POET, . . . 419
A LONDON RECLUSE, ... 423
PHILIP ASTLEY, THE RIDER, ... 427
THE "O. P. RIOT," 433
CHARLES MATHEWS, THE ELDER, ... 435

MISCELLANEOUS.

JACK CADE IN SOUTHWARK, ... 441
SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE IN THE BLACKFRIARS, . . 444
PRISONERS IN THE TOWER, ... 448
THE ANCIENT WATCH AND WARD, ... 450
ROBBING THE ROYAL TREASURY, ... 456
MIGRATION OF CITIZENS WESTWARD, . . . 460

Supernatural Stories.

ROMANCE OF LONDON.

Supernatural Stories.

A Ghost Story Explained.

THE following account, from the *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*, of what was long considered, even by highly intellectual persons, a supernatural incident, shows that some *ghost stories*, however seemingly well authenticated, are capable of easy explanation, from natural and ordinary causes, when the circumstances are fully known.

At a meeting of the Literary Club, at which Dr Johnson, Mr Burke, and several other eminent characters of the day were present, it was observed that an old gentleman, who had never missed one of the meetings of the society, was that day absent. His absence was considered as the more extraordinary, because he happened to be president that day. While the company were expressing their surprise at this circumstance, they saw their friend enter the room, wrapped in a long white gown, his countenance wan and very much fallen. He sat down in his place, and when his friends wondered at his dress, he waved his hand, nodded to each separately, and disappeared from the room without speaking. The gentlemen, surprised at this circumstance, and determined to investigate it, called for the waiter, and asked whether anybody had been seen upon the staircase which led to the room where they were sitting. They were answered that no person had been seen either to enter the house or to mount the stairs, and that both the staircase and the entrance had been constantly filled with comers and goers. Not satisfied with this, they sent to the house of the gentleman whom they had just seen, to inquire whether he had been out. His residence happened to be very near the coffee-house where they were, and their messenger immediately returned with the following melancholy intelligence: their friend had died about ten minutes before of a violent fever, which had confined him entirely to his bed for several days.

Some of the most eminent men of the club gave themselves great pains to discover the imposition which it was thought had been practised upon them; others firmly believed that their friend's ghost had actually appeared to them; and the latter opinion was confirmed by the total failure of all inquiries. All their efforts proved vain to remove the veil of mystery which hung over this transaction. At last they determined to remove the club to another part of the town, entering at the same time into an engagement never to reveal the circumstance which had occasioned this change.

Many years afterwards, as Mr Burke was sitting at dinner with some friends at his own house, he was told that a poor old woman, who was dying in an obscure garret in the midst of the greatest wretchedness, had just said that she could not die in peace unless she could reveal a most important secret to Mr Burke. This summons appeared so like a fraudulent means to extort money, that Mr Burke refused to go. In a short time he received a second and still more pressing message, and, at the same time, such an account was given of the poor creature's extreme poverty and misery, that his compassion was excited, and he determined to go, in spite of the earnest entreaties of his friends, who still feared for his safety. They accordingly watched in the little obscure alley, saw him ascend the staircase which led to the garret in which he was told the poor woman was living, and reminded him that succour was at hand.

Mr Burke soon returned. He told his friends that he had found everything as it had been represented; that the old woman had died after telling him a very extraordinary circumstance, which had given him great satisfaction. He then related all the former part of the story, and added that the dying woman had confessed that she had been guilty of a neglect which had cost an unfortunate man his life. She said that, upon her deathbed, she was determined to make all the atonement in her power, confess her error, and had therefore requested his presence, knowing him to be the most intimate friend of the deceased. She also said that, some years before, she was nurse to a gentleman who was ill of a dangerous fever, and named Mr Burke's friend. On a particular day, which she named, she was told by the physician that the crisis of the disease was that day to be expected, and that the ultimate issue of the malady would very much depend on the patient's being kept perfectly quiet at that moment, which could only be done by incessant watching, as the delirium would run very high just before. In that case the physician directed that the patient should be forcibly detained in bed, as the least cold would prove fatal. He therefore ordered the nurse not to leave the room upon any account the whole of the day. The nurse added, that in the afternoon of that day a neighbour had called upon her; that seeing the gentleman perfectly quiet, she had ventured to leave the room for ten minutes; when she returned, she found her patient gone. In a few minutes he returned, and expired immediately. When she heard the inquiries made, she was well aware what had given birth to them, but was at that time prevented by shame from confessing the truth.

Stepney Legend of the Fish and the Ring.

THIS old tale is commemorated in a marble monument on the outer east wall of the chancel of the church of St Dunstan, at Stepney. It is to the memory of Dane Rebecca Berry, wife of Sir Thomas Elton, of Stratford Bow, and relict of Sir John Berry, 1696. The inscription is as follows:—

Come, ladies, ye that would appear
Like angels fine, come dress you here;
Come, dress you at this marble stone,
And make this humble grave your own,
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind
As e'er yet lodged in womankind.
So she was dress'd whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife;
Free from all envious brawls and jars,
Of human life, the civil wars:
These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.

Her very looks, her garb, her mein,
Disclosed the humble soul within.
Trace through her every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife;
Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years;
The same in low and high estate,
Ne'er vex'd with this, or moved with that.
Go, ladies, now, and if you'd be,
As fair, as great, as good as she,
Go learn of her Humility.

The arms on this monument are—Paly of six on a bend three mullets (Elton) impaling a fish; and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. This coat of arms has given rise to the tradition that Lady Berry was the heroine of a popular ballad called, "The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," the story of which is briefly this:—A knight, passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour, and his knowledge in the occult sciences informs him that the child then born is destined to be his wife; he endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman's state, he takes her to the sea-side, intending to drown her, but relents; at the same time, throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again, on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a cod-fish as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place, of course. The ballad, it must be observed, lays the scene of the story in Yorkshire.

Dream Testimony.

In the year 1698, the Rev. Mr Smythies, curate of St Giles, Cripplegate, published an account of the robbery and murder of a parishioner, Mr Stockden, by three men, on the night of December 23, 1695, and of the discovery of the culprits by several dreams of Mrs Greenwood, Mr Stockden's neighbour. The main points are these:—In the first dream Mr Stockden showed Mrs Greenwood a house in Thames Street, telling her that one of the men was there. Thither she went the next morning, accompanied by a female neighbour, and learned that Maynard lodged there, but was then out. In the second dream Mr Stockden represented Maynard's face to her, with a mole on the side of the nose (he being unknown to Mrs Greenwood), and also tells her that a wire-drawer must take him into custody. Such a person, an intimate of Maynard's, is found, and ultimately Maynard is apprehended. In the third dream Mr Stockden appeared with a countenance apparently displeased, and carried her to a house in Old Street where she had never been, and told her that one of the men lodged there. There, as before, she repaired with her friend, and found that Marsh often came there. He had absconded, and was ultimately taken in another place. In the fourth dream Mr Stockden carried her over the bridge, up the Borough, and into a yard, where she saw Bevil, the third man, and his wife (whom she had never seen before). Upon her relating this dream, it was thought that it was one of the prison-yards; and she accordingly went to the Marshalsea, accompanied by Mr Stockden's housekeeper, who had been gagged on the night of the murder. Mrs Greenwood there recognised the man and woman whom she had seen in her dream. The man, although not recognised at first by the housekeeper, being without his periwig, was identified by her when he had it on. The three men were executed, and Mr Stockden once more appeared in a dream to Mrs Greenwood, and said to her, "Elizabeth, I thank thee; the God of heaven reward thee for what thou hast done." After this, we are informed that she was "freed from these frights, which had caused much alteration in her countenance."

Marylebone Fanatics:

SHARP AND BRYAN, BROTHERS AND SOUTHCOTE.

THE first of this quartette was *William Sharp,* the celebrated line-engraver; *Bryan* was an irregular Quaker, who had engrafted sectarian doctrines on an original stock of fervid religious feeling. Sharp, who possessed a fraternal regard for him, had him instructed in copperplate printing, supplied him with presses, &c., and enabled him to commence business; but they soon quarrelled. Jacob Bryan had some intellectual pretensions, and a strong tide of animal spirits, which, when religion was launched on it, swelled to enthusiasm, tossed reason to the skies, or whirled her in mystic eddies. Sharp found him one morning groaning on the floor, between his two printing-presses, at his workshop in Marylebone Street, complaining how much he was oppressed, by bearing, after the example of the Saviour, part of the sins of the people; and he soon after had a vision, commanding him to proceed to Avignon, on a divine mission. He accordingly set out immediately, in full reliance on Divine Providence, leaving his wife to negotiate the sale of his printing business: thus, Sharp lost his printer, but Bryan kept his faith. The issue of this mission was so ambiguous, that it might be combined into an accomplishment of its supposed object, according as an ardent or a cool imagination was employed on the subject; but the missionary (Bryan) returned to England, and then became a dyer, and so much altered, that a few years after he could even pun upon the suffering and confession which St Paul has expressed in his text—"I die daily."

The Animal Magnetism of Mesmer, and the mysteries of Emanuel Swedenborg, had, by some means or other, in Sharp's time, become mingled in the imaginations of their respective or their mutual followers; and Bryan and several others were supposed to be endowed, though not in the same degree, with a sort of half-physical and half-miraculous power of curing diseases, and imparting the thoughts or sympathies of distant friends. De Loutherbourg, the painter (one of the disciples), was believed by the sect to be a very Esculapius in this divine art; but Bryan was held to be far less powerful, and was so by his own confession. Sharp had also some inferior pretensions of the same kind, which gradually died away.

But, behold! Richard Brothers arose! The Millennium was at hand! The Jews were to be gathered together, and were to re-occupy Jerusalem; and Sharp and Brothers were to march thither with their squadrons! Due preparations were accordingly made, and boundless expectations were raised by the distinguished artist. Upon a friend remonstrating that none of their preparations appeared to be of a marine nature, and inquiring how the chosen colony were to cross the seas, Sharp answered, "Oh, you'll see; there'll be an earthquake, and a miraculous transportation will take place." Nor can Sharp's faith or sincerity on this point be in the least distrusted; for he actually engraved *two* plates of the portrait of the prophet Brothers; having calculated that one would not print the great number of impressions that would be wanted when the important advent should arrive; and he added to each the following inscription:—"Fully believing this to be the man appointed by God, I engrave his likeness: W. Sharp." The wags of the day, in reading it, generally chose to put the comma-pause in the wrong place, and to understand and interpret that W. Sharp hereby made oath that he engraved the portrait of the man appointed, namely, Richard Brothers. But if the reader paused in the place where Sharp intended, the sentence expressed, "Fully believing this to be the man appointed by God" —to do what? to head the Jews in their predestined march to recover Jerusalem? or to die in a madhouse? one being expressed as much as the other.

Brothers, however, in his prophecy, had mentioned *dates*, which were stubborn things. Yet the failure of the accomplishment of this prophecy may have helped to recommend "the Woman clothed with the Sun!" who now arose, as might be thought somewhat *malapropos*, in the West. Such was *Joanna Southcote*. The Scriptures had said, "The sceptre shall not depart from Israel, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and to him *shall the gathering of my people be*." When Brothers was incarcerated in a madhouse in Islington, Joanna, then living in service at Exeter, persuaded herself that she held converse with the devil, and communion with the Holy Ghost, by whom she pretended to be inspired. When the day of dread that was to leave London in ruins, while it ushered forth Brothers and Sharp on their holy errand, passed calmly over, the seers of coming events began to look out for new ground, and to prevaricate most unblushingly. The *days* of prophecy, said Sharp, were sometimes weeks or months; nay, according to one text, a thousand years were but as a single day, and one day was but as a thousand years. But he finally clung to the deathbed prediction of Jacob, supported as it was by the ocular demonstration of the coming Shiloh. In vain Sir William Drummond explained that Shiloh was in reality the ancient Asiatic name of a star in Scorpio; or that Joanna herself sold for a trifle, or gave away in her loving-kindness, the impression of a trumpery seal, which at the Great Day was to constitute the discriminating mark between the righteous and the ungodly.

> "The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and bewray'd,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;"

but battered and bewrayed as Sharp's faith in modern revelation might well be supposed to have become, no new light streamed in at the chinks. It was still the soul's dark cottage when the corpse of the prophetess lay in her house in Manchester Street. When the surgeons were proceeding to an anatomical investigation of the causes of her death, and the mob were gathering without doors, in anticipation of a riot or a miracle, Sharp continued to maintain that she was not dead, but entranced! And, at a subsequent period, when he was sitting to Mr Haydon for his portrait, he predicted to the painter, that Joanna would re-appear in the month of July 1822. "But suppose she should not?" said Haydon. "I tell you she will," retorted Sharp; "but if she would not, nothing should shake my faith in her divine mission." And those who were near Sharp's person during his last illness, state that in this belief he died at Chiswick, July 25, 1824. He is interred in Chiswick Churchyard, near De Loutherbourg, for whom, at one period, he entertained mystic reverence.

Brothers had been a lieutenant in the Navy: among other extravagances, he styled himself "the Nephew of God," and predicted the downfall of all sovereigns, of the Naval power of Great Britain, and the restoration of the Jews under him as Prince and Deliverer. All these events were to be accomplished between 1792 and 1798. His writings, founded on oral narrations of the Scriptures, at length led the Government to interfere; and on March 14, 1795, he was apprehended at his lodgings, No. 58 in Haddington Street, under a warrant from the Secretary of State. After a long examination before the Privy Council, in which Brothers persisted in the divinity of his legation, he was committed to the custody of a State messenger. In a few days he was declared a lunatic by a jury appointed under a commission, and was subsequently removed to a private asylum at Islington, where he remained till 1806, when he was discharged by the authority of Lord Chancellor Erskine. He died of consumption, in Upper Baker Street, in 1824.

Joanna Southcote was a native of Exeter, and commenced her delusions early in life. In 1792, she assumed to be a prophetess, and of the Woman of the Wilderness, and began to give to her followers sealed papers—called *seals*,—which were to protect both from the judgments of the present and a future life, and thousands were caught in the snare. Her predictions were delivered in prose and in doggerel rhyme, and related to the denunciation of judgments on the surrounding nations, and promised a speedy approach of the Millennium. In the course of her mission, as she called it, she employed a boy, who pretended to see visions, and attempted, instead of writing, to adjust them on the walls of her chapel, "the House of God." A schism took place among her followers, one of whom, named Carpenter, took possession of the place, and wrote against her; not denying her mission, but asserting that she had exceeded it.

Early in her last year, she secluded herself from male society, and fancied that she was with child—by the Holy Spirit!—that she was to bring forth the Shiloh promised by Jacob Bryan, and which she pretended was to be the second appearance of the Messiah! This child was to be born before the end of harvest; as she was certain it was impossible for her to survive undelivered till Christmas. The harvest, however, was ended, and Christmas came, without the fulfilment of her predictions. Some months previously, Joanna had declared her pretended situation, and invited the opinion of the faculty. Several medical men admitted her pregnancy, among whom was Dr Reece; other doubted; and some, among whom was Dr Sims, denied it. Her followers, however, were confident, and some of them made her costly presents, among which was a Bible, which cost £40; and a superb cot or cradle, £200; besides a richly-embroidered coverlid, etc. About ten weeks before Christmas, she was confined to her bed, and took very little sustenance, until pain and sickness greatly reduced her. Mr Want, a surgeon, warned her of her approaching end ; but she insisted that all her sufferings were only preparatory to the birth of the Shiloh. At last she admitted the possibility of a temporary dissolution, and expressly ordered that means should be taken to preserve warmth in her for four days, after which she was to revive, and be delivered ; or, in failure, she gave permission to be opened. On December 27th, 1814, she actually died, in her sixty-fifth year ; in four days after, she was opened in the presence of fifteen medical men, when it was demonstrated that she was not pregnant, and that her complaint arose from bile and flatulency, from indulgence and want of exercise. In her last hours, she was attended by Ann Underwood, her secretary ; Mr Tozer, who was called her high-priest ; Colonel Harwood, and some other persons of property ; and so determined were many of her followers to be deceived, that neither death nor dissection could convince them of their error. Her remains were removed to an undertaker's in Oxford Street, whence they were interred, with great secrecy, in the cemetery of St John's Wood Chapel. Here is a tablet to her memory with these lines :—

"While through all thy wondrous days,
Heaven and Earth enraptured gazed—
While vain Sages think they know
Secrets Thou Alone canst show,
Time alone will tell what hour
Thou 'lt appear to 'Greater' Power."

—SABINEUS.

Another tablet, erected by her friends fourteen years after her decease, bears, in letters of gold, three Scripture texts.

For some years her followers, Southcotonians, continued to meet and commit various extravagances. In

1817, a party of the disciples, conceiving themselves directed by God to proclaim the coming of the Shiloh on earth, for this purpose marched in procession through Temple Bar, and the leader sounded a brazen trumpet, and declared the coming of Shiloh, the Prince of Peace; while his wife shouted, "Wo! wo! to the inhabitants of the earth, because of the coming of Shiloh!" The crowd pelted the fanatics with mud, some disturbance ensued, and some of the disciples were taken into custody, and had to answer for their conduct before a magistrate. A considerable number of the sect appeared to have remained in Devonshire, Joanna's native county.

The whole affair was one of the most monstrous delusions of our time. "It is not long since," says Sir Benjamin Brodie, "no small number of persons, and not merely those belonging to the uneducated classes, were led to believe that a dropsical old woman was about to be the mother of the real Shiloh." The writer, however, adds that Joanna was "not altogether an impostor, but in part the victim of her own imagination."—*Psychological Inquiries*, 3d edit.

Hallucination in St Paul's.

DR ARNOULD, of Camberwell, relates a singular case of a gentleman, about thirty-five years of age, of active habits and good constitution, living in the neighbourhood of London, who, being subject to hallucinations, was, by Dr Arnould's advice, sent to a private asylum, where he remained about two years. His delusions gradually subsided, and he was afterwards restored to his family. The account which he gave of himself was as follows :—

One afternoon, in the month of May, feeling unsettled, and not inclined to business, he took a walk into the City, and having strolled into St Paul's Churchyard, he stopped at the shop window of Bowles and Carver, and looked at the prints, one of which was a view of the Cathedral. He had not been there long before a short, grave-looking elderly gentleman, dressed in dark brown clothes, came up and began to examine the prints, and soon entered into conversation with him, praising the print of St Paul's in the shop window, relating some anecdotes of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, and asking if he had ever been "up St Paul's." He replied in the negative. The stranger then proposed they should dine together, and then ascend the Cathedral: this was agreed to, and having dined at a tavern in a court in the neighbourhood, they very soon left the table, and ascended to the ball just below the cross, which they entered alone. They had not been there many minutes, when, while he was gazing on the extensive prospect, and delighted with the splendid view below him, the grave old gentleman pulled out from an inside coat pocket something like a compass, having round the edges some curious figures; then having muttered some unintelligible words, he placed it in the centre of the ball. He felt a great trembling and a sort of horror come over him, which was increased by his companion asking him if he should like to see any friend at a distance, and to know what he was at that moment doing, for if so, the latter could show him any such person. Now his father had been for a long time in bad health, and for some weeks past he had not visited him. A sudden thought came into his mind that he should like to see his father. He had no sooner expressed his wish than the exact person of his father was immediately presented to his sight on the mirror, reclining in his arm-chair, and taking his afternoon sleep. He became overwhelmed with terror at the clearness of the vision, and entreated his mysterious companion to descend, as he felt very ill. The request was complied with, and in parting under the northern portico, the stranger said to him, "Remember! you are the slave of the man of the mirror!"

He returned in the evening to his house; he felt unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the stranger; for the last three months he had been conscious of the power of the latter over him. Dr Arnould inquired of him in what way this power was exercised. He cast on the doctor a look of suspicion, mingled with confidence, took his arm, and after leading him through two or three rooms, and then into the garden, exclaimed, "It's of no use—there is no concealment from him, for all places are alike open to him—he sees and hears us *now!*" The doctor says—"I asked him where the man was that heard us? He replied, in a voice of deep agitation, 'Have I not told you that he lives in the ball below the cross on the top of St Paul's, and that he only comes down to take a walk in the churchyard, and gets his dinner in the house in the dark alley? Since the fatal interview with the necromancer,' he continued, 'for such I believe him to be, he is continually dragging me before him on his mirror, and he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts, and I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from his inspection, and no place can afford me security from his power.' On my replying that the darkness of the night would afford him protection from these machinations, he said, 'I know what you mean, but you are quite mistaken. I have only told you of the mirror;' but in some part of the building which he passed in coming away, he showed me what he called a great bell, and I heard sounds which came from it, and which went to it; sounds of laughter, and of anger, and of pain; there was a dreadful confusing of sounds, and as I listened with wonder and affright, he said, 'This is my organ of hearing; this great bell is in communication with all other bells within the circle of hieroglyphics, by which every word spoken by those under my control is made audible to me.' Seeing me look surprised at him, he said, 'I have not yet told you all; for he practises his spells by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power, like a detestable tyrant as he is, over the minds of those whom he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite, within the circle of the hieroglyphics.' I asked him what these hieroglyphics were, and how he perceived them? He replied, 'Signs and symbols which you, in your ignorance of their true meaning, have taken for letters and words, and reading as you have thought, *Day and Martin* and *Warren's Blacking!* Oh, that is all nonsense! they are only the mysterious characters which he traces to mark the boundary of his dominion, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. How have I toiled and laboured to get beyond the limits of his influence! Once I walked for three days and nights, till I fell down under a wall exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep; but on waking I saw the dreadful signs before my eyes, and I felt myself as completely under his infernal spells at the end as at the beginning of my journey.' "*

Dr de Boismont, who, in his clever work *On Hallucinations,* gives the above, considers that there cannot be an instance of an hallucination more completely followed out in detail, or better adapted to produce a conviction in the minds of persons not acquainted with these singular phenomena, than the one which is here related by Prichard. In the Middle Ages this person would have been considered as possessed, and would doubtless have been subjected to the ceremonies of exorcism. Even in the present day, a similar tale would find many believers.

It is highly probable that this person had formerly visited St Paul's, but, having become insane, his recollections of previous occurrences were mixed up in a very extravagant manner. As they grew more and more vivid, they became depicted by the imagination in a manner which caused the eye to mistake them for realities.

The Ghost in the Tower.

In that storehouse of interesting and serviceable information, *Notes and Queries*—to which we are often indebted for enlightenment upon curious and out-of-the-way subjects—we find the following circumstantial account of an apparition which has excited considerable discussion upon its several points.

The narrator, in the first instance, is Mr Edward Lenthal Swifte, who, at the period of the occurrence, was Keeper of the Crown Jewels in the Tower, and resident upon the spot where the apparition took place. Mr Swifte relates:—"One Saturday night in October 1817, about 'the witching hour,' I was at supper with my then wife, our little boy, and her sister, in the sitting-room of the Jewel-house, which is said to have been the doleful prison of Ann Boleyn, and of the ten Bishops whom Oliver Cromwell piously accommodated therein. For an accurate picture of the *locus in quo* my scene is laid, I refer to George Cruickshank's woodcut in Ainsworth's *Tower of London*; and I am persuaded that my gallant successor in office, General Wyndham, will not refuse its collation with my statement.

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* A Treatise on Insanity, and other Disorders affecting the Mind, by James Cowles Prichard, p. 455. London, 1835.

"The room was—as it still is—irregularly shaped, having three doors and two windows, which last are cut nearly nine feet deep into the outer wall; between these is a chimney-piece projecting far into the room, and (then) surmounted with a large oil-picture. On the night in question, the doors were all closed, heavy and dark cloth curtains were let down over the windows, and the only light in the room was that of two candles on the table. I sate at the foot of the table, my son on my right hand, his mother fronting the chimney-piece, and her sister on the opposite side. I had offered a glass of wine-and-water to my wife, when, on putting it to her lips, she paused and exclaimed, 'Good God! what is that?' I looked up, and saw a cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of my arm, and hovering between the ceiling and the table; its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, like to the gathering of a summer cloud, and incessantly rolling and mingling within the cylinder. This lasted about two minutes; when it began slowly to move before my sister-in-law; then, following the oblong shape of the table *before* my son and myself; passing *behind* my wife, it passed for a moment over her right shoulder [observe, there was no mirror opposite to her, in which she could then behold it]. Instantly, she crouched down, and with both hands, covering her shoulder, she shrieked out, 'O Christ! it has seized me!' Even now, while writing, I feel the fresh horror of that moment. I caught up my chair, struck at the wainscot behind her, rushed up-stairs to the other children's room, and told the terrified nurse what I had seen. Meanwhile, the other domestics had hurried into the parlour, where their mistress recounted to them the scene, even as I was detailing it above stairs.

"The marvel—some will say the absurdity—of all this is enhanced by the fact that *neither my sister-in-law nor my son beheld this appearance*—though to their mortal vision it was as apparent as to my wife's demise. When I, the next morning, related the night's horrors to our chaplain, after the service in the Tower Church, he asked me, Might not some person have his natural senses deceived? And if one, why not *two?* My answer was, If *two,* why not two thousand?

"I am bound to add, that shortly before this strange event, some young lady-residents in the Tower had been, I know not wherefore, suspected of making phantasmagorial experiments at their windows, which, be it observed, had no command whatever on any windows in my dwelling. An additional sentry was accordingly posted, so as to overlook any such attempt.

"Happen, however, as it might, following hard at heel the visitation of my household, one of the night sentries at the Jewel-office was, as he said, alarmed by a figure like a huge bear, issuing from underneath the door; he thrust at it with his bayonet, which stuck in the door, even as my chair dinted the wainscot; he dropped in a fit, and was carried senseless to the guard-room. His fellow-sentry declared that the man was neither asleep nor drunk, he himself having seen him the moment before awake and sober. Of all this I avouch nothing more than that I saw the poor man in the guard-house prostrated with terror, and that in two or three days the fatal result—be it of fact or of fancy—was—that *he died.*" To the truth of the above, Mr Swifte pledges his faith and honour.

This statement is succeeded by the following from Mr George Offor: "This unfortunate affair took place in Jan. 1816, and shows the extreme folly of attempting to frighten with the shade of a supernatural appearance the bravest of men. Before the burning of the Armouries, there was a paved yard in front of the Jewel-house, from which a gloomy and ghost-like doorway led down a flight of steps to the Mint. Some strange noises were heard in this gloomy corner; and on a dark night, at twelve, the sentry saw a figure like a bear cross the pavement, and disappear down the steps. This so terrified him that he fell, and in a few hours, after having recovered sufficiently to tell the tale, he died. It was fully believed to have arisen from phantasmagoria, and the governor, with the Colonel of the regiment, doubled the sentry, and used such energetic precautions that no more ghosts haunted the Tower from that time. The soldier bore a high character for bravery and good conduct. I was then in my thirtieth year, and was present when his body was buried with military honours in the Flemish burial-ground, St Katherine's." (*Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. No. 245.)

To this communication, Mr Swifte replies that the Jewel-house guard had been doubled *before* the fatal night—and there—*nec post nec propter hoc*—for the surer supervising the phantasmagorean pranks; that on the morrow he saw the soldier in the main guard-room with his fellow-sentinel, who testified "to his being awake and sober, and that he spoke to him on the previous night just before the alarm; that the latter distinctly said, the 'figure' did not 'cross the pavement, and disappear down the steps' of the sally post, but issued from underneath the Jewel-house door; which was beneath a stone archway as utterly out of the reach of any phantasmagorean apparatus (if such there were) as of Mr Swifte's windows." Mr Swifte saw the sentry on the following day; and in another day or two—*not* "in a few hours"—the sentry died.

At the suggestion of the chaplain, who conceived the possibility of the phantasmagoria having been *intromitted* at the windows of Mr Swifte's room, a scientific friend inspected the parlour, but could not solve the mystery. Subsequently, a professor of the Black Art offered to produce any "cylindrical figure" on the ceiling or elsewhere in the room, *provided* that he might have his own apparatus on the table; or (with the curtains drawn back) on the seven-gun battery, fronting the window—where, by the by, a sentry is posted day and night. His *provisos* were, of course, declined. Mr Swifte adds that Sir John Reresby, when governor of York Castle, in the reign of James II., relates that one of the night-sentries was grievously alarmed by the appearance of a huge black animal issuing upon him from underneath a door in the castle. *(Notes and Queries,* 2nd S. No. 247.) Sir John Reresby's story is as follows: "One of my soldiers being on guard, about eleven in the night, at the gate of Clifford Tower, the very night after the witch was arraigned, he heard a great noise at the castle; and going to the porch, he there saw a scroll of paper creep from under the door, which, as he imagined, by moonlight, turned first into the shape of a monkey, and thence assumed the form of a turkey-cock, which passed to and fro by him. Surprised at this, he went to the prison, and called the underkeeper, who came and saw the scroll dance up and down, and creep under the door, where there was scarce an opening of the thickness of half-a-crown. This extraordinary story I had from the mouth of both one and the other." *(Memoirs of Sir John Reresby,* p. 238.)

In reply to an inquiry, Mr Swifte states that the phantom did not assume any other form; but at the moment of his wife's exclamation, and his striking at it with the chair, it crossed the upper end of the table, and disappeared in the recess of the opposite window.

Upon this, Prof. De Morgan refers to a version of the above narrative in Dr Gregory's *Letters on Animal Magnetism,* in which some account is given of a court-martial held on the sentry, evidence that he was not asleep, but had been singing a minute or two before the phantom appeared—the declaration of the sergeant that such appearances were not uncommon, &c.—all which details were new to Mr Swifte, who, being resident on the spot, may be presumed to have had the best information. Nor had he been aware of Dr Gregory's publication, or communicated with him: he received his account from Sir David Brewster.

Another correspondent remarked that, up to a certain point, Mr Swifte's narrative bears a striking resemblance to a story, related by the Baron de Guldenstubbé, of an apparition seen by him at Paris, in 1854, and quoted in Mr Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World.* Another correspondent writes: "While reading the case of the Baron de Guldenstubbé, the *Spectre of the Brocken* rushed into my mind: and further reflection convinced me that two apparitions so closely resembling each other as those of Mr Swifte and the Baron must be due to natural causes. The latter case also resembles one which recently (December 1860) occurred at Bonchurch, and was described in the *Times.* I would ask—Is it known whether the figure seen by the Baron in the column of vapour resembled himself? Whether the external air was very damp? and whether there had recently, or ever, been a fire in the stove in front of which the ghost appeared? It seems to have kept the line between the Baron and the fire-place, and the doorway was in a line also. As a faggot is mentioned, I suppose the fire-place in the saloon was an open one. My reason tells me that the similarity of these two visitations is strong evidence against their being supernatural: while we have the testimony, &c., of the tourists on the Brocken, the gentleman at Bonchurch, Ulloa on Pichincha, and the host of Scotch second-sight seers, as to such effects in the open air. Then, why may not the same have occurred in a column of fog descending a damp chimney?"

Mr Swifte's case is more difficult to account for, particularly as regards the sentinel; still, if one case be solved. the other may, the clue once given.

"One word as to the Baron's 'electric shocks.' Can these be accounted for by atmospheric causes? His frame seems not to have been in a healthy state, as he could not sleep. Were they not simply those twitchings of the muscles, or prickings in the veins, which are not uncommon in ailing persons? We know how a state of semi-sleep magnifies every sound and feeling, and hence, I think, the truth of the Baron's electric shocks may be doubted." (*Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. No. 259.)

Mr Swifte, it should be added, cannot supply the precise date of the sentinel's alarm; the "morrow," when he saw the poor fellow in the Tower guard-room, had reference to his visitation, not Mr Swifte's; which he submits is the more difficult of solution.

The appearance in the Jewel-house did not suggest to Mr Swifte the Brocken spectre; and the Guldenstubbé phantom fails in its parallel. "We were not," says Mr Swifte, "favoured by any 'portly old man' detaching himself from our vaporous column, and re-solving himself into it again; no 'electric shocks,' or 'muscular twitchings,' had predisposed us; and the densest fog that had ever descended a damp chimney could hardly have seized one of us by the shoulder."

In conclusion, Mr Swifte adds:—"The only 'natural cause' which has occurred to me, is *phantasmagoric* agency; yet—to say nothing of the local impediments in the Jewel-house—the most skilful operator, with every appliance accorded him, could not produce an appearance visible to one-half the assembly, while invisible to the other half, and bodily laying hold of one individual among them. The causation of non-natural, preternatural, or supernatural effects passes my scholarship; and the anomalies of a formless, purposeless phantom, foretelling nothing, and fulfilling nothing, is better left to the adepts in psychology."

We all remember Dean Swift's words :—"One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that *spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time*; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy."

Now, at the Tower, the phantom was seen by more than one person at a time, though not by all the party; neither of whom seems to have been in the melancholy mood which Swift considered requisite to realise a spectre.

The Tower, which presents us with the *scaffolding* of our mediæval and later history, has, of course, its legendary whisperings, and its midnight stillness, broken even by the moaning wind, must be very suggestive in association with the history of the fortress; there is more than one tradition of the spirit of Raleigh hovering about the prison-house, whose nooks and corners smell of blood: the sentinel had, in all probability, heard of Raleigh's revisitation, and it may have had some share in the poor sentinel's frightful end.

Sights and Shows, and Public Amusements.

The Puisne's Walke about London.

THE following ballad, detailing, pleasantly enough, a "Bumpkin's Visit to London," may be safely assigned to a period as early as the reign of Charles I. It is transcribed from a MS. in the British Museum (Harleian MS. 3910, fol. 37), and Mr Peter Cunningham has, in communicating it to the *Builder*, added a few notes. The references and other allusions to the Lord Mayor on horseback (in his robes, of course), carry us back to the days of Holinshed and Stow; while the Tabor, in Fleet Street, speaks of holiday and Tarlton mirth in London:—

When I came first to London Towne,
 I was a novice as most men are:
Methought y^e^ King dwelt at y^e^ sign of y^e^ Crown,
 And the way to Heaven was through y^e^ Starr.

I sett up my horse, and walkt to Paule's,
 "Lord," thought I, "w^t^ a Church is heere!"
And then I swore by all Christen soules,
 'Twas a myle long or very neere.*

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* The nave of Old St Paul's was very long.

Nay, methought, 'twas as high as a hill.
"A Hill!" quoth I, "nay, as a Mountayn;"
Then up I went w^{th} a very good will,
But gladder was to come down againe.

For on the topp my head turn'd round;
For be it knowne to all Christen people,
The man's not a little way from the ground
That 's on the top of all Paule's steeple.

To Ludgate, then, I ran my race:
When I was past I did backward looke;
Ther I spyed Queen Elizabeth's grace,*
Her picture guylt, for all gould I tooke.

And as I came down Ludgate Hill,
Whome should I meet but my good Lord Mayor,
On him I gap'd, as yongsters still
Gape on toyes in Bartelmew faire.

I know not w^{ch} of 'em to desire,
The Mayor or y^{e} horse, they were both so like;
Their trappings so rich you would admjre,
Their faces such non could dislike.

But I must consider perforce
The saying of ould, so true it was,—
"The grey mare is the better horse,"—
And "All 's not gould that shines lyke brass."

In Fleet Street then I heard a shoote;
I put of my hatt, and I made no staye;
And when I came unto the rowte,
Good lord! I heard a Taber playe.

For, so God save mee, a Morrys Daunce:
Oh! ther was sport alone for mee,
To see the hobby horse, how he did praunce
Among the gingling company.

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* The statue of Queen Elizabeth, formerly at Ludgate, now at St Dunstan's, Fleet Street.

I proffer'd them money for their coats,
  But my conscience had remorse;
For my father had no oates,
  And I must haue had the hobbie horse.

To see the Tombes was my desire,
  And then to Westminster I went:
I gave one twoepence for his hyre,
  'Twas the best twopence y^{t} e'er I spent.

"Here lyes," quoth hee, "King Henry the Third."
  "'Tis false," said I, "hee speaks not a word."
"And here is King Richard y^{e} Seacond inter'd;
  And here is good King Edward's sword.

And this," quoth he, "is Jacob's stone,
  This very stone here under y^{e} chaire."

* * * *

I tooke a Boate, and would stay no longer;
  And as I towards y$_{e}$ Bridge did rowe,
I and myself began to wonder
  Howe that it was built belowe.

But then my friend, John Stow, I remember,
  In 's Booke of London call'd the Survay
Saith that, on the fifthe daye of September,
  With wooll-sacks they did it underlay.

Then through y^{e} Bridge to the Tower I went,
  With much adoe I wandred in;
And when my penny * I had spent,
  Thus the spokesman did begin:—

"This Lyon 's the King's, and this is the Queene's,
  And this is the Prince's y^{t} stands by him."
I drew nere, not knowing w^{ch} hee means.
  "W^{t} ayle you, my friend, to go so nigh him?"

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* Our ballad-monger lived in the days when Peacham published his "Worth of a Penny," and a penny peep was a penny's worth.

"Do you see y^{e} Lyon this y^{t} lyes downe?
It's Henry the Great, twoe hondred years olde."
"Lord bless us!" quoth I, "How hee doth frown!"
"I tell you," quoth he, "hee's a lyon boulde."

Now was it late, I went to my Inne;
I supt, and I slept, and I rose betymes,
Not wak't wth crowes, nor ducks quackling,
But wth the noyse of Cheapside chymes.*

The Walls of Roman London.

Mr Tite, the architect of the Royal Exchange, who has enjoyed several opportunities of tracing the remains of the walls of Roman London, in 1853, had the good fortune to find a beautiful tesselated pavement under Gresham House, in Old Broad Street; which discovery led Mr Tite to believe that similar remains existed in the same neighbourhood, further strengthened by the fact that in Trinity Square, not far distant, a portion of the ancient wall still existed above ground, which, though not Roman, was supposed to rest on Roman foundations. In 1841, the Blackwall Railway, much further north than this point, cut through Roman remains of the great wall; but it was not until the autumn of 1864 that further traces were found. Then, in some large works in Cooper Row, was discovered a very extensive fragment of a Norman wall, with narrow slits for archers to shoot their arrows. This fragment was 110 feet long, and in height, from the bottom of the foundation to the top of the parapet, 41 feet. All the foundations, and a considerable portion of the lower wall, were undoubtedly Roman, built of square stones, in regular courses, with bonding courses of Roman brick of intense hardness, and excellent cement, as hard as any red earthenware, and was, as was always the case with the Roman, more of what we should call a tile, being about 1 foot square and 1½ in. thick. The mortar between the bricks was nearly as thick as the bricks themselves, and abounding in portions of pounded brick. The exact place of these remains is shown in an ancient plan of London in the reign of Elizabeth, when the walls and gates were in existence. Undoubted Roman remains of these walls are traceable in Camomile Street, the street called London Wall, and near Moorgate.

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* Bow bells.

In referring to the history of Roman London, Mr Tite proceeds to point out that there could have been no walls at the time when Seutonius abandoned it in A.D. 61. Some Norman historians referred the walls to a period as late as the Empress Helena, but Mr Tite is of opinion that they date about the second century of our era. The distinctly Norman work above this level Mr Tite attributes to the period when Archbishop Langton and William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, had failed in their first endeavours to prevail on King John to restore the ancient laws contained in the Great Charter; the associated Barons assumed their arms, and with their forces marched first to Northampton and thence to Bedford. They were favourably received there by William de Beauchamp; and there also came to them messengers from London, who privately advised them immediately to go thither. On this they advanced to Ware, and arrived at Aldgate after a night march on the 24th of May 1215, the Sunday before Ascension Day. Finding the gates open, says Roger de Wendover, they entered the city without any tumult, while the inhabitants were performing divine service; for the rich citizens were favourable to the Barons, and the poor ones were afraid to complain of them. After this, the walls being in a ruinous state, they restored them, using the materials of the Jews' houses existing in the neighbourhood, and then destroyed to build up the defences, which, as chroniclers relate, were in a subsequent reign in a high state of excellence.

Mr Tite pursues his history of the wall of London through its various phases of ruin and revival until the patriotic Lord Mayor, citizen, and draper, Ralph Joscelyne, in 1477, completely restored all the walls, gates, and towers, in which work he was assisted by the Goldsmiths' and other Companies, and by Sir John Crosby, a member of the Grocers' Company. The gradual increase of the necessities of the citizens for more space, and the Great Fire of 1666, completed the destruction of these once important defences, and but few remains now exist to show their extent and value. Mr Tite states that the total area enclosed by the walls which still constitutes the great "City of London" is only about 380 acres.

The Danes in London.

THE marriage of the Prince of Wales to a Princess of the royal family of Denmark invests, with fresh interest, our historical association with that country, which has ever been a popular subject with the Danes. Mr Worsae, by desire of King Christian VIII. of Denmark, in 1846, made an archæological exploration of Scotland and the British Isles with the view of illustrating the connection of the two countries, the interesting results of which were published in a volume in 1862. Thus, we are reminded that, besides Denmark Court, Denmark Street, Copenhagen Street, indicative of the connection between England and Denmark in modern times, we possess numerous memorials of the earlier occupation of London by the Danes and Northmen. The most popular of these associations is in the history of the church of St Clement Danes, in the Strand, which, though not 150 years old, occupies a Danish site of eight centuries since. In some curious regulations for the prevention of fire in the metropolis, in the year 1189, we read of a great conflagration which "happened in the first year of King Stephen (1135), when, by a fire which began at London Bridge, the church of St Paul was burnt, and then that fire spread, consuming houses and buildings, even *unto the church of St Clement Danes*." Stow's account is, that the church was so called "because Harold, a Danish King, and other Danes were buried here." Strype gives another reason—"that the few Danes left in the kingdom married English women, and compulsorily lived between Westminster and Ludgate, and there built a synagogue, called *Ecclesia Clementis Danorium*." This account Fleetwood, the antiquary, reported to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, who lived at Cecil House, in the parish.

Mr Worsae, the Danish antiquary, however, thus relates the history—that here "the Danes in London had their own burial-place, in which reposed the remains of Canute the Great's son and next successor, Harold Harefoot. When, in 1040, Hardicanute ascended the throne after his brother Harold, he caused Harold's corpse to be disinterred from its tomb in Westminster

Abbey and thrown into the Thames, where it was found by a fisherman, and afterwards buried, it is said, in the Danes' Churchyard in London. From the churchyard it was subsequently removed into a round tower which ornamented the church before it was rebuilt at the close of the seventeenth century. It was taken down in 1680, and rebuilt by Edward Pierce, under the superintendence of Wren, the old tower being left; but this was taken down, and the present tower and steeple built by Gibbs in 1719. By a strange coincidence, the first person buried in this church, after it was rebuilt, was Nicholas Byer, the painter, a Norwegian, employed by Sir William Temple at his house at Shene."

Mr Worsae considers the church to have been named, not because so many Danes were buried in it, but because, as it is situated close by the Thames, and must originally have lain outside the city walls, the Danish merchants and mariners, who for the sake of trade were then established in London, had here a place of their own, in which they dwelt together as fellow-countrymen. This church, too, like others in commercial towns, as at Aarhuus in Jutland, at Trondjem in Norway, and even in the city of London (in Eastcheap), was consecrated to St Clement, who was especially the seaman's patron saint. The Danes naturally preferred to bury their dead in this church, which was their proper parish church. The present church bears in various parts the emblems of St Clement's martyrdom—the anchor, with which about his neck he is said to have been thrown into the sea. The name of Southwark is of Danish or Norwegian origin. The Sagas relate that in the time of King Svend Tveskjœg the Danes fortified this trading-place, hence its Saxon name *Sudivercher*, the Southwark of London. It is called *Surder-virke* in a Danish account by a battle fought here by King Olaf in 1008. Notwithstanding this Saxon etymology, there is abundant proof that Southwark was an extensive station and cemetery of the Romans during an early period of their dominion in Britain, as attested by vases and pavements, portions of Roman homes, found in Southwark. Even Mr Lindsay's ninety-seven etymologies will not invalidate this tangible evidence.

Lambeth, formerly Lambythe, was, in the Danish time, a village; and here, in 1042, a Danish jarl celebrated his marriage, King Hardicanute and his followers being present at the banquet.

The Danish church in Wellclose Square is a modern edifice, built in 1696, by Cibber, the sculptor, at the expense of Christian V., King of Denmark, for the use of his subjects, merchants and seamen accustomed to visit the port of London; and here is "the Royal Pew," in which sat Christian VII., King of Denmark, when on a visit to England in 1768.

Somerset House, in the Strand, was, in 1616, when the Queen (Anne of Denmark) feasted the King here, commanded by him to be called Denmark House.

The characteristic conviviality of the Danes appears to have given a name to certain houses of public entertainment in England, as Great and Little Denmark Halls, at Camberwell, whence is named Denmark Hill. Denmark Street, originally built in 1689, was, when Hatton wrote, in 1708, "a pretty though small street, on the west side of St Giles's Church." Zoffany, the celebrated painter, lived at No. 9; the same house is also the scene of Bunbury's caricature, "A Sunday Evening Concert." (Dr Rimbault, *Notes and Queries*, No. 15.)

From a house in this street Sir John Murray, late Secretary to the Pretender, was, in 1771, carried off by a party of strange men.

Among the old traces of Danish rule here was the Dane gild, a contribution originally paid to the King for the purpose of pacifying the Danes. It was still levied long after the Danish times, and was only abolished by King Henry II. (*Liber Albus,* note.)

City Regulations in the Plantagenet Times.

It is curious to note that in the *Guildhall White Book,* milk is nowhere mentioned as an article of sale or otherwise; it was perhaps little used, if at all, by the City population. The same negative evidence will scarcely warrant a corresponding suggestion in the article of "drunkenness," coupled in the same sentence with milk, because, like that innocent beverage, the subject of drunkenness is "nowhere" in these pages. It is inferred that intoxication was probably not deemed an offence by the authorities if unattended with violence. "The best ale, too, which was no better than *sweetwort,* was probably so thin that it might be drunk in 'potations pottle deep,' without disturbing the equilibrium of the drinker." Ale-houses were to be closed at Curfew, under heavy penalties, as also were wine-taverns—to prevent persons of bad character from meeting to concoct their "criminal designs." No allusion occurs to wine in bottles or flasks; it would seem to have been consumed wholly in draught. The price of Rhenish in Richard II.'s time was *8d.* a gallon; Malmsey, then called Malvesie, was just double that price. "It seems to have been a prevalent custom with knavish bakers to make bread of fine quality on the outside and coarse within ; a practice which was forbidden by enactment, it being also forbidden to make loaves of bran or with any admixture of bran." The servants of *bons gens* were legally entitled to be present when the baker kneaded his dough. Fines were at one time extensively exacted from the baking trade, but, "by a civic enactment *temp.* Edward II., it is ordered that from henceforth the Sheriffs shall take no fines from bakers and breweresses, but shall inflict upon them corporal punishment (by pillory) instead." For a first offence, against the required weight or quality of his loaves, the culprit was drawn upon a hurdle—shoeless and stockingless, and his hands tied down by his side—from Guildhall, through the dirtiest and most densely-peopled streets, the short-weight loaf pendent from his neck. For the second, he was dragged by the same conveyance to the pillory in Cheap, to air himself for an hour, and receive the mob's voluntary contributions, animal, vegetable, and nondescript. For the third, he had a third journey on the hurdle, his oven was ignominiously pulled to pieces, and himself compelled to abjure baker's business in the City of London for evermore. The hurdle appears, however, to have been discontinued in Edward II.'s reign, and the pillory substituted for it in first offences.

St Paul's Day in London.

In the metropolis, Jan. 25, the day of St Paul, the patron saint of the City, was formerly observed with picturesque ceremonies.

In the reign of Philip and Mary (1555), this day was observed in the metropolis with great processional state. In the *Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London*, we read that "on St Paul's Day there was a general procession with the children of all the schools in London, with all the clerks, curates, and parsons and vicars, in copes, with their crosses; also the choir of St Paul's; and divers bishops in their habits, and the Bishop of London, with his pontificals and cope, bearing the sacrament under a canopy, and four prebends bearing it in their gray *amos;* and so up into Leadenhall, with the mayor and aldermen in scarlet, with their cloaks, and all the crafts in their best array; and so came down again on the other side, and so to St Paul's again. And then the King with my Lord Cardinal, came to St Paul's, and heard masse, and went home again; and at night great bonfires were made through all London, for the joy of the people that were converted likewise as St Paul was converted."

Down to about this time there was observed, in connection with St Paul's Cathedral, a custom arising from an obligation incurred by Sir William Baud in 1375, when he was permitted to enclose twenty acres of the Dean's land, in consideration of presenting the clergy of the cathedral with a fat buck and doe yearly on the days of the Conversion and Commemoration of St Paul. "On these days, the buck and the doe were brought by one or more servants at the hour of the procession, and through the midst thereof, and offered at the high altar of St Paul's Cathedral: after which the persons that brought the buck received of the Dean and Chapter, by the hands of their Chamberlain, twelve pence sterling for their entertainment; but nothing when they brought the doe. The buck being brought to the steps of the altar, the Dean and Chapter, apparelled in copes and proper vestments, with garlands of roses on their heads, sent the body of the buck to be baked, and had the head and horns fixed on a pole before the cross, in their procession round about the church, till they issued at the west door, where the keeper that brought it blowed the death of the buck, and then the horns that were about the city answered him in like manner; for which they had each, of the Dean and Chapter, three and fourpence in money, and their dinner: and the keeper, during his stay, meat, drink, and lodging, and five shillings in money at his going away; together with a loaf of bread, having in it the picture of St Paul."

Christmas Festivities in Westminster Hall.

OUR early kings kept this great Christian festival in the Grand Hall at Westminster—"Rufus's Roaring Hall"—from the Anglo-Norman times. Here John held his Christmas feasts in 1213 and 1214; and Henry III. in 1234, 1238, and 1241; and in 1248, whilst Henry himself kept Christmas at Winchester, he commanded his treasurer "to fill the King's great hall from Christmas Day to the Day of Circumcision (January 1st) with poor people, and feast them there." In the next (Edward I.) reign, in 1277, Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, sat a guest at the Christmas feast in Westminster Hall. In 1290, 1292, and 1303, Edward I. also kept Christmas here; as did Edward II. in 1317, when, however, few nobles were present, "because of discord between them and the King;" but in 1320, he kept Christmas here "with great honour and glorie."

Edward III. was a right royal provider of Christmas cheer. The art of cookery was now well understood; and the making of blancmanges, tarts, and pies, and the preparing of rich soups of the brawn of capons, were among the cook's duties at this period. French cooks were employed by the nobility; and in the merchants' feast we find jellies of all colours, and in all figures—flowers, trees, beasts, fish, fowl, and fruit. The wines were "a collection of spiced liquors;" and cinnamon, grains of paradise, and ginger were in the dessert confections. Edward kept his Christmas in Westminster Hall in 1358, and had for his guests at the banquet the captive King of France, and David, King of Scotland. And, in 1362, King David and the King of Cyprus met here at two grand entertainments given by King Edward.

Richard II., according to Stow, gave "a house-warming in this hall," upon the completion of this magnificent edifice, of "profuse hospitality," when he feasted 10,000 persons. We need not wonder, then, that Richard kept 2000 cooks; they were learned in their art, and have left to the world "The Form of Cury; or, A Roll of English Cookery, compiled about the year 1390, by the Master Cook of Richard II." In 1399, Richard kept Christmas sitting in the great hall, in cloth-of-gold, garnished with pearls and precious stones, worth 3000 marks.

In 1478, Edward IV. kept Christmas here with great pomp, wearing his crown, and making costly presents to his household. Richard III., although his reign was short and turbulent, kept two Christmases here in sumptuous state; one in 1488, when, chronicles Philip de Comines, "he was reigning in greater splendour than any King of England for the last hundred years." Next year he solemnised the festival most splendidly, and so attentive was the King to trivial matters, that we find a warrant for the payment of "200 marks for certain New Year's gifts against the feast of Christmas." The festivities continued till the day of Epiphany, when they terminated with an extraordinary feast—"the King himself," says the historian of Croyland, "wearing his crown, and holding a splendid feast in the great hall, similar to that of his coronation."

Henry VII., though little inclined to spending money, kept the ninth Christmas of his reign with great magnificence in Westminster Hall; feasting the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and showing them sports on the night following, in the hall, hung with tapestry; which sports being ended *in the morning*, the King, Queen, and Court sat down at a table of stone to 120 dishes, placed by as many knights and squires; while the Mayor was served with twenty-four dishes, and abundance of wines. And, finally, the King and Queen being conveyed with great lights into the palace, the Mayor and his company, in barges, returned to London by break of the next day. Henry VIII. mostly kept his Christmas at Richmond, Greenwich, and Eltham. Edward VI., at Christmas 1552, kept one of the most magnificent revellings on record; but in Queen Mary's short and gloomy reign the Christmas festivities were neglected. They were, however, renewed by Queen Elizabeth, when plays and masques were specially patronised, and the children of St Paul's and Westminster often performed before the Queen.

We part from these pictures of the Royal Christmas of centuries since, as from one of Time's stately pageants;

which bring the picturesqueness of the past into vivid contrast with the more widely-spread hospitalities of the present age; reminding us that, although Westminster Hall may be void and gloomy on the coming Christmas-day, greater enjoyment then was yielded by the prodigal heaps of luxury once consumed within those walls, is now, with each returning festival, scattered through the length and breadth of the land, and the national wealth of Christmas is thus brought home to every Englishman's fireside.

For the celebrations at Colleges and Inns of Court, the Great Halls were specially adapted. In 1561, the Christmas revels at the Inner Temple were very splendid; brawn, mustard, and malmsey were served for breakfast, and the dinner in the Hall was a grand affair; between the two courses, first came the master of the game, then the ranger of the forests; and having blown three blasts of the hunting-horn, they paced three times round the fire, then in the middle of the Hall. Certain courtesies followed, nine or ten couple of hounds were brought in, with a fox and cat, both which were set upon by the dogs, amid blowing of horns, and killed beneath the fire. At the close of the second course, the oldest of the masters of the revels sang a song; after some repose and further revels, supper was served, which being over, the marshal was borne in by four men, on a sort of scaffold, three times round the fire, crying, "A lord," &c., after which he came down, and went to dance. The Lord of Misrule then addressed himself to the banquet, which ended with minstrelsy, mirth, and dancing. The Christmas masque at Gray's Inn, in 1594, was very magnificent. In 1592, the heads of colleges at Cambridge acted a Latin comedy at Christmas before

Queen Elizabeth; and in 1607, there was a celebrated exhibition of the Christmas Prince at St John's College, Oxford.

London Cockpits.

British cocks are mentioned by Cæsar; but the first notice of English cockfighting is by Fitzstephen, in the reign of Henry II.; and it was a fashionable sport from *temp.* Edward III. almost to our time. Henry VIII. added a cockpit to Whitehall Palace, where James I. went to see the sport twice a-week. There were also cockpits in Drury Lane, Shoe Lane, Jewin Street, Cripplegate, and "behind Gray's Inn," and several lanes, courts, and alleys are named from having been the sites of cockpits. The original name of the *pit* in our theatres was the *cockpit*, which seems to imply that cockfighting had been their original destination. One of our oldest London Theatres was called the *Cockpit;* this was the Phœnix in Drury Lane, the site of which was Cockpit Alley, now corruptly written Pitt Place. Southwark has several cockpit sites. The cockpit in St James's Park, leading from Birdcage Walk into Dartmouth Street, was only taken down in 1816, but had been deserted long before. Howell, in 1657, described "cockfighting a sport peculiar to the English, and so is bear and bull baitings, there being not such dangerous dogs and cocks anywhere." Hogarth's print best illustrates the brutal refinement of the cockfighting of the last century; and Cowper's "Cockfighter's Garland," greatly tended to keep down this modern barbarism, which is punishable by statute. It was, not many years since, greatly indulged in through Staffordshire; and "Wednesbury (Wedgbury) cockings" and their ribald songs were a disgrace to our times.

Pepys has this entry of his visit to the Shoe Lane cockpit:—"December 21. To Shoe Lane, to a cock-fighting at a new pit; but, Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament men to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows, one with another, cursing and betting. Strange that such poor people, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle, so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting! I soon had enough of it."

The Whitehall cockpit, after the fire in 1697, was altered into the Privy Council Office—a conversion which has provoked many a lively sally. Hatton describes the cockpit as "between the gate into King Street, Westminster, and the gate by the banqueting-house;" the former was designed by Holbein, and known as the Cockpit Gate. The old place had some interesting historical associations. Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, from a window of his apartments in the cockpit, saw his sovereign, Charles I., walk from St James's to the scaffold. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, died here, 1669–70; and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 1673. And here, in the Council Chamber, Guiscard stabbed Harley, Earl of Oxford. The cockpit retained its original name long after the change in its uses. Mr Cunningham says:—"The Treasury Minutes, circ. 1780, are headed 'Cockpit;'" the *Picture of London*, edit. 1806 and 1810, refers to the Council Chamber as "commonly called the Cockpit;" and we remember to have read at the foot of a printed proclamation at Whitehall, "Given at the Cockpit," &c.

Story of the Book of St Alban's

THE visitor to the British Museum who pauses at Showcase VIII. in the King's Library, where specimens of the early English press are displayed, may notice quite at the end an open volume, bearing the following label:—

"The book of St Alban's. The bokys of Haukyng and Huntyng, and also of Coot armuris. Written by Dame Juliana Barnes, or Berners, Prioress of Sopwell Nunnery. Printed at St Alban's in 1486. Bequeathed by the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville."

The following adventures which befell this very volume before it found its present secure resting-place, are worthy of a place in the first rank of bibliographical romance.

The story originally formed part of a letter written on bibliographical matters by the Rector of Pilham, in 1847, to the Rev. S. R. Maitland:—

"In June 1844, a pedlar called at a cottage at Blyton, and asked an old widow, named Naylor, whether she had any rags to sell. She said 'No,' but offered him some old paper, and took from a shelf *The Book of St Alban's* and others, weighing nine pounds, for which she received ninepence. The pedlar carried them through Gainsboro', tied up in a string, past a chemist's shop, who, being used to buy old paper to wrap drugs in, called the man in; and, struck by the appearance of *The Boke*, gave him three shillings for the lot. Not being able to read the colophon, he took it to an equally ignorant stationer, and offered it to him for a guinea, at which price he declined it, but proposed that it should be exposed in his window, as a means of eliciting some information about it. It was accordingly placed there, with the label—'Very old curious work.' A collector of books went in, and offered 2s. 6d. for it. This excited the suspicion of the vendor. Soon after Mr Bird, the Vicar of Gainsboro', went in and asked the price, wishing to have a very early specimen at a reasonable price, not knowing, however, the great value of the book. While he was examining the book, Stark, a very intelligent bookseller, came in, to whom Mr Bird at once ceded the right of pre-emption. Stark betrayed such visible anxiety, that the vendor, Smith, declined settling a price. Soon after, Sir C. —— came in, and took the book to collate, and brought it back in the morning, having found it imperfect in the middle, and offered £5 for it. Sir Charles had no book of reference to guide him to its value; but, in the meantime, Stark had employed a friend to obtain for him the refusal of it, and had undertaken to give a little more than Sir Charles might offer. On finding that at least £5 could be got for it, Smith went to the owner and gave him two guineas, and then proceeded to Stark's agent and sold it for £7, 7s. Stark took it to London, and sold it to the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville for 70 or 80 guineas.

"It must now be stated how it came to pass that a book without covers, of such extreme age, was preserved. About fifty years since, the library of Thonock Hall, in the parish of Gainsboro', the seat of the Hickman family, underwent great repairs, and the books were sorted over by a most ignorant person, whose selection seems to have been determined by the coat. All books without covers were thrown into a great heap, and condemned to all the purposes which Leland laments in the sack of the Conventual Libraries by the visitors. But they found favour in the eyes of a literate gardener, who begged leave to take what he liked home. He selected a large quantity of Sermons before the House of Commons, local pamphlets, tracts from 1680 to 1710, opera books, &c., &c. He made a list of them, which was afterwards found in his cottage, and No. 43 was 'Cotarmouris.' The old fellow was something of a herald, and drew in his books what he held to be his coat. After his death, all that could be stuffed into a large chest were put away in a garret; but a few favourites, and *The Boke* among them, remained on the shelves of the kitchen for years, till his son's widow grew so *stalled* of dusting them that she determined to sell them."

Here ends the material part of the story. The volume was afterwards splendidly bound, and is now the only copy in the British Museum.—*Notes and Queries*, 3rd S., No. 97.

Races in Hyde Park.

In Cromwell's time, Hyde Park was noted for sporting matches, such as coach and foot races, hurling, and wrestling. In the *Moderate Intelligencer*, we find that there was "a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen of the one side, and fifty of the other; one party played in red caps, and the other in white;" and that there were present "his Highness the Lord Protector, many of his Privy Council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling at every meeting of one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies than to endanger their person. The ball they played withal was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal."

"Evelyn went to see a coach-race in Hyde Park." Pepys wrote—"To Hyde Park by coach, and saw a fine foot race three times round the park, between an Irishman and Joseph Crow, that was once my Lord Claypole's footman." It was in this Hyde Park racing-ground that "his Highness the Lord Protector" met with an accident which might have cost him his life. Ludlow tells us that "the Duke of Holstein made him (Cromwell) a present of a set of grey Friesland coach-horses, with which, taking the air in the park, attended only by his secretary Thurlow, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pairs of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations that were ridden by him, and therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very furiously. But they, unaccustomed to such a rough driver, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, by which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself; by which he might have been instructed how dangerous it was to meddle with those things wherein he had no experience."

Old Pall Mall Sights.

PALL MALL had early its notable sights and amusements. In 1701 were shown here models of William the Third's palaces at Loo and Hunstaerdike, "brought over by outlandish men," with curiosities disposed of "on public raffling days." In 1733, "a holland smock, a cap, checked stockings, and laced shoes," were run for by four women in the afternoon, in Pall Mall; and one of its residents, the High Constable of Westminster, gave a prize laced hat to be run for by five men, which created so much riot and mischief, that the magistrates "issued precepts to prevent future runs to the very man most active in promoting them." Here lodged George Psalmanazar, when he passed for an islander of Formosa, and invented a language which baffled the best philologists in Europe. Here lived Joseph Clark, the posture-master, celebrated for personating deformities: now deceiving, by feigned dislocated vertebræ, the great surgeon, Moulins; then perplexing a tailor's measure with counterfeit humps and high shoulders. To this class of notorieties belongs Dr Graham's "Celestial Bed," and his other impostures, at Schomberg House, advertised by two gigantic porters stationed at the entrance, in gold laced cocked-hats and liveries: of these we shall presently say more.

At the Chinese Gallery was exhibited, in 1825, "*the Living Skeleton*" (Anatomie Vivante), Claude Ambroise Seurat, a native of Troyes, in Champagne, twenty-eight years old. His health was good, but his skin resembled parchment, and his ribs could be counted and handled like pieces of cane: he was shown nude, except about the loins: the arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, was like an ivory German flute; the legs were straight, and the feet well formed. (See Hone's *Every-day Book.)*

In the old Star and Garter house, westward of Carlton House, was exhibited, in 1815, the *Waterloo Museum* of portraits and battle-scenes, cuirasses, helmets, sabres, and firearms, state-swords, truncheons, rich costumes, and trophies of Waterloo; besides a large picture of the battle, painted by a Flemish artist; and at No. 59, Salter spent five years in painting his great picture of the Waterloo Banquet at Apsley House.

Romance of Schomberg House.

THIS celebrated historic house, on the south side of Pall Mall, was, when entire, one of the most interesting of the few remaining mansions of the seventeenth century in the metropolis. With the history of this mansion are associated many of the most remarkable passages in the lives of those distinguished persons who occupied it at successive periods. The house was built about the year 1650, during the government of Cromwell; and was at that time considered "a fair mansion, enclosed with a garden abutting on the Pall Mall, and near to Charing Cross." At the period of its erection, Pall Mall was planted with elm trees to the number of 140, which the Survey Commissioners described as standing "in a very regular and decent manner on both sides of the walk." In 1660, on the Restoration of Charles II., the house was occupied by several of the Court favourites; and, subsequently, by Edward Griffin, Treasurer of the Chamber, and by the Countess of Portland.

The houses at the south side of Pall Mall, of which there were not more than half-a-dozen, were surrounded "by large meadows, always green, in which the ladies walked in summer time." The royal gardens, now the private grounds of Marlborough House, stretched immediately behind; and here it was that Charles amused himself by feeding his pet animals, and "discoursing familiarly," as Evelyn writes, with Mrs Nellie, an "impudent comedian," and the Duchess of Cleveland, "another curse of our nation." Nell Gwynne then resided in the house now No. 79, next door to Schomberg House, as we have already related.

In the reign of William III., Schomberg House was thoroughly repaired and beautified by Frederick, Duke of Schomberg, who employed Peter Berchett to paint the staircase. The third Duke, who was killed at the Battle of the Boyne, also made it his residence; and here it was that the Duke of Cumberland—the "hero" or the "butcher" of Culloden, as the case may be—passed many years of his life. During the rebellion of Lord George Gordon, the house was twice threatened with demolition; and that, too, at a moment when the King's troops were encamped under canvas in the park at the rear of the building. The mansion, however, survived the troubles of the period, and was spared for many years, to become a store-house for the arts, and a rallying point for much that was celebrated in the world of literature and *belles lettres.* "Astley, the Beau," as he was termed, lived here for many years, and divided the house into three portions, retaining the centre himself. He was a portrait-painter of little merit, but of much eccentricity; the group of "Painting" over the central doorway was his work. He planned in the upper story a suite of apartments accessible only to himself, and built on the roof a large painting-room facing the park, which he called his "Country House." To this room he was in the habit of repairing; and, as he had several smaller apartments, and a separate staircase adjoining, he used to shut himself up for several weeks, without being visible to any but special friends. Astley was succeeded in his tenancy by Richard Cosway, the miniature-painter; here his wife, also a painter, gave her musical parties. She made a pilgrimage to Loretto, which she had vowed to do if blessed with a living child.

When Gainsborough returned to London, in 1774, he rented the western wing of the mansion at £300 a-year. Before he had been many months in London, George III. and Queen Charlotte sat to him for their portraits; and here the painter received as sitters for their portraits some of the most eminent churchmen, lawyers, statesmen, players, sailors, and naturalists of his time. Here Gainsborough painted his large landscape, "in the style of Reubens," says Walpole; "and by far the finest landscape ever painted in England, and equal to the great masters." Here, too, Sir Joshua Reynolds consented to sit to Gainsborough for his portrait. Sir Joshua sat once; but being soon afterwards afflicted by slight paralysis, he was obliged to go to Bath. On his return to town, perfectly restored to health, he sent word to Gainsborough, who only replied he was glad to hear he was well; and never after desired him to sit, or call upon him, or had any further intercourse with him until he was dying, when he sent and thanked him for the very handsome manner in which he had always spoken of him—a circumstance which Sir Joshua has thought worth recording in his Fourteenth Discourse, Gainsborough was so enamoured of his art, that he had many of the pictures he was then working upon brought to his bedside to show them to Reynolds, and flattered himself that he should live to finish them.

However, towards the middle of July 1788, when Gainsborough rapidly became worse, he felt that there was one whom he had not treated with courtesy—it was Sir Joshua Reynolds; and to him he wrote, desiring to see him once more before he died. "If any little jealousies had subsisted between us," says Reynolds, "they were forgotten in those moments of sincerity; and he turned towards me as one who was engrossed by the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion by being sensible of his excellence." The two great painters were alone in a second-floor chamber at Schomberg House: Gainsborough said he did not fear death, but regretted leaving his art, more especially as he now began to see what his deficiencies were. His words began to fail, and the last he uttered to Reynolds were—"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." A few days afterwards Gainsborough died.

Part of the house was subsequently occupied by Bowyer, for his *Historic Gallery;* and by Dr Graham for his quackeries, of which we shall presently say more. Payne and Foss, the booksellers, lived here till 1850.

The uniformity of this fine specimen of a ducal mansion of the seventeenth century has been spoiled by the eastern wing and centre being taken down, and rebuilt in another style; but *Gainsborough's wing* remains.

Dr Graham and his Quackeries.

In the year 1780 there appeared in London one of the most extraordinary empirics of modern times, named Graham. He was a graduate of Edinburgh, wrote in a bombastic style, and possessed great fluency of elocution. He occupied part of Schomberg House, just described, which he designated the Temple of Health. The front was ornamented with an enormous gilt sun, a statue of Hygeia, and other emblematic devices; and the suites of rooms in the mansion were superbly furnished, and the walls decorated with mirrors, so as to confer on the place an effect like that of enchantment. Here Dr Graham delivered Lectures on Health and Procreation, at the extravagant price of two guineas per lecture, which, with the novelty of the subjects, drew considerable audiences of the wealthy and dissipated. He enlisted a woman, of beautiful figure, whom he called the Goddess of Health; and it was her business to deliver a concluding discourse after the Doctor himself had finished his lecture. As a further means of attraction, he hired two men of extraordinary stature, who wore enormous cocked-hats and showy bulky liveries, whose part it was to distribute bills of advertisement from house to house through the town.

Dr Graham became an object of universal curiosity, but all his visitors were not duped by him. Horace Walpole, who was not likely to be thus deceived, writing to the Countess of Ossory, Aug. 23, 1780, thus describes his visit to the quack—"In the evening I went to Dr Graham's. It is the most impudent puppet-show of imposition I ever saw, and the mountebank himself the dullest of his profession, except that he makes the spectators pay a crown a-piece. We were eighteen. A young officer of the Guards affected humour, and tired me still more. A woman, invisible, warbled to clarionets on the stairs. The decorations are pretty and odd; and the apothecary, who comes up a trap-door, for no purpose, since he might as well come up-stairs, is a novelty. The electrical experiments are nothing at all singular; and a poor air-pump, that only bursts a bladder, pieces out the farce. The Doctor is like Jenkinson in person, and as flimsy a puppet."

As Graham's two-guinea auditors were soon exhausted, he dropped the admission-money to his lectures successively, to one guinea, half-a-guinea, and five shillings; and, as he said, "for the benefit of all," to half-a-crown; and when he could no longer draw at this price, he exhibited the Temple itself for one shilling to daily crowds for several months. Among his properties, or furniture, was a Celestial Bed, as he called it, standing on glass legs, and provided with the richest hangings. He pretended that married pairs, without children, might have heirs by sleeping in this bed, for which he demanded one hundred pounds per night; and such was the folly of wealth, that persons of high rank were named who acceded to his terms. He then pretended to have discovered the Elixir of Life, by taking which a person might live as long as he pleased; he modestly demanded one thousand pounds for a supply of it, and more than one noble person was reported to have paid this enormous price to be cured of his folly.

Having worn out his character in these various impositions, Graham then recommended Earth-bathing, and undertook to sanction it by his own practice. During one hour every day he admitted spectators, first at a guinea, and then descended to a shilling, to view him and the Goddess of Health in the *warm* earth to their chins; the Doctor having his hair full dressed and powdered, and the Goddess's head being dressed also in the best fashion of the time.

When no more money was to be drained from the population of London, the Doctor visited the great provincial towns, and lectured and exhibited in the above manner, wherever he could obtain permission of the magistrates. But the Goddess of Health nearly fell a victim to the earth-bathing; and the Doctor, retiring from public life, died in poor circumstances, in spite of his Elixir of Life, at the early age of fifty-two. His brother married the celebrated Mrs Macauley, who, in consequence, is generally styled Mrs Macauley Graham; and his sister was married to Dr Arnold, of Leicester, the author of an able treatise on Insanity. It is generally understood that the lady who personated the Goddess of Health was Emma, afterwards the wife of Sir William Hamilton, the personal favourite of Lord Nelson. The Goddess is also said to have been a lady named Prescott.

Southey tells us that Graham was half-mad; and his madness, at last, contrary to the usual practice, got the better of his knavery. Latterly he became wholly an enthusiast, would madden himself with ether, run out into the streets, and strip himself to clothe the first beggar whom he met.

It is curious to find this earth-bath used as a remedy for drunkenness by the Irish rebel, Shane O'Neill, in Elizabeth's days:—"Subtle and crafty he was, especially in the morning; but in the residue of the day very uncertain and unstable, and much given to excessive gulping and surfeiting. And, albeit he had most commonly two hundred tuns of wines in his cellar at Dundrun, and had his full fill thereof, yet was he never satisfied till he had swallowed up marvellous great quantities of usquebagh, or aqua vitæ of that country; whereof so unmeasurably he would drink and brase, that for the quenching of the heat of the body, which by that means was most extremely inflamed and distempered, he was eftsoons conveyed (as the common report was) into a deep pit, and, standing upright in the same, the earth was cast round about him up to the hard chin, and there he did remain until such time as his body was covered to some temperature."—*Holinshed*, vol. iv. p. 331.

After many failures, Graham turned a regular M.D., and repaired to Glasgow, where, in 1784, as mentioned in "Sir James Mackintosh's Memoirs," Graham was a fellow-student with him at the University. Graham is said to have realised a large fortune by a most successful practice as a physician in England, Scotland, and America; but the immense sums he had lavished in the sumptuous decorations of the Temple of Health involved him in difficulties from which he never recovered. He died in June 1794, in his house opposite the Archers' Hall, Edinburgh, and was buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard. His latter days were cheered by an annuity of £50, settled upon him by a Genevese gentleman, who derived benefit from reading one of his tracts—an instance of generosity rare enough to merit notice here.

Dr Graham appears to have been a fanatic as well as an empiric. He published almost numberless tracts, full of folly and extravagance, but free from immorality and obscenity, which, however, he combined in his private lectures. He was, certainly, one of the most remarkable of a class of quacks, who succeeded in winning reputation, not among the uneducated and vulgar, but among persons of education and distinction.

There can be little doubt of his fanaticism. In 1787 he styled himself "The Servant of the Lord, O. W. L.," meaning by the initials, Oh, Wonderful Love, and dated his bills and other publications, "In the first year of the New Jerusalem Church." The magistrates of Edinburgh, not relishing this new system of chronology, caused him to be confined in his own house as a lunatic; but he wandered away to the North of England, where he discovered such marks of insanity, that he was secured, and sent back to Edinburgh. Among his works are "Travels and Voyages in Scotland, England, and Ireland, including a Description of the Temple of Health, 1783;" "The Christian's Universal Prayer, with a Discourse on the Duty of Praying, and a short sketch of Dr Graham's Religious Principles and Moral Sentiments;" "Hebe Vestina's Celebrated Lectures; as delivered by her from the Electrical Throne, in the Temple of Health in London."

In the Catalogue of a bookseller at Edinburgh, dated 1825, is the following work:—

"Graham (James, M.D., the celebrated Earth-Bather, Lecturer, &c.)—A Discourse delivered in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, on Sunday, August 17, 1783, on Isaiah, chap. xi. verse 6: 'All flesh is grass.' A Lecture on the Greatness, Increase, and Improvement of the Human Species! with a Description of the Structure and most

Irresistible Genial Influences of the celebrated Celestial Bed!!! . . . . The Blazing Star; or, Vestina, the Gigantic, Rosy Goddess of Health; a Defence of the Fair Sex, delivered by the Priestess of the Temple.—The Celestial Bed; or, A Review of the Votaries of the Temple of Health and Temple of Hymen (in verse, with curious notes).—A Clear, Full, and Faithful Portraiture of a certain most Beautiful and Spotless Virgin Princess. With several others; consisting of Advertisements, &c., folio broadsides: a Curious and Genuine Letter, in the Handwriting of the Doctor; a Print, by Kay, of Ditto, lecturing to the Sons of Mirth and Pleasure in Edinburgh; including also a curious *Manuscript*, written expressly to Dr Graham, regarding his Religious Concerns, by Benjamin Dockray, a Quaker, at Newtown, near Carlisle, in 1790, &c., &c., 20 pieces, folio, qto., 8vo. and duodecimo. A very singular and rare collection."

This remarkable volume was purchased by Sir Walter Scott, and is now in the library at Abbotsford. Another odd tract is "A New and Curious Treatise on the Nature and Effects of Simple Earth, Water, and Air, when applied to the Human Body: How to Live for many Weeks, Months, or Years without Eating anything whatever; with the Extraordinary Histories of many Heroes, Male and Female, who have so subsisted." "This," says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "is a most extraordinary book, showing to what extent of delusion the human mind is capable of being carried, and the amount of credulity to be found in the general public. The pamphlet opens by giving a copy of an affidavit which he appears to have made at the Mansion House, London, 3rd April 1793, before

James Sanderson, Mayor, in which he swears 'on the Holy Evangelists,' that 'from the last day of December 1792, till the 15th day of January 1793, being full fourteen successive days, and fourteen successive nights,' he did not eat, nor drink, nor receive into the body anything whatever, 'not even the smallest particle or drop, except some cold, raw, simple water,' and that life was sustained by wearing cut-up turfs to the naked body, admitting air into his rooms night and day, and by rubbing his limbs with his own 'Nervous Etherial Balsams,' and that by these means, without either food or drink, he was enabled to bear the wear and tear of an extensive medical practice, and of lecturing two hours almost every night."

Origin of Hackney-Coaches.

THERE is an old story in French *ana,* referring "the Origin of Hackney-Coaches" to Paris in the year 1662. The reader, we dare say, remembers the incident, which occurred in the ministry of Colbert, through whom the Duke de Roannes obtained the royal privilege, or licence, the carriage being the suggestion of Blaise Pascal. The success of the scheme was aided when the King and Queen being caught in a shower, his Majesty made the Queen and her ladies enter one of the new calèches, which happened to be plying for passengers, and the King mounted the box, and, himself taking the reins, drove to the palace. This is a pleasant story enough; but, unfortunately for the French claim, we had hackney-coaches in London in 1625, or thirty-seven years before the Paris scheme. They were first kept at inns, but got into the streets in 1634, as appears from

Stafford's Letters. Captain Bailey had the first stand, near the Maypole, in the Strand, where St Mary's Church now is; and immediately adjoining there was a stand in our day.

In 1637, Charles I. granted a special commission to his Master of the Horse to licence hackney-coaches; and the Board of Commissioners had a snug location at the bottom of Essex Street until our day; a commissionership being one of the good things of the good old times. In this respect there is a remarkable coincidence between the English and French origins; in each case it became a Court or Government favour. To the recent version of the Paris anecdote is this rider—that the speculation was anything but profitable till the reign of Louis XV., when it came into the hands of a coach-painter, named Martin, who turned it to good account. This latter invented a new varnish (ever since known as the Vernis-Martin) to imitate Chinese lacquer, which was used not only for carriages, but also for furniture and boxes, which are still highly valued: for not long since a snuff-box of the Vernis-Martin was sold at a Paris auction for 3000f.

Hackney-coaches were first excluded from Hyde Park in 1695, when "several persons of quality having been affronted at the Ring by some of the persons that rode in hackney-coaches with masks, and complaint thereof being made to the Lord Justices, an order is made that no hackney-coaches be permitted to go into the said Park, and that none presume to appear there in masks." (*Post-Boy*, June 8, 1695.) And the exclusion continues to this day.

By coach was the usual mode of sight-seeing: "I took (*Tatler*, June 18, 1709) three lads, who are under my guardianship, a-rambling in a hackney-coach, to show them the town; as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam," &c.

The Parish Clerks of Clerkenwell.

THERE is a very curious matter connected with the parish of Clerkenwell—namely, the History of the Stroud Green Corporation. From the little that is known of it, it appears that when the Comic Muse took refuge in theatrical buildings, the ancient Society of Parish Clerks became divided—some turned their genius to wrestling and mimicry at Bartholomew Fair, whilst others, for their better administration, formed themselves into the Society of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Recorder of Stroud Green, assembling at the Old Crown, in Merry Islington; but still saving their right to exhibit at the Old London Spaw, formerly Clerks' Well, when they might happen to have learned sheriffs and other officers to get up their sacred pieces as usual. Even so late as the year 1774 (according to Lewis's *Islington*, p. 281), the members of this ancient Society were accustomed to meet annually in the summer time at Stroud Green, near Hornsey Wood House, and to regale themselves in the open air; the number of persons drawn to the spot on these occasions producing a scene similar to that of a country wake or fair.

Sedan-Chairs in London.

SEDANS were first used in England by the Duke of Buckingham, in 1623, when Prince Charles, returning from Spain, brought with him three curiously-wrought sedans, two of which the Prince gave to the Duke, who first using one in London, was accused of "degrading Englishmen into slaves and beasts of burden." Massinger, in his play of the *Bondman,* produced a few weeks after, refers to ladies—

> For their pomp and ease being borne
> In triumph *on men's shoulders;*

doubtless, in allusion to Buckingham's sedan, which was borne like a palanquin. The popular clamour was ineffectual; and in 1634, Sir Sanders Duncombe, who had named the chair from having first seen it at Sedan, on the Meuse, in France, obtained a patent from the King "for carrying people up and down in close chairs," and had "forty or fifty making ready for use." The coachmen and chairmen soon quarrelled; and in 1636 appeared a tract, entitled *Coach and Sedan pleasantly disputing for Place and Precedence.* The chairmen, however, no longer bore the sedan on their shoulders, but suspended by straps, as in our time; and the form of the chair was also changed.

Among the Exchequer papers has been found a bill for a sedan-chair made for Nell Gwynne, £34, 11s., the several items being charged separately; besides a bill for chair-hire, £1, 11s. 6d.

Defoe, writing in 1702, says:—

"We are carried to these places (the coffee-houses of Pall Mall and St James's Street) in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap—a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters, to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice." Dryden has, "close mew'd in their sedans;" and Gay,

> At White's the harnessed chairman idly stands.—*Trivia.*

"Two pages and a chair" are the outfit of Pope's Belinda (*Rape of the Lock*). Swift thus describes a fop in a sedan during a "City Shower:"

> Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
> While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
> While ever and anon, with frightful din,
> The leather sounds;—he trembles from within!

In St James's Palace is the "Chair Court;" Hogarth's picture of "The Rake arrested by Bailiffs" shows us the arrival of chairs at the Palace Gate; and in Hogarth's "Beer Street" we have a pair of chairmen calling for a foaming mug. The chairmen of the aristocracy wore embroidered liveries, cocked-hats, and feathers: and the chair had its crimson velvet cushions and damask curtains, such as Jonathan Wild recovered for the Duchess of Marlborough, when two of his rogues, in the disguise of chairmen, carried away her chair from Lincoln's Inn Chapel, while "the true men were drinking." There exists a curious print of Leicester Square in the reign of George II., showing the Prince of Wales borne in his sedan towards St James's, attended by halberdiers and his suite.

Hannah More, during the Westminster election, in 1784, was carried in a chair from Henrietta Street through Covent Garden, when a great crowd followed her, crying out, "It is Mrs Fox: none but Mr Fox's wife would dare to come into Covent Garden in a chair. She is going to canvass in the dark!" "Though not a little frightened," says Hannah, "I laughed heartily at this; but shall stir out no more in a chair for some time."

Sedans are now very rare: the Duchesses of Gloucester, Hamilton, and Dowager Northumberland, and the Marchioness of Salisbury, are stated to have been the last persons who retained this antiquated mode of conveyance. In entrance-halls is occasionally kept the old disused family sedan, emblazoned with arms. The sign of "The Two Chairmen," exists in Warwick Street, Cockspur Street; and on Hay Hill.

Perhaps the longest journey ever performed in a sedan was the Princess Amelia being carried by eight chairmen from St James's to Bath, between April 13 and April 19, 1728. The chairmen were relieved in their turns, a coach and six horses attending to carry the men when not on service.

A London Newspaper of 1667.

THE *London Gazette* was first issued shortly after the Restoration; and it is curious to read in its "home news," usually dated from Whitehall, and supplying the place of the Court Circular, the following records:—

First, we view in familiar guise a historical character, better known to us by heading charges of cavalry at Naseby—a daring cavalier, a valiant soldier; though now we see him *en deshabille*, and only as Prince Rupert, who, poor gentleman, has lost his pet dog! "Lost," says the advertisement—"lost on Friday last, about noon, a light fallow-coloured greyhound, with a sore under her jaw, and a scar on her side; whoever shall give notice of her at Prince Rupert's apartments at Whitehall shall be well rewarded for their pains." The next month we find the Prince assisting at a launch. "This day (3rd March) was happily launched at Deptford, in presence of his Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Rupert, and many persons of the court, a very large and well-built ship, which is to carry 106 great guns, and is like to prove a ship of great force and excellent service, called Charles the Second."

A little later, we find an account of the visit of "Madam," Duchess of Orleans, and sister to Charles II. Her reception, her return, and her death, follow quickly one upon another; so sudden, indeed, was her decease, that her death was not, says history, without suspicion of poison. "Dover, *May* 21, 1670.—The 15 ins., about six in the morning, arrived here her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans, attended, among other persons of quality, by the Mareshal de Plessis Praslin; her brother, Bishop of Tournay; Madame de Plessis, the mareshal's son's lady; and the Countess of Grammont; having the day before, at about the same hour, embarked with her train upon the men-of-war and several yachts under the command of the Earl of Sandwich, vice-admiral of England, &c."

"The same evening, the court was entertained with a comedy, acted by his Royal Highness's servants, who attend here for their diversion."

"Yesterday was acted, by the said servants, another comedy, in the midst whereof Madam and the rest of the ladies were entertained with an excellent banquet."

Confining ourselves to home news, there appears an edict from Whitehall, commanding the Duke of York's (James II.) absence.

"Whitehall, 3 *Mar.* 1678.—His Majesty, having thought fit to command the Duke to absent himself, his Royal Highness and the Duchess took leave of their Majestys, and embarked this morning, intending to pass into Holland."

But three years afterwards he must have stood better with the City, for in 1681 we find the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen offering a reward of £500 for the discovery of the person who offered an indignity to the picture of his Royal Highness in the Guildhall, to show their deep resentment at that "insolent and villainous act."

Ambassadors' Squabble.

PEPYS records the following amusing scene to have occurred at York House in his time:—

"30th (September 1661). This morning up *by moonshine,* at five o'clock" (here was one of the great secrets of the animal spirits of those times), "to Whitehall, to meet Mr More at the Privy Seale, and there I heard of a fray between the two embassadors of Spaine and France, and that this day being the day of the entrance of an embassador from Sweeden, they intended to fight for the precedence. Our King, I heard, ordered that no Englishman should meddle in the business, but let them do what they would. And to that end, all the soldiers in town were in arms all the day long, and some of the train bands in the city, and a great bustle through the city all the day. Then we took coach (which was the business I came for) to Chelsey, to my Lord Privy Seale, and there got him to seal the business. Here I saw by daylight two very fine pictures in the gallery, that a little while ago I saw by night; and did also go all over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life. So back again; and at Whitehall light, and saw the soldiers and people running up and down the streets. So I went to the

Spanish embassador's and the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides; but the French made the most noise and ranted most, but the other made no stir almost at all; so that I was afraid the other would have too great a conquest over them. Then to the wardrobe and dined there; and then abroad, and in Cheapside hear, that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the city next to our King's coach; at which, it is strange to see how all the city did rejoice. And, indeed, we do naturally all love the Spanish and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the water side, and there took oars to Westminster Palace, and ran after them through all the dirt, and the streets full of people; till at last, in the Mews, I saw the Spanish coach go with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I followed the coach, and then met it at York House, where the embassador lies; and there it went in with great state. So then I went to the French house, where I observe still, that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit where they do dwell, nor before they begin a matter, and more abject if they do miscarry, than these people are; for they all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads. The truth is, the Spaniards were not only observed to fight more desperately, but also they did outwitt them; first in lining their own harnesse with chains of iron that they could not be cut, then in setting their coach in the most advantageous place, and to appoint men to guard every one of their horses, and others for to guard the coach, and others the coachmen. And, above all, in setting upon the French horses and killing them, for by that means the French were not able to stir. There were several men slaine of the French, and one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman by a bullet. Which is very observable, the French were at least four to one in number, and had near one hundred cases of pistols among them, and the Spaniards had not one gun among them, which is for their honour for ever, and the others' disgrace. So having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach and home; where I vexed my wife in telling her of this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French."

Dryden Cudgelled.

STEELE has well said that "the life of a wit is a warfare upon earth." Dryden fell a victim to this sort of brutality. On the evening of December 18, 1679, as he was returning to his house in Long Acre, over against Bow Street, he was barbarously assaulted and wounded by three persons hired for the purpose by Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who had mistaken Dryden for the author of the *Essay on Satire*, really by Lord Mulgrave, but in which his lordship had received some assistance from Dryden. Rochester says, in one of his letters:—"You write me word that I am out of favour with a certain poet, whom I have admired for the disproportion of him and his attributes. He is a rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a hog that could fiddle, or a singing owl. If he falls on me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him if you please, and *leave the reparation to black Will with a cudgel.*"

In pursuance of this infamous resolution, upon the above night Dryden was waylaid by hired ruffians, and severely beaten as he passed through Bow Street. A reward of fifty pounds was in vain offered in the *London Gazette* and other newspapers for the discovery of the perpetrators of this outrage. The town was, however, at no loss to pitch upon Rochester as the employer of the bravos, with whom the public suspicion joined the Duchess of Portsmouth, equally concerned in the supposed affront thus avenged.

"It will certainly be admitted that a man, surprised in the dark, and beaten by ruffians, loses no honour by such a misfortune. But if Dryden had received the same discipline from Rochester's own hand, without resenting it, his drubbing could not have been more frequently made a matter of reproach to him: a sign, surely, of the penury of subjects for satire in his life and character, since an accident, which might have happened to the greatest hero that ever lived, was resorted to as an imputation on his honour. The Rose Alley Ambuscade became almost proverbial; and even Mulgrave, the real author of the satire, and upon whose shoulders the blows ought in justice to have descended, mentions the circumstance in his *Art of Poetry*, with a cold and self-sufficient sneer:—

> Though praised and punished for another's rhymes,
> His own deserve as great applause *sometimes*.

To which is added, in a note, 'A libel for which he was both applauded and wounded, though entirely ignorant of the whole matter.' This flat and conceited couplet, and note, the noble author judged it proper to omit in the corrected edition of his poem. Otway alone, no longer the friend of Rochester, and, perhaps, no longer the enemy of Dryden, has spoken of the author of this dastardly outrage with the contempt it deserved :—

> Poets in honour of the truth should write,
> With the same spirit brave men for it fight;
> And though against him causeless hatreds rise,
> And daily where he goes of late, he spies
> The scowls of sudden and revengeful eyes;
> 'Tis what he knows with much contempt to bear,
> And serves a cause too good to let him fear;
> He fears no poison from incensed drab,
> No ruffian's five-foot sword, nor rascal's stab;
> Nor any other snares of mischief laid,
> *Not a Rose Alley cudgel ambuscade;*
> From any private cause where malice reigns,
> Or general pique all blockheads have to brains."

Funeral of Dryden.

LITERARY impostures have a wonderful vitality, especially if they are of a romantic hue, such as that we are about to relate. Dryden died in his house, now No. 43, in Gerard Street, Soho, on the 1st of May 1700. Connected with his funeral is a "memorable romance," or wild story, of which there is more than one version, but the following are its chief points :—

"On the Sunday morning after the poet's death, when the hearse was at the door and the poet's body in it, whilst eighteen mourning coaches were attending, a party of young rakes rode by the door, and one of them, Lord Jeffreys, seeing the procession, which had begun to move, asked whose funeral it was. He was told it was Mr Dryden, whereupon he declared that so great a poet should not be buried in so private a manner, and he declared he would take upon himself the honour of interment, and give a thousand pounds for a monument. After a time he persuaded the servants to show him up to the room where Lady Elizabeth Dryden was still in bed: they complied, and he unfolded his wishes; Lady Elizabeth refusing, he fell on his knees and declared he would never rise till she granted his request. Poor Lady Elizabeth fainted away, and Jeffreys, pretending that he had gained her consent, went down-stairs, and ordered the body to be taken to Cheapside, to a Mr Russell's, an undertaker, there to await further orders. Meantime the choirs and the Abbey were lighted up, the grave was dug, and yawned to receive the dead. The Bishop awaited the corpse, and awaited for hours in vain. The following day Charles Dryden went to the Bishop, and Lord Halifax, and stated the whole case to them. The undertaker repaired also three days afterwards—having heard nothing—to Lord Jeffreys for orders; but was told that his lordship remembered nothing of the matter, and supposed it was a drunken frolic—and added that he might do what he liked with the body. Mr Charles Dryden, in consternation, wrote to Lord Halifax and the Bishop of Rochester, who now refused to have anything to do with the affair, and the body remained unburied three weeks, until Dr Garth, Dryden's intimate friend, sent for it to the College of Physicians. . . . One heart throbbed with passionate grief and anger as the body of John Dryden was thus lowered into the earth. It was that of Charles Dryden; that ill-fated, high-spirited young man, whose nativity his father had cast. . . . No sooner were the funeral obsequies over than he sent a challenge to Lord Jeffreys. It was not answered. Several others were sent. At last the young man went himself. Charles Dryden, receiving no reply, waited and watched for the young lord; but waited and watched in vain, for Lord Jeffreys found it best to depart from London, and the insulted family of Dryden found no redress; and the matter was settled, as many disputes are, by the great arbitrator, death."—*Mrs A. Thomson.*

Dr Johnson, in his *Life of Dryden*, quotes a more lengthy version of the story than the above; adding, "This story I intended to omit, as it appears with no great evidence; nor have I met with any confirmation, but in a letter of Farquhar, and he only relates that the funeral of Dryden was tumultuary and confused."

The whole story was but a Grub Street invention of the notorious "Corinna" of the *Dunciad*, and first appeared in one of Curll's Grub Street pamphlets. Malone, in his *Life of Dryden*, long since exposed its absurdity. Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, published in 1706, relates that at Dryden's funeral there was a performance of solemn music at the College of Physicans; and that at the procession, which he himself saw, standing at the end of Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, there was a concert of hautboys and trumpets. He also describes the musical service in Westminster Abbey; but strangely refers to Lord Jeffreys, as "concerned chiefly in the pious undertaking," which was written in 1706. We have seen how Johnson, with slight reservation, adopted this invention of Mrs Thomson's romantic brain, which was believed for nearly a century to be true.

Gaming-Houses kept by Ladies.

THE following curious piece of evidence, probably an extract from the Journals of the House of Lords, although there is no reference to the subject in the published "Parliamentary Debates," was found not long since by the editor of the *Athenæum* amongst a mass of contemporary MSS.:—

"Die Lunæ, 29° Aprilis, 1745.—GAMING.—A Bill for preventing the excessive and deceitful use of it having been brought from the Commons, and proceeded on so far as to be agreed to in a Committee of the whole House with Amendments,—information was given to the House that Mr Burdus, Chairman of the Quarter Session for the city and liberty of Westminster, Sir Thomas de Veil, and Mr Lane, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the county of Middlesex, were at the door; they were called in, and at the Bar severally gave an account that claims of Privilege of Peerage were made and insisted on by the Ladies Mordington and Cassillis, in order to intimidate the peace officers from doing their duty in suppressing the public Gaming-Houses kept by the said ladies. And the said Burdus thereupon delivered in an instrument in writing under the hand of the said Lady Mordington, containing the claim she made of Privilege for her officers and servants employed by her in her said Gaming-House.—And then they were directed to withdraw.—And the said instrument was read as follows:—'I, Dame Mary, Baroness of Mordington, do hold a house in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden, for and as an Assembly, where all persons of credit are at liberty to frequent and play at such diversions as are used at other Assemblys. And I have hired Joseph Dewberry, William Horsely, Ham Cropper, and George Sanders as my servants or managers (under me) thereof. I have given them orders to direct the management of the other inferior servants, (namely) John Bright, Richard Davids, John Hill, John Vandenvoren, as box-keepers,—Gilbert Richardson, housekeeper, John Chaplain, regulator, William Stanley and Henry Huggins, servants that wait on the company at the said Assembly, William Penny and Joseph Penny as porters thereof—And all the above-mentioned persons I claim as my domestick servants, and demands all those Privileges that belong to me as a Peeress of Great Britain appertaining to my said Assembly.—M. MORDINGTON.—Dated 8th Jan. 1744.'—Resolved and declared that no person is entitled to Privilege of Peerage against any prosecution or proceeding for keeping any public or common Gaming-House, or any house, room, or place for playing at any game or games prohibited by any law now in force."

Royal Gaming at Christmas.

GAMING was formerly a Royal pastime of the Christmas holidays which the subjects of the Sovereign were permitted to witness. The play run high in Charles II.'s time, and it lasted almost to our day. George I. and George II. played on certain days at hazard in public at the groom-porter's in St James's Palace, where the nobility and even the Princesses staked considerable sums. This gaming in public was discontinued some time in the reign of George III. The office of groom-porter, we are told, still occurs in the enumeration of the palace household.

The groom-porter of old is described as an officer of the Royal household whose business it was to see the King's lodging furnished with tables, stools, chairs, and firing; as also to provide cards, dice, &c., and to decide disputes arising at cards, dice, bowling, &c. Formerly he was allowed to keep an open gambling-table at Christmas. In Ben Jonson's *Alchymist* we have—

> He will win you
> By irresistible luck, within this fortnight,
> Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
> Upmost at the groom-porter's all the Christmas,
> And for the whole year through at every place.

Basset—a game at cards said by Dr Johnson to have been invented at Venice—was certainly known in Italy as early as the end of the thirteenth century. It appears to have been a fashionable game in England at the end of the seventeenth century. Who does not recollect Pope's charming eclogue, the Basset-table?—

> But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
> To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd?
> When Kings, Queens, Knaves, are set in decent rank;
> Exposed in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
> Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
> The winner's pleasure, and the lover's pain;
> In bright confusion open rouleaus lie;
> They strike the soul and glitter in the eye.
> Fired by the sight, all reason I disdain;
> My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
> Look upon Basset, you who reason boast,
> And see if reason must not there be lost.
> * * * * * * *
> At the groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
> Some Dukes at Mary-bone bowl time away;
> But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
> To Basset's heavenly joys and pleasing cares?

Mr Hawkins, the numismatist, possesses a silver token, marked to the amount of ten pounds, which appears to have passed among the players for the groom-porter's benefit at basset. It is within the size of half-a-crown; in the centre of the obverse is L-X; legend round, AT · THE · GROOM-PORTER'S · BASSET; mint-mark, a fleur-de-lis. On the reverse, a wreath and gold coronet; the coronet being of gold let in; legend, NOTHING · VENTURE · NOTHING · WINNS; mint-mark again, a fleur-de-lis.

Theodore Hook, in one of his novels, has this note of experience upon the above subject:—"The room at St James's formerly appropriated to hazard was remarkably dark, and conventionally called by the inmates 'Hell!' whence, and not, as generally supposed, from their own demerits, all the gaming-houses in London are designated by the same fearful name. Those who play, or have played English hazard, will recollect that, for a similar inconsequent reason, the man who raked up the dice and called the odds was designated 'the groom-porter.'"

Punch and Judy.

THE street-play of Punch has amused crowds in London for two centuries; but in a French illuminated MS. in the Bodleian Library, there is a coloured illustration, four centuries old, exactly corresponding with the puppets and the itinerant show of the present day; showing the famous puppet to have amused the world long before he reached England. He is as popular in Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, as in London or Naples.

The earliest date of Punch in our metropolis was found by Mr Peter Cunningham, in the overseer's book of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, being four entries, in 1666 and 1667, of "Rec. of Punchinello, ye Italian popet player, for his booth at Charing Cross," sums varying from £2, 12s. 6d. to £1, 2s. 6d. Next are quoted some lines on why it was so long before the statue of Charles I. was put up at Charing Cross, the last line being,

> Unless Punchinello is to be restored.

"These," says Mr Cunningham, "are the earliest notices of Punch in England."

Another early reference is that made by Granger, who, speaking of one Philips, a noted merry-andrew in the reign of James II., says, "This man was some time fiddler to a puppet-show, in which capacity he held many a dialogue with Punch, in much the same strain as he did afterwards with the mountebank-doctor, his master, upon the stage."

Sir Richard Steele, in the *Tatler*, immortalises Powel, the famous puppet-showman, who exhibited his wooden heroes under the Little Piazza in Covent Garden, opposite St Paul's Church, as we learn from the letter of the sexton in the *Spectator* (No. 14), attributed to Steele, who complains that the performances of Punch thinned the congregation in the church; and that, as Powel exhibited during the time of prayer, the tolling of the bell was taken by all who heard it for notice of the commencement of the exhibition. The writer, in another letter, decides that the puppet-show was much superior to the opera of *Rinaldo and Armida* in the Haymarket; he adds, that too much encouragement cannot be given to Mr Powel, who has so well disciplined his pig, that he and Punch dance a minuet together.

In No. 44 of the *Tatler*, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., complains that he has been abused by Punch in a prologue, supposed to be spoken by him, but really delivered by his master, who stood behind, "worked the wires," and by "a thread in one of Punch's chops" gave to him the appearance of animation. No. 50 of the same work contains a real or supposed letter from the showman himself, insisting on his right of control over his own puppets, and denying all knowledge of the "original of puppet-shows, and the several changes and revolutions that have happened in them since Thespis." A subsequent No. (115) shows that Punch was so attractive, particularly with the ladies, as to cause the opera and Nicolini to be deserted. Here also we learn that then, as now, Punchinello had "a scolding wife;" and that he was attended besides by a number of courtiers and nobles.

Punchinello was part of the Bartholomew Fair revels:

> 'Twas then, when August near was spent,
> That Bat, the grilliado'd saint,
> Had usher'd in his Smithfield revels
> Where Punchinelloes, popes, and devils
> Are by authority allowed,
> To please the giddy, gaping crowd.
>
> *Hudibras Ridivivus*, 1707.

Hence we collect that the popularity of Punch was completely established in 1711–12, and that he materially lessened the receipts at the opera, if not at the regular national theatres. Still, no writer of the reign of Queen Anne speaks of him as a novelty, which may be established from poetry as well as prose. Gay, in his *Shepherd's Week* (Saturday), distinguishes between the tricks of "Jack Pudding, in his parti-coloured jacket," and "Punch's feats;" and adds, that they were both known at rustic wakes and fairs. But the most remarkable account of Punch is given in No. 3 of the *Intelligencer*.

Nevertheless, the exact date of Punch's arrival in England is uncertain. Mr Payne Collier concludes that he and King William came in together, and that the Revolution is to be looked upon as the era of the introduction of the family of Punch, and of the glorious "House of Orange."

Mr Collier humorously speculates on "the character of Punch," and attempts to prove it to be "a combination or concentration of two of the most prominent and original delineations on the stage"—King Richard III. and Falstaff: his costume closely resembles the Elizabethan peasecod-bellied doublets.

At various periods the adventures of Punch have been differently represented, and innovations have been introduced to suit the taste and to meet the events of the day. Thus, in Fielding's time, in consequence of the high popularity of *The Provoked Husband*, he complains (*Tom Jones*, book xii. chap. v.) that a puppet-show witnessed by his hero included "the fine and serious part" of the above comedy. Here is a later interpolation: after the Battle of the Nile, Lord Nelson figured on one of the street stages, and held a dialogue with Punch, in which he endeavoured to persuade him, as a brave fellow, to go on board his ship, and assist in fighting the French: "Come, Punch, my boy," said the naval hero, "I'll make you a captain or a commodore, if you like it." "But I don't like it," replied the puppet-show hero; "I shall be drowned." "Never fear that," answered Nelson; "he that is born to be hanged, you know, is sure not to be drowned."

During one of the elections for Westminster, Sir Francis Burdett was represented kissing Judy and the child, and soliciting Mr Punch for his vote.

Punch has amused ages. "We ourselves," says Mr Collier, "saw the late Mr Wyndham, then one of the Secretaries of State, on his way from Downing Street to the House of Commons, on a night of important debate, pause like a truant boy until the whole performance was concluded, to enjoy a hearty laugh at the whimsicalities of the motley hero."

Porsini and Pike were celebrated Punch exhibitors in our time: the former is said to have frequently taken £10 a-day, but he died in St Giles's workhouse. Porsini used a trumpet.

Fantoccini.

EXHIBITIONS of Puppets have always been amongst the favourite amusements of the British public. We do not here refer to that most popular of wooden performers, Mr Punch, but of such entertainers as have aimed at the representation of more regularly constructed dramas. The allusions to them in our older writers are numerous, as a *motion.* Thus, the chief part of the fifth act of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, relates to a motion, or puppet-show, where is the exquisitely humorous portrait of Lanthorn Leatherhead, with his *motions* of *Hero and Leander*, and *Damon and Pythias.* In Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale* having compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son is one of the many callings which the merry rogue Autolycus had followed. In the *Knave in Grain*, 1640—

> *D.*—Where 's the dumbe shew you promis d me?
>
> *J.*—Even ready, my lord; but may be called a motion, for puppits will speak but such corrupt language you 'll never understand.

A large circle of readers of another class will remember how in the next century Steele and Addison celebrated the "skill in motions" of Powel, whose place of exhibition was under the arcade in Covent Garden. In April 1751, the tragedy of *Jane Shore* was advertised for representation at "Punch's Theatre in James Street, in the Haymarket," by puppets; Punch's theatre being, of course, located in Hickford's Room. Strutt, writing before 1801, says: "A few years back a puppet-show was exhibited at the court end of the town, with the Italian title, *Fantoccini,* which greatly attracted the notice of the public, and was spoken of as an extraordinary performance: it was, however, no more than a puppet-show, with the motions constructed upon better principles, dressed with more elegance, and managed with greater art, than they had formerly been." In Piccadilly, "Italian Fantoccini" were also exhibited in 1780, by which comedies and comic operas were performed, the latter with music by Pergolesi, Jomelli, and other composers; followed by a dance, and an entertainment, in which, "Harlequin, while refreshing himself with a dish of maccaroni, is surprised by the appearance of a Spaniard from a remote corner, who sings a favourite comic song;" the flight of Harlequin, &c.

The reader, we dare say, will remember Fantoccini in pantomimes at Drury Lane Theatre; Marionettes at the Adelaide Gallery; and George Cruikshank's admirable delineation of the itinerant Fantoccini shown in the streets of the metropolis in 1825.—*Condensed chiefly from Notes and Queries,* 3d S. v. 52.

Mrs Salmon's Wax-Work.

MRS SALMON'S moving Wax-work was one of the curiosities of Fleet Street which lasted to our time. It was originally established at the Golden Salmon, St Martin's, near Aldersgate (*Harl. MS.*, 5931, British Museum), and delighted the sight-seeing public of the days of Queen Anne, as we gather from the 28th paper of the *Spectator*, April 2, 1711: "It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs Salmon to have lived at the sign of the Trout." Her handbill runs: "Mrs Salmon's Wax-work—Royal Court of England—the moving Wax-work—140 figures as big as life, all made by Mrs Salmon, who sells all sorts of moulds and glass eyes, and teaches the full art," &c. In what year she removed to Fleet Street is unknown; her collection was shown near the Horn Tavern (now Anderton's) in a house with the sign of the Salmon, which has been engraved by J. T. Smith. Thence the wax-work was removed to 198 Fleet Street, to a house on the site of the present banking-house of Messrs Praed & Co. She died at the age of ninety, when her death was thus announced: "March 1760: Died Mrs Steers, aged 90, but was generally known by the name of her former husband, Mrs Salmon. She was famed for making several figures in wax, which have been long shown in Fleet Street." Upon her death, the collection was purchased by Mr Clark, a surgeon, who lived in Chancery Lane. Mrs Clark, after the decease of her husband, continued the exhibition in the name of Salmon, until the close of 1794, when, the premises occupied by her on the north side of Fleet Street having been purchased by Messrs Praed & Co. as a site for their banking-house, she removed to No. 17, on the south side, as thus announced in the *Morning Herald* of January 28, 1785 :—

"The house in which Mrs Salmon's Wax-work has, for above a century, been exhibited, is pulling down : the figures are removed to the very spacious and handsome apartments at the corner of the Inner Temple gate, which was once the Palace of Henry Prince of Wales, the eldest son of King James the First, and are now the residence of many a royal guest. Here are held the courts of Alexander the Great, of King Henry the Eighth, of Caractacus, and the present Duke of York. Happy ingenuity to bring heroes together, maugre the lapse of time! The levées of each of these personages are daily very numerously attended, and we find them all to be of very easy access, since it is insured by a shilling to one of the attendants."

At a very advanced age, Mrs Clark was seriously injured by falling upon the steps of the altar after receiving the sacrament. She was confined to her bed many weeks ; during which her son constantly attended his venerable parent. For some years before this accident, the exhibition of Wax-work had ceased to attract, and had become no longer a source of profit ; but Mrs Clark could never be prevailed on to quit the premises and reside with her family.

Here the Wax-work was exhibited until Mrs Clark's death, in the year 1812 ; the figure of Ann Siggs on crutches, at the door, we well recollect, but not the kick which Mother Shipton gave the visitor on going out, and of which J. T. Smith had so vivid an impression. When the frail establishment was broken up, the wax-folk were sold, it is said, for less than £50. Many of the figures were removed to a house at the west corner of Water Lane, and there exhibited for a few pence, by which the proprietor realised a considerable sum. However, one night, in July 1827, some thieves broke open the premises, and stole a sum of money and several articles of wearing apparel; destroyed some of the figures, stripped part of their clothes, and tore the gold lace and trinkets from others; they then smashed the heads of the figures to pieces, and piled them up until they nearly reached the ceiling; the loss was set down at £150. Still, the Wax-work, with repairs and additions, lingered here until 1831, when the fine folk — emperors, kings, and princes—were sold under an execution for rent!

It may be as well to notice Mrs Salmon's misdescription of the old house in Fleet Street, as well as the misinscription upon the house itself, as "formerly the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." Mrs Salmon is nearer probability when she styles the house as "once the palace of Henry Prince of Wales, son of King James I." The first-floor front-room has an enriched plaster-ceiling, inscribed P. (triple plume) H., which, with part of the wainscotting, denotes the structure to be of the time of James I. Still, we do not find in the lives of Prince Henry any identification of this house as a royal palace. It appears, however, that the house, though never the residence of Prince Henry, was the *office in which the Council for the Management of the Duchy of Cornwall Estates held their sittings;* and in the Calendar of State Papers, edited by Mrs Green, is the following entry of the time of Charles, created Prince of Wales four years after the death of Henry: "1619, Feb. 25; Prince's *Council Chamber, Fleet Street,*" and other entries to the same effect; thus settling the appropriation of the old house in Fleet Street, but stripping it of about a century of its boasted antiquity.

The finest Wax-work collection of the present day is Tussaud's, stated to be the oldest exhibition in Europe. It was commenced on the Boulevard du Temple, at Paris, in 1780, and was first shown in London at the Lyceum, Strand, in 1802. It now consists of upwards of two hundred figures in wax, in the costume of their time, and several in the dresses which they actually wore; besides a large collection of paintings and sculpture. Thus, it not only contains fine specimens of modelling in wax, but a curious assemblage of costume and personal decoration, memorials of celebrated characters, historical groups, &c.

Madame Tussaud was born at Berne, in Switzerland, in 1760. When a child she was taught to model figures in wax, by her uncle, M. Curtius, at whose house she often dined with Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr Franklin, Mirabeau, and La Fayette, of whose heads she took casts. She taught drawing and modelling to the Princess Elizabeth, and many of the French noblesse, just before the Revolution of 1789. She also modelled in wax Robespierre, Marat, and Danton; and often took models of heads severed on the scaffold. Madame Tussaud died in London, 15th April 1850, aged 90.

The Ragged Regiment in Westminster Abbey.

THIS was, until some thirty years since, one of the sights of London, and consisted mostly of the wax effigies of noted persons which had been carried in their funeral processions to Westminster Abbey, and were, after the interment, deposited there. It may here be remarked that a waxen image was a part of the paraphernalia of a witch, by means of which she was supposed to torment her unfortunate victims. In Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, we find the witch sitting in her dell, "with her spindle, threads, and images:" the practice was, to provide the waxen image of the person intended to be tormented, and this was stuck through with pins, and melted at a distance from the fire.

These wax effigies were formerly called "The Play of the Dead Volks," and "The Ragged Regiment." They represented "princes and others of high quality" who were buried in the Abbey. In a description of them a century since, we are told: "These effigies resembled the deceased as near as possible, and were wont to be exposed at the funerals of our princes and other great personages in open chariots, with their proper ensigns of royalty or honour appended. The most ancient that are here laid up are the least injured, by which it would seem as if the costliness of their clothes had tempted persons to partly strip them; for the robes of Edward VI., which were once of crimson velvet, now appear like leather; but those of Queen Elizabeth (who is said to have been arrayed in her coronation robes) and King James I. are entirely stript, as are all the rest, of everything of value. In two handsome wainscot presses are the effigies of King William, and Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, in good condition. The figure of Cromwell is not mentioned in the list; but in the account of his lying-in-state, the effigy is described as made to the life in wax, and apparelled in velvet, gold-lace, and ermine. This effigy was laid upon the bed of state, and carried upon the hearse in the funeral procession: both were then deposited in Westminster Abbey; but at the Restoration, the hearse was broken to pieces, and the effigy was destroyed, after it had been hung from a window at Whitehall." In the prints of the grand state funeral procession of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, in 1670, his effigy, clad in part-armour and ducal robes and coronet, is borne upon an open chariot beneath a canopy, and surrounded by a forest of banners; on reaching the Abbey, the effigy was taken from the car, and placed upon the body, beneath a lofty canopy bristling with bannerets, and richly dight with armorial escutcheons.

Nollekens, the sculptor, describes the collection as "the wooden figures, with wax masks, all in silk tatters, that the Westminster boys called 'The Ragged Regiment,' from the tattered state of the costumes." Among the later additions were the figures of the great Earl of Chatham and Lord Nelson.

To what may be styled the legitimate wax figures at Westminster were added, from time to time, those of other celebrities, as, for example, Mother Shipton: this strange collection was shown until 1839, when it was very properly removed.

There was formerly a similar wax-work exhibition in France. Mr Cole, of Milton, upon his visit to the Abbey of St Denis, near Paris, November 22, 1765, says, in his diary:—

"Mr Walpole had been informed by M. Mariette, that in this treasury were several wax figures of some of the later kings of France, and asked one of the monks for leave to see them, as they were not commonly shown or much known. Accordingly, in four cupboards, above those in which the jewels, crosses, busts, and curiosities were kept, were eight ragged figures of as many monarchs of this country to Louis XIII., which must be very like, as their faces were taken off in wax immediately after their decease. The monk told us, that the great Louis XIV.'s face was so excessively wrinkled, that it was impossible to take one off from him."

The Pig-Faced Lady.

THE mythical existence of a pig-faced lady is common to the nursery literature of several European languages. The story generally is that of a newly-married lady of rank and fashion, in reply to the entreaties of a wretched beggar-woman with a squalling child, exclaiming, "Take away your nasty pig, I will not give you anything!" whereupon the enraged beggar retorted, "May your own child, when it is born, be more like a pig than mine!" Shortly after this, the lady gave birth to a girl, beautifully formed, save that its face, some say the whole head, exactly resembled that of a pig. The child grew to be a woman: its fond and wealthy parents had it fed out of a silver trough; and a small fortune was paid annually as wages to the waiting-maid upon this creature. The greatest perplexity, however, was to the parents, what would become of the creature after their decease. It was determined that she should be married, the father giving a large dowry, and settling a handsome annuity on the husband. However, this money-bait failed to lure any one to the unfortunate creature: even old fortune-hunters were glad to retreat. Then it was proposed to found a hospital, the trustees of which were bound to cherish and protect the "pig-faced" until death did them part. Such are the features of the conventional stories of pig-faced ladies.

But we have only to treat of London specimens. In 1641, there was published *A certain Relation of the Hog-faced Gentlewoman*, named Tanakin Skinkery, having all the limbs and lineaments well featured and proportioned, save having the nose of a hog, or swine; forty thousand pounds were offered to the man who would consent to wed her, and gallants came from all parts of England and the Continent, but soon gave up the idea of marrying her, and fled.

We have a distinct recollection of a pig-faced lady of the present century. In 1815, there appeared a portrait of the lady, with her silver trough of food. She was then twenty years of age, lived in Manchester Square, and on her life and issue by marriage a very large property depended. The account sold with the print stated: "Her person is most delicately formed, and of the greatest symmetry; her hands and arms are delicately modelled in the happiest mould of nature; and the carriage of her body indicative of superior birth. Her manners are, in general, simple and unoffending; but when she is in want of food, she articulates, certainly, something like the sound of pigs when eating, and which, to those who are not acquainted with her, may perhaps be a little disagreeable." *

Her attendant, though receiving £1000 a-year, soon grew tired of the situation, when there appeared the following advertisement in the *Times* of Thursday, the 9th of February 1815:—

"*For the Attention of Gentlemen and Ladies.*—A young gentlewoman having heard of an advertisement for a person to undertake the care of a lady, who is heavily afflicted in the face, whose friends have offered a handsome income yearly, and a premium for residing with her for seven years, would do all in her power to render her life most comfortable; an undeniable character can be obtained from a respectable circle of friends; an answer to this advertisement is requested, as the advertiser will keep herself disengaged. Address, post paid, to X. Y., at Mr Ford's, baker, 12 Judd Street, Brunswick Square."

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* See a paper in Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii. pp. 255-257.

Another advertiser, aspiring to become the husband of the pig-faced lady, thus advertised in the *Morning Herald* of February 16, 1815:—

"*Secrecy.*—A single gentleman, aged thirty-one, of a respectable family, and in whom the utmost confidence may be reposed, is desirous of explaining his mind to the friends of a person who has a misfortune in her face, but is prevented for want of an introduction. Being perfectly aware of the principal particulars, and understanding that a final settlement would be preferred to a temporary one, presumes he would be found to answer to the full extent of their wishes. His intentions are sincere, honourable, and firmly resolved. References of great respectability can be given. Address to M. D., at Mr Spencer's, 22 Great Ormond Street, Queen Square."

The story of the London pig-faced lady was, from beginning to end, a catchpenny hoax, founded upon the old myth: there was no actual lady, but there were printed accounts of her, and these were the source of profit. The advertisements, we suppose, kept up the deception.

There is a story of this kind associated with Steevens's

Hospital, in Dublin, but no one can tell why: the foundress, Miss Steevens, whose portrait hangs in the library, is a well-favoured lady. Parties came to see the portrait and the silver trough; but the matron was forbidden to show them, though the visitors gave a fee for the information. In Dublin, too, is a story of a boar's head crest, engraved upon a silver punch-bowl, leading to its being called the pig-trough.

Count Boruwlaski and George IV.

WHEN this celebrated dwarf visited England, he was graciously received by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, was presented to the King and Queen, patronised by the Prince of Wales and the nobility, and became the sort of lion, on a smaller scale, which General Tom Thumb afterwards became, on less pretensions.

Among the memorable persons with whom the Count came in contact was "a stupendous giant, eight feet three or four inches high," who was then exhibiting himself. This must have been O'Byrne, the Irish giant, whom we shall notice presently. "Our surprise," says Boruwlaski, "was mutual; the giant remained a moment speechless with astonishment; then stooping half way he presented his hand, which could easily have contained a dozen of mine, and made me a very pretty compliment." When they stood beside each other, the giant's knee was very nearly on a level with the dwarf's head. They both resided together some time at an inn at Epping, where they often walked out together, greatly to the amusement of the townsfolk.

Mathews, the comedian, was a friend and admirer of

Boruwlaski; and Mrs Mathews, in the *Memoirs* of her husband, describes the dwarf as a most fascinating person, full of accomplishments and good sense, playful as an infant, and altogether the most charming of companions. He had written his *Memoirs,* which he earnestly desired to present in person to His Majesty George the Fourth, who had previously desired, many years before, that they should be dedicated to him. The *Memoirs* were published in 1788; they are written in bad French, accompanied by a very bad translation, and headed by a list of very aristocratic subscribers. Mathews contrived to get an interview arranged between His Majesty and the Count. "At the hour appointed," says Mrs Mathews, "my husband and his little charge were ushered into the presence of the sovereign, who was seated in his domestic circle. On the announcement of his expected visitors, the King rose from his chair, and met Boruwlaski at the entrance, raising him up in his arms in a kind of embrace, saying, 'My dear old friend, how delighted I am to see you!' and then placed the little man upon a sofa. But the Count's loyalty not being so satisfied, he descended, with the agility of a schoolboy, and threw himself at his master's feet, who, however, would not suffer him to remain in that position for a minute, but raised him again upon the sofa. When the Count said something about sitting in the presence of his sovereign, he was graciously told to 'remember for the time there was no sovereign *there.*' . . . In the course of the conversation, the Count, addressing the King in French, was told that his English was so good it was quite unnecessary to speak in any other language; for his Majesty, with his usual tact, easily discerned that he should be a loser in resigning the Count's prettily-broken English, which (as he always thought in his native language, and literally translated its idioms) was the most amusing imaginable, and totally distinct from the imperfect English of other foreigners. . . . The King, in the course of conversation, said, 'But, Count, you were married when I knew you: I hope madame is still alive, and as well as yourself.' 'Ah, no! Majesty; Isolina die thirty year! *Fine* woman! *sweet*, *beauty* body! You have no *idea*, Majesty.' 'I am sorry to hear of her death. Such a charming person must have been a great loss to you, Count.' 'Dat is very true, Majesty; *indid, indid*, it was great sorrow for me!' Just at this moment he recollected that it might be improper to lay further stress on so melancholy a subject on so pleasing a visit. Resuming, therefore, a cheerful tone, the Count playfully observed that 'he had throughout been *great* philosophy,' and quoted the Frenchman's epitaph upon *his* departed wife:—

> Ci-gît ma femme! ah qu'elle est bien,
> Pour son repos, et pour le mien!

which sally surprised the King into a hearty laugh, while everybody present doubtless felt that such an allusion to wives might have been made at a more safe moment. Boruwlaski afterwards confessed to my husband that he was himself conscious, though too late, of the impropriety of it at that particular juncture. . . . His Majesty then inquired how old the Count was, and on being told, with a start of surprise, observed, 'Count, you are the finest man of your age I ever saw. I wish you could return the compliment.' To which Boruwlaski, not to be outdone in courtesy, ludicrously replied, 'Oh! Majesty, *fine* body! *indid, indid; beauty* body!'"

The King, on accepting the book which the Count wished to present, turned to the Marchioness of Conyngham, and took from her a little case containing a beautiful miniature watch and seals, attached to a superb chain, the watch exquisitely embossed with jewels. This he begged the Count to accept, saying, as he held the *Memoirs* in the other hand, "My dear friend, I shall read and preserve this as long as I live, for your sake; and in return I request you will wear this for mine." The King said to Mathews, in the absence of the Count, "If I had a dozen sons, I could not point out to them a more perfect model of good breeding and elegance than the Count; he is really a most accomplished and charming person." He also inquired if the Count were really at ease in his circumstances, and was glad to be informed that this was the case. For we have omitted to mention that, after many years of ineffectual concert-giving, the Count, having no Barnum to manage his affairs, and make a fortune out of his figure, had finally resolved on a visit to America, when two charitable ladies of Durham, named Metcalfe, made up a sum which purchased an annuity for him, thus securing him independence for the remainder of his life.—*Abridged from Fraser's Magazine.*

The Irish Giants.

All the fossils hitherto discovered, and supposed to belong to giants, have, on inspection, been proved to belong to brutes. All the evidence by which a colossal race of men was once accredited disappears, and no one scientifically educated now believes that giants ever existed as a *race*, although individual giants have been far from rare. Men of seven feet are not so rare but that many readers must have seen such; and a visit to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, will convince any one that even eight feet have been reached. Among the osteological curiosities of that collection stands the skeleton of the Irish giant, O'Byrne, *eight feet* high; and beside it stands the skeleton of Mademoiselle Crachami, only *twenty-three inches* high; two striking types of the giant and dwarf, not belonging to a fable—not liable to the scepticism which must ever hang over the reports of travellers, but standing there in naked reality, measurable by a prosaic foot-rule. We read, indeed, of eight feet and a half and even of nine feet having been attained; but here, at any rate, is O'Byrne, a solid, measurable fact, admitting of no doubt. That one must generally doubt all reported measurements of wondrous types, is illustrated, even in the case of O'Byrne. The *Annual Register*, in its obituary for June 1783, vol. xxvi. p. 209, gives this account of him:—

"In Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, aged only twenty-two, Mr Charles Byrne, the famous Irish giant, whose death is said to have been precipitated by excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted, but more particularly since his late loss of almost all his property, which he had simply invested in a single bank-note of £700.

"Our philosophical readers may not be displeased to know, on the credit of an ingenious correspondent, who had opportunity of informing himself, that Mr Byrne, in

August 1780, measured eight feet; that in 1782 he had gained two inches, and after he was dead he measured eight feet four inches.

"Neither his father, mother, brother, nor any other person of his family, was of an extraordinary size."

Nothing can be more precise than the measurements here given; eight feet four he is said to have been, and such Boruwlaski reported him to have been in his published *Memoirs;* yet there stands his skeleton, measuring, upon the testimony of Professor Owen (in the Catalogue of the Osteology of the Hunterian Museum), "eight feet in a straight line from the vertex to the sole." This is, of course, only the height of the skeleton; and we must allow about two inches more for the scalp and hair, and the soft cushion below the heel, which gives us eight feet two inches as the absolute height of the living man.

There was also another "Irish Giant," Patrick Cotter, otherwise O'Brien, a plaster cast of whose hand is shown in the Museum of the College of Surgeons. He was born in 1761, in the town of Kinsale. His parents were of the common stature. At eighteen his great size attracted the notice of a showman, who hired him for exhibition in England for three years at £50 per annum. Quarrelling with this man, O'Brien was arrested for an imaginary debt at Bristol. Getting assistance, he exhibited on his own account in a fair at St James's, in the same town. In three days he received £30. At the age of twenty-six, he measured eight feet seven inches, and was proportionably stout. His hand, including the palm and middle finger, measured twelve inches, and his shoe was seventeen inches long. His limbs, however, were clumsy, and not well knit. Every motion seemed attended with inconvenience and even pain. When he stood up he usually placed both hands on the small of his back, and bent forward evidently with difficulty. His usual seat was a table covered with a cushion. He exhibited himself for upwards of twenty-five years, and was seldom absent from Bartholomew Fair. He took exercise in the streets at two or three o'clock in the morning. When he wished to light his pipe, he commonly took off the top of a street lamp for the purpose. He could scarcely manage to walk up an incline, and rested his hands on the shoulders of two men for support in passing up Holborn Hill. Once on a journey in his own carriage he was stopped by a highwayman, on which he looked from the window, when the thief, terrified at his prodigious size, rode off in great alarm. There was a box sunk to a considerable depth below the bottom of the vehicle to receive his legs and feet. His last appearance in London was in 1804. Here is a copy of the placard then posted :—

"Just arrived, and to be seen at No. 61 Haymarket, the celebrated Irish Giant, Mr O'Brien, indisputably the tallest man ever shown—is a lineal descendant of King Brien Borom, and resembles that great potentate. All the members of the family are distinguished by their immense size. The gentleman alluded to measures near nine feet high. Admittance, one shilling."

Having realised a considerable fortune, he declined exhibiting, and resided for about two years at Bristol. He died of consumption in 1800, being then in his forty-sixty year. He bequeathed his clothes to a servant, who dressed up a huge figure in resemblance of his master, which was exhibited in various parts of London.

A Norfolk Giant.

In the year 1863, there died Robert Hales, "the Norfolk giant," who was, in 1851, one of the "curiosities of London." Hales was born at Westlomerton, near Yarmouth, in 1820, and was therefore only forty-three years of age. He came of a family remarkable for their great stature, his father (a farmer) being 6ft. 6in. in height, and his mother 6ft. It is traditionally said that an ancestor of his mother was the famous warder of King Henry VIII., who stood 8ft. 4in. high. Of such Patagonian parents the family—five daughters and four sons—all attained extraordinary stature, the males averaging 6ft. 5in. in height, and the females 6ft. 3½in. Robert Hales stood 7ft. 6in. in height; weight, 33 stone (462lb.); measurement across the chest, 62in.; round the abdomen, 64in.; across the shoulders, 36in.; round the thigh, 36in.; round the calf of the leg, 21in. These were his dimensions in 1851. In 1848 Hales visited the United States, and remained there about two years. Barnum made a "speculation" of the giant, and 28,000 persons flocked to see him in ten days. In January 1851, he returned to England, and took the Craven Head Tavern, in Wych Street, Strand. On April 11th he had the honour of being presented to the Queen and Royal Family, when Her Majesty gave him a gold watch and chain, which he wore to the day of his death. His health had been much impaired by the close confinement of the caravans in which he exhibited. He died of consumption. Hales was cheerful and well-informed. He had visited several continental capitals, and was presented to Louis Philippe, King of the French.

Celebrated Dwarfs.

STOW, in his Chronicle, dated 1581 (24th of Queen Elizabeth), has recorded the extraordinary exhibition of two Dutchmen in London, in that year, one of whom was seven feet seven inches in height, and the other only three feet. The "giant" was "in breadth betwixt the shoulders, three-quarters of a yard and an inch, the compasse of his breast one yard and a half and two inches; and about the waist, one yard, quarter, and one inch; the length of his arm to the hand, a full yard." He was "a comely man of person, but lame of his legges," which he had broken "with lifting a barrel of beer." The dwarf was without knees, and had "never a good foot, and yet could he daunce a galliard." He had no arms, and "but a stumpe to the elbow, or little more, on the right side, on the which, singing, he would daunce across, and after tosse it about three or four times, and every time receive the same upon the said stumpe; he would shoote an arrow neare to the marke, flourish with a rapier, throw a bowle, beate with a hammer, hew with an axe, sound a trumpet, and drinke every day ten quarts of the best beere—if he could get it." Stow adds—"I myselfe saw the taller man sitting on a bench, bareheaded, and the lesser, standing on the same bench, and having on his head a hat with a feather, was yet lower. Also, the taller man standing on his feet, went upright between his legs, and touched him not."

The dwarfs usually kept in great houses were often the subject of merriment. James I. had in his court a dwarf, a giant, and a jester; and the King often amused himself by fomenting quarrels amongst them. In the time of Charles, a dwarf named Richard Gibson, who was a page at the back stairs, was married to Anne Shepherd, who was equally diminutive. The King gave away the bride, and Waller wrote a poem on the occasion—

Design or chance make others wive,
But nature did this match contrive.
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out his only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high esteem,
As if the world had none but them.

They each measured three feet three inches. The little pair were painted at full length by Sir Peter Lely. They had nine children, five of whom attained maturity. Gibson was an artist of considerable merit; he taught Queen Anne drawing; he reached the age of seventy-five years, and his wife died in 1709, at the age of eighty-nine, having survived her husband twenty years.

Another famous Court Dwarf was Jeffrey Hudson, who was born in 1619, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire. When seven years of age, he was scarcely eighteen inches in height, yet without any deformity, and wholly proportionable. At about the age of eight years he was taken into the service of the Duchess of Buckingham, at Burleigh-on-the-Hill, where "he was instantly heightened (not in stature, but) in condition, from one degree above rags to silks and satins, and had two tall men to attend him." Shortly after he was served up in a cold pye, at an entertainment given to Charles I. and his consort, Henrietta Maria, in their progress through Rutlandshire; and was then, most probably, presented to the Queen, in whose service Jeffrey continued many years. At a masque, given at court, the King's gigantic porter drew Hudson out of his pocket, to the amazement of all the spectators. At the commencement of the Civil Wars, Jeffrey became a Captain of Horse in the Royal Army, and in that capacity he accompanied the Queen to France, where he killed his antagonist in a duel, and was, in consequence, imprisoned, and then expelled the court. He was then thirty years old; and, as he affirmed, had never increased anything considerable in weight since he was seven years old. He now endured a number of hardships, which are said to have added to his stature. Wright, in his *History of Rutland*, tells us that Jeffrey "shot up in a little time to that height of stature which he remained at in his old age, about three feet and nine inches;" the cause of which he attributed to the severity of treatment during his captivity. After his release he returned to England, and lived for some time on small pensions allowed him by the Duke of Buckingham, and other persons of rank. During the excitement of the Titus Oates' Plots, Hudson was arrested as a Papist, and committed to the Gatehouse, where he lay a considerable time. He died in 1682, shortly after his release, in the sixty-third year of his age. We possess, in London, a curious memorial of Jeffrey Hudson. Over the entrance of Bull Head Court, Newgate Street, is a small stone, portraying, in low relief, sculptures of William Evans, the gigantic porter of Charles I., and Hudson, his diminutive fellow-servant. On the stone are cut these words—"The King's Porter and the Dwarf," with the date 1680. Evans is described as having been full six feet and a half in height, though knock-kneed, splay-footed, and halting; yet he danced in an antimask at Court, where he drew little Jeffrey, the dwarf, out of his pocket, much to the wonder and laughter of the company. Among the curiosities of the Ashmolean, at Oxford, are preserved the waistcoat, breeches, and stockings (the two latter in one piece) of Jeffrey; they are of blue satin, the waistcoat being slashed with figured white silk. And in the Towneley collection was a rare tract, or "New Yere's Gift," 1636, containing a portrait of Hudson; the binding of the book is a piece of Charles I.'s waistcoat.

In 1773, a remarkable female dwarf was exhibited in the metropolis: she was a native of Corsica, and named Madame Teresa, or the Corsican fairy. She was only thirty-four inches high, and weighed but twenty-six pounds. Her form was highly symmetrical and pleasing, and her features were considered very beautiful. She was full of vivacity, could speak Italian and French, and danced with great elegance.

Playing on the Salt-Box.

THE middle-aged reader may remember to have seen the odd performance with a rolling-pin and salt-box, beaten together, and the noise being modulated so as to resemble a sort of "music." It was formerly played by Merry-Andrews at country-fairs; and in Croker's *Boswell*, we find Johnson praising the humour of Bonnell Thornton's burlesque *Ode on St Cecilia's Day*, and repeating these lines:—

In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine;
With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds.

In a note Mr Croker quotes from Dr Burney a passage which well illustrates this subject:—

"In 1769, I set for Smart and Newbury, Thornton's burlesque *Ode on St Cecilia's Day*. It was performed at Ranelagh in masks, to a very crowded audience, as I was told; for I then resided in Norfolk. Beard sang the salt-box song, which was admirably accompanied on that instrument by Brent, the fencing-master; Skeggs on the broomstick as bassoon, and a remarkable performer on the Jew's harp,

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre."

A Shark Story.

In the United Service Museum, Whitehall Yard, are exhibited "the jaws of a shark," wide open and enclosing a tin box. The history of this strange exhibition is as follows:—A ship, on her way to the West Indies, fell in with and chased a suspicious-looking craft, which had all the appearance of a slaver. During the pursuit the chase threw something overboard. She was subsequently captured, and taken into Port Royal to be tried as a slaver. In absence of the ship's papers, and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegal detention. While the subject was under discussion, a vessel came into port which had followed closely in the track of the chase above described. She had caught a shark; and in its stomach was found a tin box, which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence, the slaver was condemned. The written account is attached to the box.

Topham, the Strong Man of Islington.

In Upper Street, Islington, was formerly a public-house with the sign of the Duke's Head, at the south-east corner of Gadd's Row (now St Alban's Place), which was remarkable, towards the middle of the last century, on account of its landlord, Thomas Topham, "the strong man of Islington." He was brought up to the trade of a carpenter, but abandoned it soon after the term of his apprenticeship had expired; and about the age of twenty-four became the host of the Red Lion, near the old hospital of St Luke, in which house he failed. When he had attained his full growth, his stature was about five feet ten inches, and he soon began to give proof of his superior strength and muscular power. The first public exhibition of his extraordinary strength was that of pulling against a horse, lying upon his back, and placing his feet against the dwarf wall that divided Upper and Lower Moorfields. He afterwards pulled against two horses, but, his legs being placed horizontally instead of rising parallel to the traces of the horses, he was jerked from his position; it was, nevertheless, the opinion of Dr Desaguliers, the eminent mechanic and experimental philosopher, that, had Topham been in a proper position, he might have kept his situation against the pulling of four horses without inconvenience.

The following are among the feats which Dr Desaguliers says he himself saw Topham perform:—By the strength of his fingers, he rolled up a very strong and large pewter dish. Among the curiosities of the British Museum, some years ago, was a pewter dish, marked near the edge, "April 3, 1737, Thomas Topham, of London, carpenter, rolled up this dish (made of the hardest pewter) by the strength of his hands, in the presence of Dr John Desaguliers, &c." He broke seven or eight pieces of a tobacco-pipe by the force of his middle finger, having laid them on his first and third fingers. Having thrust the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his hams, without altering the position of his legs. Another bowl of this kind he broke between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. He took an iron kitchen poker, about a yard long, and three inches round, and bent it nearly to a right angle, by striking upon his bare left arm between the elbow and the wrist. Holding the ends of a poker of like size in his hands, and the middle of it against the back of his neck, he brought both extremities of it together before him; and, what was yet more difficult, pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope of two inches in circumference; though from his awkward manner, he was obliged to exert four times more strength than was necessary. He lifted a rolling stone of eight hundred pounds' weight with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a chain fastened thereto.

It is probable that Topham kept the Duke's Head at the time he exhibited the exploit of lifting three hogsheads of water, weighing one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one pounds, in Coldbath Fields, May

28, 1741, in commemoration of the taking of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon; and which he performed in the presence of the Admiral and thousands of spectators. He then removed to Hog Lane, Shoreditch. His wife proved unfaithful to him, which so distressed him that he stabbed her, and so mutilated himself that he died, in the flower of his age.

The Pope's Procession, and Burning of the Pope.

AFTER the discovery of the pretended Meal Tub plot, in 1679, the people became indignant against the Roman Catholics.

Each anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession (Nov. 17) was for many years celebrated by the citizens of London in a manner expressive of their detestation of the Church of Rome. A procession—at times sufficiently attractive for royal spectators—paraded the principal streets, the chief figure being an effigy of

> The Pope, that pagan full of pride,

well executed in wax, and expensively adorned with robes and a tiara. He was accompanied by a train of cardinals and Jesuits; and at his ear stood a buffoon in the likeness of a horned devil.

In the latter part of Charles II.'s reign, these anti-papistical solemnities were employed as engines to excite "the popular resentment against the Duke of York and his religion," and they were performed with great state and expense. The most famous of these processions were those of 1679, 1680, and 1681, to which Dryden thus alludes at the conclusion of his epilogue to *Œdipus*:—

> Yet as weak states each other's powers assure,
> Weak poets by conjunction are secure.
> Their treat is what your palates relish most,
> Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder and a Ghost.
> We know not what you can desire or hope,
> To please you more, but *Burning of a Pope.*

From a very scarce pamphlet, and an equally rare broadside, we gather that, on the 17th of November, the bells began to ring about three o'clock in the morning in the city. In the evening, the *Solemn Procession* began from Moorgate, and so to Bishopsgate Street, and down Houndsditch to Aldgate, through Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, by the Royal Exchange, through Cheapside to Temple Bar, in order following:—

1. Six whifflers, to clear the way, in pioneers' caps and red waistcoats. 2. A bellman, ringing his bell, and with a dolesome voice, crying all the way, "Remember Justice Godfrey." 3. A dead body representing Justice Godfrey, in a decent black habit, and the cravat wherewith he was murdered about his neck, with spots of blood on his wrists, breast, and shirt, and white gloves on his hands, his face pale and wan, riding upon a white horse, and one of his murderers behind him, to keep him from falling, in the same manner as he was carried to Primrose Hill. 4. A priest came next, in a surplice, and a cope embroidered with dead men's skulls and skeletons, who give out pardons very plentifully to all that would murder Protestants; and proclaiming it meritorious. 5. Then a Protestant alone, with a great silver cross. 6. Four Carmelite friars, in white and black

habits. 7. Four Grey friars, in the proper habits of their order. 8. Six Jesuits, carrying bloody daggers. 9. Four wind-musick, called the waits, playing all the way. 10. Four bishops in purple, with lawn sleeves, with golden crosses on their breasts, and croziers in their hands. 11. Four other bishops, *in pontificalibus*, with surplices and richly-embroidered copes, and golden mitres on their heads. 12. Six cardinals, in scarlet robes and caps. 13. Then followed the Pope's chief physician, with Jesuits, powder, &c. 14. Two priests, in surplices, with two golden crosses.

Lastly, the Pope himself, in a chair of state, covered with scarlet, richly embroidered and fringed, and bedecked with golden balls and crosses. At his feet, a cushion of state and two boys in surplices, with white silk banners, painted with red crosses and daggers, with an incense pot before them, censing his Holiness, who was arrayed in a splendid scarlet gown, lined with ermine and daubed with gold and silver lace; on his head a triple crown of gold, a collar of gold and precious stones, St Peter's keys, a number of beads, &c. At his back, the degraded Seraphim, instructing him to destroy his Majesty, to forge a Protestant plot, and to fire the city again, for which purpose he held in his hand an infernal torch.

The whole procession was attended with one hundred and fifty flambeaux and lights, besides thousands of volunteers. The balconies, windows, and houses were crowded, and the streets thronged with people, all expressing their abhorrence of Popery, with shouts and acclamations; in all, not fewer than 200,000 spectators.

Thus, with slow and solemn pace, they proceeded to Temple Bar; the houses being converted into heaps of men and women and children, for whose diversion there were provided great quantities of fireworks.

The statue of Queen Elizabeth in Temple Bar was, in regard to the day, crowned with gilded laurel, and in her hand a golden shield inscribed "The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta." Before this shield were placed flambeaux; and the Pope being brought up here, a song was sung in parts, characterising the statues in the Bar, part one representing the English cardinal, and others the people.

Then the spectators were entertained with fireworks, and a bonfire just over the Inner Temple Gate, into "the impartial flames of which his Holiness was toppled;" the devil laughing heartily at his ignominious end; and then arose a prodigious shout that might be heard far beyond Somerset House, and echoed to Scotland, France, and even Rome itself.

Lord North, in describing one of these "Pope-burning tumults," mentions the *Green Ribbon Club*, styling it "the more visible administration, mediate, as it were, between the Earl of Shaftesbury (at the head of the direction) and the greater and lesser vulgar who were to be the immediate tools." This Club held its evening sittings at the King's Head Tavern over against the Inner Temple; and from the signal of a *Green Ribbon*, agreed to be worn in their hats on the days of their street engagements, they were called the *Green Ribbon Club*. Their seat was in a sort of *Carfour* at Chancery Lane end, the house being double-balconied in the front, for the Clubsters to issue forth in fresco, with hats and no peruques, pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and diluted throats.

In describing the Pope-burning Procession of the 17th of November 1680, North says that "the rabble first changed their title, and were called the *mòb* in the assemblies of the above Club. It was their Beast of Burthen, and called, first, *mobile vulgus*, but fell naturally into the contraction of one syllable, and ever since it is become proper *English*."

North thus describes the procession of 1681:—

"When we had posted ourselves," he says, "at windows, expecting the play to begin" (he had taken his stand in the Green Dragon Tavern), "it was very dark; but we could perceive the street to fill, and the hum of the crowd grew louder and louder; and at length, with help of some lights below, we could discern, not only upwards towards the bar, where the squib-war was maintained, but downwards towards Fleet Bridge; the whole street was crowded with people, which made that which followed seem very strange; for about eight at night we heard a din from below, which came up the street, continually increasing till we could perceive a motion; and that was a row of stout fellows, that came, shouldered together, cross the street, from wall to wall on each side. How the people melted away, I cannot tell; but it was plain those fellows made clear board, as if they had swept the street for what was to come after. They went along like a wave; and it was wonderful to see how the crowd made away: I suppose the good people were willing to give obedience to lawful authority. Behind this wave (which, as all the rest, had many lights attending) there was a vacancy, but it filled apace, till another like wave came up; and so four or five of these waves passed, one after another; and then we discerned more numerous lights, and throats were opened with hoarse and tremendous noise; and with that advanced a pageant, borne along above the heads of the crowd, and upon it sat a huge Pope, *in pontificalibus*, in his chair, with a seasonable attendance for state: but his premier minister, that shared most of his ear, was Il Signior Diavolo, a nimble little fellow; in a proper dress, that had a strange dexterity in climbing and winding about the chair, from one of the Pope's ears to the other."

The description concludes with a brief mention of burning the effigies, which, on these occasions, appear to have been of pasteboard.

One of the great figures in this ceremony was the doleful image of Sir Edmond Berry Godfrey, the magistrate, supposed to have been killed by the Papists during the question of the Plot. Dryden has a fine contemptuous couplet upon it in one of his prologues:

> Sir Edmondbury first in woful wise,
> Leads up the show, *and milks their maudlin eyes.*

On the discovery of the Rye House Plot, the Pope's Procession was discontinued; but was resuscitated on the acquittal of the Seven Bishops and dethronement of James II. Sacheverel's trial added a new interest to the ceremony; and besides a popular dread of the Church being in danger—from the listlessness of the ministers and the machinations of the Pretender—there was a general opposition to the peace with France, for which the Tories were intriguing. The party cry of "No Peace" was shouted in the same breath with "No Popery."

The Whigs were determined, it was said, to give significance and force to these watchwords by getting up the anniversary show of 1711 with unprecedented splendour. No good Protestant, no honest hater of the

French, could refuse to subscribe his guinea for such an object: and it is said that upwards of a thousand pounds were collected for the effigies and their dresses and decorations alone, independent of a large sum for incidental expenses. The Pope, the devil, and the Pretender were, it was asserted, fashioned in the likeness of the obnoxious cabinet ministers. The procession was to take place at night, and "a thousand mob" were to be hired to carry flambeaux at a crown apiece, and as much beer and brandy as would inflame them for mischief. The pageant was to open with "twenty-four bagpipes marching four and four, and playing the memorable tune of Lillibullero. Presently was to come a figure representing Cardinal Gaulteri (lately made by the Pretender protector of the English nation), looking down on the ground in sorrowful posture; his train supported by two missionaries from Rome, supposed to be now in England."—"Two pages throwing beads, bulls, pardons, and indulgences."—"Two jackpuddings sprinkling holy water."—"Twelve hautboys playing the Greenwood Tree."—Then were to succeed "six beadles with Protestant flails;" and after a variety of other satirical mummery, the grand centrepiece was to show itself:—"The Pope, under a magnificent canopy, with a right silver fringe, accompanied by the Chevalier St George on the left, and his councillor the devil on his right." The whole procession was to close with twenty streamers displaying this couplet wrought on each:

> God bless Queen Anne, the nation's great defender,
> Keep out the French, the Pope, and the Pretender.

To be ready for this grand spectacle, the figures were deposited in a house in Drury Lane, whence the procession was to march (with proper reliefs of lights at several stations) to St James's Square, thence through Pall Mall, the Strand, Drury Lane, and Holborn to Bishopsgate Street, and return through St Paul's Churchyard to the bonfire in Fleet Street. "After proper ditties had been sung, the Pretender was to have been committed to the flames, being first absolved by the Cardinal Gaulteri. After that the said Cardinal was to be absolved by the Pope, and burnt. And then the devil was to jump into the flames with his Holiness in his arms." This programme is from a folio half-sheet published at the time.

The Tories spread exaggerated reports of these preparations, as of certain accidents which were contrived beforehand by the conspirators. But all this was harmless as compared with the threatened sequel. On the diabolical programme were said to be inscribed certain houses that were to be burned down. That of the Commissioners of Accounts in Essex Street was to form the first pyre, because in it had been discovered and completed Marlborough's commissorial defalcations. The Lord Treasurer's was to follow. Harley himself was to have been torn to pieces, as the Dutch pensionary De Witt had been. Indeed the entire city was only to have escaped destruction and rapine by a miracle.

These were the coarse excuses which the Tories put forth for spoiling the show in 1711. At midnight on the 16–17th of November, a posse of constables made forcible entry into the Drury Lane temple of the waxen images, and, by force of arms, seized the Pope, the Pretender, the cardinals, the devil and all his works, a chariot to have been drawn by six of his imps, the canopies and bagpipes, the bulls, the pardons, the Protestant flails, the streamers,—in short, the entire paraphernalia. At one fell swoop the whole collection was carried off to the Cockpit at Whitehall, then the Privy Council Office. That the city apprentices should not be wholly deprived of their expected treat, fifteen of the group were exhibited to the public gratis. Swift wrote to Stella: "I saw to-day the Pope, the devil, and the other figures of Cardinals, &c., fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I hear the owners of them are so impudent, that their design is to replevy them by law. The images are not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub Street account of that tumult is published. The devil is not like lord treasurer: they are all in your old antic masks bought in common shops." (See *Wills's Notes to Sir Roger de Coverley.*)

The Giants at Guildhall.

"THE Two Giants in Guildhall" are supposed to have been originally made for carrying about in pageants, a custom not peculiar to the City of London; for the going of the giants at Midsummer "occurs among the ancient customs of Chester, before 1599." We read of Midsummer pageants in London, in 1589, "where, to make the people wonder, are set forth great and uglie gyants, marching as if they were alive," &c. Again "one of the gyant's stilts," that stalks before my Lord Mayor's pageants, occurs in a play of the year 1663.

In 1415, when Henry V. returned in the flush of triumph, after his victory of Agincourt, he entered London by Southwark, when a male and female giant stood at the entrance of London Bridge; in 1432, here "a mighty giant" awaited Henry VI.; in 1554, at the entry of Philip and Mary, Corinœus and Gog-Magog stood upon London Bridge; and when Elizabeth passed through the city the day before her coronation, these two giants were placed at Temple Bar. The Lord Mayor's pageant in 1672 had "two extreme great giants, at least 15 feet high," that did sit and were drawn by horses in two chariots, talking and taking tobacco, as they rode along, to the great admiration and delight of the spectators.

Ned Ward describes the Guildhall Giants in his *London Spy*, 1699; and, among the exhibitions of fireworks upon the Thames in honour of the coronation of James II. and his queen, in 1685, "were placed the statues of the two giants of Guildhall, in lively colours and proportions, facing Whitehall, the backs of which were all filled with fiery materials." Bragg, in his *Observer*, Dec. 25, 1706, tells us that when the colours taken at Ramilies were put up in Guildhall, "the very giants stared with all the eyes they had, and smiled as well as they could."

In a very rare book, entitled *The Gigantick History of the Two Famous Giants in Guildhall*, 3d edit. 1741, we read that "before the present giants inhabited Guildhall, there were two giants made only of wickerwork and pasteboard, put together with great art and ingenuity; and these two terrible giants had the honour yearly to grace my Lord Mayor's Show, being carried in great triumph in the time of the pageants; when that eminent annual service was over, they remounted their old stations in Guildhall—till, by reason of their great age, old Time, with the help of a number of City rats and mice, had eaten up all their entrails. The dissolution of the two old weak and feeble giants gave birth to the two present substantial and energetic giants; who, by order, and at the City charge, were formed and fashioned. Captain Richard Saunders, an eminent carver in King Street, Cheapside, was their father, who, after he had completely finished, clothed, and armed these his two sons, they were immediately advanced to those lofty stations in Guildhall, which they have peaceably enjoyed since the year 1708."

The *Gigantick History* was published within Guildhall, when shops were permitted there; so that the publisher had the best means of obtaining correct information. It is further stated in his work, that "the first honour which the two ancient wickerwork giants were promoted to in the City, was at the Restoration of King Charles II., when, with great pomp and majesty, they graced a triumphal arch which was erected on that happy occasion at the end of King Street, in Cheapside. This was before the Fire of London, by which Guildhall was 'much damnifyed' but not burned down; for the conflagration was principally confined to the wooden roof; and, according to the accounts, the wicker giants escaped till their infirmities and the devastations of the 'City rats' rendered it necessary to supersede them." The City accounts, in the Chamberlain's office, show a payment of £70 to Saunders, the carver, in 1707, which, doubtless, includes the charge for the two giants.

Stow describes these giants as an ancient Briton and Saxon, which is, perhaps, as orthodox as the information that, every day when the giants hear the clock strike twelve, they come down to dinner. The *Gigantick History* supposes that the Guildhall Giants represent Corinœus and Gog-Magog, whose history is related by Geoffrey of Monmouth. It includes the adventures of Brutus and his band of Trojans, under Corinœus, who, arriving at Totness, in Devonshire, in the Island of Albion,

> More mightie people borne of giant's brood
> That did possesse this ocean-bounded land,
> They did subdue, who oft in battle stood
> 'Gainst them in field, until by force of hand
> They were made subject under Bruce's command:
> Such boldness then did in the Briton dwell,
> That they in deeds of valour did excell.

Unable to cope with these experienced warriors, none escaped,

> Save certain giants, whom they did pursue,
> Which straight to caves in mountains did them get.
> So fine were woods, and floods, and fountaines set,
> So cleare the aire, so temperate the clime,
> They never saw the like before that time.

Perceiving that this was the country denoted by the oracle, wherein they were to settle, Brutus divided the island among his followers, which, with reference to his own name, he called Britain:

> To Corinœus gave he frank and free,
> The land of Cornwall for his service done,
> And for because from giants he it won.

Corinœus was the better pleased with this allotment, inasmuch as he had been used to warfare with such terrible personages. The employment he liked fell afterwards to his lot. On the sea-coast of Cornwall, while Brutus was keeping a peaceable anniversary of his landing, a band of the old giants made their appearance, and broke up the mirth and rejoicing. The Trojans flew to their arms, and a desperate battle was fought, wherein the giants were all destroyed, save Gog-Magog, the hugest among them, who being in height twelve cubits, was reserved alive, that Corinœus might try his strength with him in single combat. Corinœus desired nothing more than such a match, but the old giant in a wrestle caught him aloft, and broke three of his ribs. Upon this, Corinœus being desperately enraged, collected all his strength, heaved up Gog-Magog by main force, and bearing him on his shoulders to the next high rock, threw him headlong, all shattered, into the sea, and left his name on the cliff, which has ever since been called Lan-Goegmagog, that is to say, the Giant's Leap. Thus perished Gog-Magog, the last of the giants. Brutus afterwards built a city in a chosen spot, and called it Troja Nova, which changed in time to Trinovantum, and is now called London. An ancient writer records these achievements in Britain to have been performed at the time when Eli was the high priest in Judæa.

The Rabbins make the giant Gog, or Magog, contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching, so that he was disposed to "take the benefit" of the Ark. But here lay the distress—it by no means suited his dimensions; therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it; and although you must suppose that in stormy weather he was more than "half boots over," he kept his seat, and dismounted safely when the Ark reached Ararat. (*Warburton's Letters.*) This same Gog had, according to the Rabbins, a thigh-bone so long, that a stag, pursued by the hunters, employed half a day in running along it. (*Note to Thaumaturgus.*)

Their story is briefly told by Archdeacon Nares.

"One of them was called Gogmagog (the patron, I presume, of the Gogmagog Hills, near Cambridge), and his name divided, now serves for both; the other, Corinœus, the hero and giant of Cornwall, from whom that country was named, here are thus mentioned on a broad-sheet, printed in 1660:—

> And such stout Coronæus was, from whom
> Cornwall's first honour, and her name doth come.
> For though he showeth not so great nor tall,
> In his dimensions set forth as Guildhall,
> Know 'tis a poet only can define
> A gyant's posture in a gyant's line.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And thus attended by his direful dog
> The gyant was (God bless us) Gogmagog.

Each of the giants in Guildhall measures upwards of 14 feet in height: the young one is set down as Corinœus, and the old one Gog-Magog. They are made of wood, and hollow within, and from the method of joining and gluing the interior, are evidently of late construction; but they are too substantially built for the purpose of being carried or drawn, or any way exhibited in a pageant. Their habiliments were renewed and their armour polished in 1837.

Lord Mayor's Day.

The procession of the Lord Mayor from the Guildhall to Westminster, on the 9th of November, is the only state exhibition of the metropolis that remains of the splendid City pageants. It is now exclusively a procession by land, the aquatic portion having been discontinued since the Conservancy of the Thames has been taken out of civic administration; so that we can no longer

> Stand in Temple Gardens, and behold
> London herself on her proud stream afloat;
> For so appears this fleet of magistracy,
> Holding due course to Westminster.
>
> *Shakspeare's Henry V.*

The procession was by land until the year 1435, in the reign of Henry VI., when Sir John Norman built a sumptuous barge for going by water, which custom lasted for four centuries and a quarter. Fabyan alludes to a roundell or songe made by the watermen in praise of Sir John Norman, Lord Mayor; and Dr Rimbault believes that he has found the original music to which this roundell was sung.

The Inauguration Banquet in the Guildhall remains a splendid spectacle, with traces of feudal character in its magnificence.

The Lord Mayor and his distinguished guests advance to the feast by sound of trumpet: and the superb dresses and official costumes of the company, about 1200 in number, with the display of costly plate, is very striking. The Hall is divided: at the upper, or hustings tables, the courses are served hot; at the lower tables, the turtle only is hot. The baron of beef is brought in procession from the kitchen into the Hall in the morning, and being placed upon a pedestal, at night is cut up by "the City carver." The kitchen, wherein the dinner is dressed, is a vast apartment; the principal range is 16 feet long and 7 feet high, and a baron of beef (3 cwt.) upon the gigantic spit is turned by hand. There are 20 cooks, besides helpers; 14 tons of coals are consumed; some 40 turtles are slaughtered for 250 tureens of soup; and the serving of the dinner requires about 200 persons, and 8000 plate-changes. Next morning the fragments of the Great Feast are doled out at the kitchen-gate to the City poor.

In this noble Hall have been held the Inauguration dinners of the Lord Mayors since 1501. Here Whittington entertained Henry V. and his queen, when he threw the King's bond for £60,000 into a fire of spice wood. Charles I. was feasted here in 1641, with a political object, which failed. Charles II. was *nine times* entertained here; and from 1660, with only three exceptions, our Sovereign has dined at Guildhall on the Lord Mayor's day, after his or her accession or coronation. The exceptions were James II., who held the City Charter upon a writ of *quo warranto* at his accession; George IV., who was rendered unpopular by his quarrel with his queen; and William IV., who apprehended political tumult. But George IV. (when Regent) was entertained here June 18th, 1814, with Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and Frederick-William III., King of Prussia, when the banquet cost £25,000, and the value of the plate used was £200,000.* On July 9th following, the Duke of Wellington was entertained in Guildhall. The banquet to George III. cost £6898, when 1200 guests dined in the Hall; that to Queen Victoria, November 9th, 1837, cost £6870; and an evening entertainment to her Majesty, July 9th, 1851, to celebrate the Great Exhibition, cost £5120, 14s. 9d., being £129, 5s. 3d. less than the sum voted; invitations, 1452. (*Curiosities of London.*)

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* It has been little noticed that on the anniversary of this day, June 18, 1815, was fought the Battle of Waterloo, precisely a year after the above banquet, in commemoration of the conclusion of our war with France.

The *Show* is now modern; its last ancient feature was the poor men of the Company to which the Lord Mayor belonged, wearing their long gowns and close caps, of the Company's colour, and wearing painted shields, there being as many men as years in the Lord Mayor's age. The Show, in its earliest years, consisted of a procession of minstrels and beadles on horseback. For a time water spectacles, chiefly sham fights, grew popular. In 1566, on the Mayor-day of Sir William Draper, a pageant was arranged which had no scenic representations, but had "a foist, or barge, with ten pair of oars and masts," but whether they had sails or flags does not appear. "The Queen's arms flowed from the maintop, and a red crosse from the foretop; long pendants were added to these, and two ancients displayed on the pope (poop) or baste." This vessel "had a master and a gunner, with squibs sufficient for the time, well painted and trimmed, with 20 pavases and two half-barrels of gunpowder on board." A little later, on the same occasion, in the Grocers' pageant, "there was a large ship, rigged and manned, with Galatea at its bows, a sea nymph, drawn on a sea chariot by dolphins, accompanied by syrens, tritons, sea-lions, which saluted the Lord Mayor on the river, near the Temple."

In 1568, Sir Thomas Rae, a Merchant Tailor, being elected Mayor, the Company voted him £40 for his expenses. The wardens were charged to see the tables at Guildhall properly arranged for the feasts, and "sixteen" of the Batchelors' Company were ordered to carry up the service to table. The pageant embodied an allegorical representation of the patron saint, John Baptist. He was attended by four boys, whose duty it was to deliver complimentary speeches. St John's speech began thus:—"I am that voyce in wilderness which once the Jews did call."

Sir Thomas Middleton, Grocer and Mayor, 1613, was among the first who attempted a scenic representation. He gave a water spectacle, with five islands, artfully garnished with all manner of Indian fruit, fruit-trees, drugs, spices, and the like. The centre island was embellished with "a faire castle, especially beautified," probably in allusion to the East India Company, then newly established.

From this period to 1708 the Lord Mayor's show derived its chief magnificence from the great Livery Companies, and assumed a dramatic tone.

Presentation of Sheriffs.

The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex are chosen by the Livery, but are presented for the approval of the sovereign on the morrow of the Feast of St Michael, September 30th.

It was formerly the custom for the newly-elected Sheriffs to proceed on this day to the Court of Exchequer, at Westminster, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, when the Recorder introduced the Sheriffs, and detailed their family history, and the Cursitor-Baron signified the sovereign's approval; the writs and appearances were read, recorded, and filed, and the Sheriffs and senior under-sheriff took the oaths, and the late Sheriffs presented their accounts. The Crier of the Court then made proclamation for one who did homage for the Sheriffs of London to "stand forth and do his duty;" when the senior Alderman below the chair rose, the Usher of the Court handed him a bill-hook, and held in both hands a small bundle of sticks, which the Alderman cut asunder, and then cut another bundle with a hatchet. Similar proclamation was then made for the Sheriff of Middlesex, when the Alderman counted six horse-shoes lying upon the table, and sixty-one hob-nails handed in a tray; and the numbers were declared twice. The sticks were thin peeled twigs, tied in a bundle at each end with red tape; the horse-shoes were of large size, and very old; the hob-nails were supplied fresh every year. By the first ceremony the Alderman did suit and service for the tenants of a manor in Shropshire, the chopping of sticks betokening the custom of the tenants supplying their lord with fuel. The counting of the horse-shoes and nails was another suit and service of the owners of a forge in St Clement Danes, Strand, which formerly belonged to the City, but no longer exists. A century and a quarter ago, Sheriff Hoare said, "where the tenements and lands are situated, no one knows, nor doth the City receive any rents or profits thereby."

The presentation is now made in a more private manner.

Lord Mayor's Fool.

THE *Lord Mayor's Fool* was a distinguished character of his class; and there was a curious feat which he was bound by his office to perform in the celebration of Lord Mayor's Day. He was to leap, clothes and all, into a large bowl of custard, at the inauguration dinner; and this was a jest so exactly suited to the taste of the lower class of spectators, that it was not easily made stale by repetition. It is alluded to by Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, as follows :—

"You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs, and all, like him that leapt into the custard." (*All's Well that Ends Well.*)

He may, perchance, in tail of a Sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rime o' the table, from new nothing,
And take his Almain leap into a custard,
Shall make my Lady Mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.—*Devil's an Ass.*

Custard was "a food much used in City feasts." (*Johnson's Dict.*)

Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay ;
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day.—*Pope.*

Perhaps it is this custard which, in the *Staple of News*, is called "the custard politick, the Mayor's." We have all heard the vulgar comparison—"You are like my Lord Mayor's Fool, who knows what is good."

Here may be mentioned a surmise, that the low humour of "the Judge and Jury Club" of our days has precedent of nearly two centuries. William Mountfort, the actor, and also a clever mimic, was retained for some time in the family of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, "who," says Sir John Reresby, "at an entertainment of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, in the year 1685, called for Mr Mountfort to divert the company, as his Lordship was pleased to call it. He being an excellent mimic, my Lord made him plead before him in a feigned cause, in which he aped all the great lawyers of the age, in their tone of voice, and in their action and gesture of body, to the very great ridicule, not only of the lawyers, but of the law itself; which to me [says the historian] did not seem altogether prudent in a man of his lofty station in the law; diverting it certainly was; but prudent in the Lord High Chancellor I shall never think it."

King George III. and the Barclay Family.

In the year 1861, the house No. 108 Cheapside, opposite Bow Church, was disposed of by auction, to be taken down, when the finely-carved room on the first floor excited considerable interest, from the Sovereign and the Royal Family having been accustomed formerly to view from its windows the procession of Lord Mayor's Show. The carving was purchased by Mr Morris C. Jones for the sum of £72, 10s. 3d., including cost of removal to Mr Jones's house at Gungrog, in North Wales, where it has been fitted to one of the rooms.

This apartment has considerable historic interest. It appears to have been customary from an early period for members of the Royal Family to witness the civic procession on Lord Mayor's Day, either from the leads of Whitehall, as it passed on the Thames, or from balconies in the city, as it returned by land. From the time of the Great Fire, the house above named, built by Sir Edward Waldo, it is believed, was visited by six reigning sovereigns—from Charles II. to George III.—on the occasion of civic festivities. Sir Edward Waldo was knighted here by King Charles, 29th October 1677. James II. did not view the procession as his predecessor had done; William and Mary, in 1689, saw the Show from a balcony prepared for them in Cheapside, though

Waldo's house is not specified; Queen Anne, according to Maitland, beheld the procession "from a balcony opposite Bow Church," clearly Sir Edward Waldo's house; George I. and George II. viewed the procession from the usual place; as did George III., in 1761, from the house of Mr Barclay, opposite Bow Church. Barclay, who was the only surviving son of Robert Barclay, author of the famous Apology for the Quakers, was then eighty-one years of age; he had lived many years in Waldo's house, and had here received the three Georges at their accession. At the later visit, the house was almost filled with *friends.* Their Majesties came without etiquette. The Queen entered first; the King followed, and permitted the Barclay family to kiss his hand without kneeling. The King's example of kissing all the fawn-coloured ladies was followed by the princes, his brothers, and by his royal uncle. A little grand-daughter of Mr Barclay was introduced to the Queen in a retiring apartment, and kissed hands with so much grace, that the Queen remarked it to his Majesty; when the little lady was sent for to the drawing-room, and, in true Quaker simplicity, said that, though she must not love fine things, yet she loved the King, and apologised for not making a curtsey, stating that her grandpapa would never permit her to do so. The King did not sit down, nor would he take any refreshment; the Queen took tea, which the family handed to the lady-in-waiting, and who knelt in presenting it to her Majesty; thus gratifying the Quakers, and absolving their consciences from "bending the knee to Baal." The civic procession being very late, their Majesties did not leave for the banquet in Guildhall till seven o'clock; and on returning they did not forget their primitive friends in

Cheapside, but looked for the Barclay family, who were still waiting, and paid them the most marked personal attention.

In a letter from a daughter of David Barclay, the royal visit is pleasingly described; as, the reception of the Royal Family in the counting-house, which was transformed into a parlour; the arrival of their Majesties, who alighted in the street upon a platform, which the Barclay brothers spread with a carpet; the procession up-stairs—the Queen first, handed by her chamberlain; the King, and the rest of the Royal Family; the master and mistress of the house, and then the quality. On the second flight of stairs were their own company, chiefly of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Then, the royal pair appeared at the balcony, and having shown themselves to the people, the Barclay family were introduced to their Majesties in the drawing-room, and the kissing of hands commenced. Then, the fair correspondent describes the young Queen, with her coronation ringlets and circle of diamonds; her clothes as rich as gold, and silver, and silk could make them; her scarlet and silver train borne by a page; and the lustre of the diamond stomacher; amidst all which the Quaker ladies looked "like a parcel of nuns." "The same ceremony was performed of kissing the hand with the Princess Dowager, Amelia, Augusta, and the Dukes of Cumberland and York and the other princes, who followed the King's example, in complimenting each of us with a kiss, but not till their Majesties had left the room." "The Queen was up-stairs three times, and one of the opportunities was made use of for introducing my little darling, Lucy Barclay, with Patty Barclay and Priscilla Bell, who were the only children admitted."

"My girl kissed the Queen's hand with such a grace that I thought the Princess Dowager would have smothered her with kisses." Then, her scene with the King; and "her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen." The presenting of tea to the Queen is not forgotten. The kitchen was turned into a room for tea and coffee and chocolate; in the little parlour were fruit and sweetmeats, served by men as valets, for no servants in livery were suffered to appear. The letter concludes with telling us that the twenty-four Life Guards, who were drawn up during his Majesty's stay in Bow Churchyard, were placed opposite Barclay's house, lest the mob should pull down any of the canopy, in which there were one hundred yards of silk damask.

It should be added that Mr Barclay's house was secured beforehand by the Committee appointed to manage the entertainment of their Majesties; and in the Report of the Committee to the Court of Commissioners, held June 17, 1762, the following passage occurs:—

"Their Majesties having expressed their royal inclinations to see the Procession of the Lord Mayor to Guildhall, your Committee obtained Mr Barclay's house in Cheapside for the purpose, where proper refreshments were provided, and every care taken to accommodate their Majesties with a full view of the whole cavalcade."*

There is another account of the King inviting David and Robert Barclay to the next levée at St James's; and that, soon after, David Barclay, who was the linen-draper in Cheapside, established Robert as a banker in

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* Malcolm's *Londinium Redivivum*, vol. x. p. 243.

Lombard Street; and he thus became "the intelligent founder of one of the most flourishing banking-firms of the period." Mr Lawson, who has written a History of Banking, was fifteen years clerk in this banking-house; he had just left the Bluecoat School, when, wandering in Lombard Street, he was attracted by the bustle at Barclay's—entered, and asked if they wanted a clerk; he was shown into the partners' room, where he answered questions so shrewdly, that in a week afterwards he was appointed clerk in the banking-house at £70 per annum. An old clerk, who died a few years since, used to relate that, in his time, the staff consisted of three clerks only, and on a third coming to the office for the first time, he wore a long-flapped coat, with large pockets, something like the coats of the Greenwich pensioners at the present day; an embroidered waistcoat, reaching nearly down to his knees, with a large bouquet in the button-hole; a cocked hat; powdered hair with pigtail, and a bag-wig; and carried a gold-headed cane.

Carlton House and the Regency.

CARLTON HOUSE, as a royal palace, existed for nearly a century, and was the scene of many important State events, as well as of much prodigality and bad taste. The house, which fronted St Alban's Street and St James's Park, was originally built by Henry Boyle, Baron Carlton, on a piece of ground leased to him by Queen Anne, in 1709, at £35 a year; it is described as "parcel of the Royal Garden, near St James's Palace," and "the wood-work and wilderness adjoining." From Lord Carlton the house and grounds descended to his nephew, Lord Burlington, the architect: he bestowed it, in 1732, upon his mother, the Countess-Dowager of Burlington, who, in the same year, transferred it to Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III. The house was a building of red brick, with wings, and was afterwards cased with stone by Sir Robert Taylor. In Lord Burlington's time, the grounds, which ran westward as far as Marlborough House, were laid out by Kent, in imitation of Pope's garden at Twickenham. There is a large and fine engraving of the grounds by Woollett; bowers, grottoes, and terminal busts abounding.

When, in 1783, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was allowed a separate establishment, Carlton House was assigned for his residence, and Holland, the architect, was called in, and added the chief features—the Ionic screen and the Corinthian portico, fronting Pall Mall. Walpole writes to the Countess of Ossory in the autumn of 1785:

"We went to see the Prince's new palace in Pall Mall, and were charmed. It will be the most perfect in Europe. There is an august simplicity that astonished me. You cannot call it magnificent; it is the taste and propriety that strike. Every ornament is at a proper distance, and not one too large, but all delicate and new, with more freedom and variety than Greek ornaments; and, though probably borrowed from the Hotel de Condé and other new palaces, not one that is rather classic than French. As Gobert, who was cook, and who was going to play the devil at Chatsworth, and painted the old pilasters of the court there pea-green, designed the decorations, I expected a more tawdry assemblage of fantastic vagaries than in Mrs Cornelys's masquerade-rooms. I beg his pardon—the Black Prince would not have blushed to banquet his royal prisoner in so modest a dwelling. There are three most spacious apartments, all looking on the lovely garden, a terrace, the state apartment, and an attic. The portico, vestibule, hall, and staircase will be superb, and, to my taste full of perspectives; the jewel of all is a small music-room, that opens into a green recess and winding walk of the garden. In all the fairy tales you have been, you never was in so pretty a scene, madam: I forgot to tell you how admirably all the carving, stucco, and ornaments are executed; but whence the money is to come I conceive not—all the tin mines of Cornwall would not pay a quarter. How sick one shall be after this chaste palace, of Mr Adam's gingerbread and sippets of embroidery!"

The estimate of our time hardly come up to Walpole's: the conservatory, imitated from Henry VII.'s Chapel, was a failure; and the blue velvet draperies were heavy and dark; and the Gothic dining-room was poor. The armoury was, perhaps, the most curious collection of arms in the world, and filled four rooms. Here was John Hampden's sword, said to be the work of Cellini, and a golden throne of the King of Candy was backed with a *sun* of diamonds and precious stones. Here, too, were arms from all nations—caps, boots, spurs, turbans, shields, bows, dresses, models of horses, helmets, sabres, swords, daggers, canopies, palanquins, guns, coats-of-mail, and other costly presents from all parts of the world. In the plate-room were some fine specimens of King Charles's plate; other plate was disposed in the centre of the room, in columns of gold and silver plates, and dishes, and drawers filled with gold and silver knives, forks, spoons, &c.; and services of plate were ranged in cases, the plate-glass of which cost £30 or £40 a square. The palace was superbly fitted for the Prince's marriage: £26,000 was voted for furnishing, £28,000 for jewels and plate, and £27,000 for the expense of the marriage. Here was born the Princess Charlotte, January 16, 1796, and the baptism took place on February 11; here, also, the Princess was married, May 2, 1816.

The most magnificent State event of the Regency was the fête given at Carlton House on June 19, 1811, being then the only experiment ever made to give a supper to 2000 of the nobility and gentry. Covers were laid for 400 in the palace, and for 1600 in the pavilions and gardens. The fête was attended by Louis XVIII. and the French princes then in exile; and a vast assemblage of beauty, rank, and fashion. The saloon at the foot of the staircase presented a bower with a grotto, lined with a profusion of shrubs and flowers. The grand table extended the whole length of the conservatory, and across Carlton House to the length of 200 feet. Along the centre of the table, about six inches above the surface, a canal of pure water continued flowing from a silver fountain, beautifully constructed at the head of the table. Its banks were covered with green moss and aquatic flowers; gold and silver fish swam and sported through the bubbling current, which produced a pleasing murmur where it fell, and formed a cascade at the outlet. At the head of the table, above the fountain, sat his Royal Highness the Prince Regent on a plain mahogany chair with a feather back. The most particular friends of the Prince were arranged on each side. They were attended by sixty servitors; seven waited on the Prince, besides six of the King's and six of the Queen's footmen, in their state liveries, with one man in a complete suit of ancient armour. The public were subsequently admitted to view the sumptuous scene, when several persons were injured by the pressure of the crowd, and, according to the newspapers of the day, heaps of shoes, bonnets, and shawls, hats and coats, which had been lost in the crowd, were carted away.

At Carlton House, with the portico seen through the screen (where the first public application of the newly-invented lighting by gas was made), the effect must have been worthy of admiration in those days. Bonomi made the screen the subject of an epigram, thus done into English by Prince Hoare:—

Dear little columns, all in a row,
What *do* you do there?
Indeed, we don't know.

The memory of "Big Sam," the gigantic royal porter, has not been so cleverly embalmed.

Carlton House having grown dingy in its fittings, and its history prompting many disagreeable associations, the King projected the enlargement and eventually the rebuilding of Buckingham House; Carlton House was taken down in 1826; the columns of the portico have been transferred to the National Gallery. The exact site of this palace of a century is now the opening between the York Column and the foot of Regent Street.

The Prince Regent and the Author of Waverley.

One of the most convivial nights—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—ever passed in Carlton House is thus described by Lockhart in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott:*—

"Towards midnight, the Prince called for a bumper, with all the honours, to 'the Author of Waverley,' and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, 'Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions, but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him.' Scott then drank off his claret, and joined in a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself tuned. But, before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness exclaimed, 'Another of the same, if you please, to "the Author of Marmion,"—and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *once*.' The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged; and Scott then rose, and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as 'alike grave and graceful.' This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape; I now give it on the authority of my venerated friend, who was—unlike, perhaps, some others of the company, at that hour—able to hear accurately, and content to *see single*. He adds, that having occasion, the day after, to call on the Duke of York, his Royal Highness said to him, 'Upon my word, Adam, my brother went rather too near the wind about *Waverley;* but nobody could have turned the thing more prettily than Walter Scott did, and, upon the whole, I never had better fun.'

"The Regent, as was his custom with those he most delighted to honour, uniformly addressed the Poet, even at their first dinner, by his Christian name, 'Walter.'

"Before he left town, he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than the above, and the merriment, if possible, still more free. That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs in the course of the evening, as witness the lines to *Sultan Serendib:*—

I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass,
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest, and mingle in the lay,
Such monarchs best our freeborn humour suit,
But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

"Before he returned to Edinburgh, the Regent sent him a gold snuff-box, set in brilliants, with a medallion of his Royal Highness' head on the lid, 'as a testimony' (writes Mr Adam, in transmitting it) of the high opinion his Royal Highness entertains of your genius and merit."

The Coronation-Stone and Championship.

THE famous stone, which forms the seat of the chair in which our sovereigns have been crowned for many centuries, has a curious history: it was brought in 1297 by King Edward I. from the Abbey of Scone, with the sceptre and gold crown of the Scottish sovereigns. It is called the Prophetic or Fatal Stone, from the ancient belief of the Scots, that whenever it should be lost, the power of the nation would decline. It was also superstitiously called "Jacob's Pillow." It is of reddish-grey sandstone, 26 by 16¾ inches, and 10½ inches thick. Mr Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., in a communication to the Archæological Institute, in 1856, stated, it appeared, from a document which had recently been found among the records of England, that King Edward had treated this relic with all the veneration due to it. With the intention of employing it for the same august purpose in England as it had been used for in Scotland, he proposed to make it a part of a throne or royal chair, and gave orders to his goldsmith to have a copper chair made for it. After the work had been proceeded with, he changed his mind, and ordered instead a chair of wood to be made for it; and it is in connection with this wooden chair that it now exists. To show the estimation in which he held the stone, he had it placed in the most sacred situation in all England—near the altar and shrine of St Edward—where it still remains, with the chair of wood which he ordered to be constructed. Mr Cosmo Innes said he found, from the chronicles of the period, that King Edward had intended to return the stone to Scotland, and had made arrangements to that effect, with reference to a treaty on the subject, when the citizens of London, who had come to feel a great interest in the preservation of the stone amongst them, remonstrated against its restoration, and King Edward did not follow out his intention. This is not the only instance of a stone being used as a coronation-seat in this country.* There is another on which Saxon kings had been crowned, almost similar to the Scone stone. Mr Robert Chambers considers there to be good reason to believe that the kings did not sit upon the stone, but that they stood upon it when they were crowned. There is one in Sweden, on which it is ascertained that the kings stood during the ceremony of coronation.

Mr Joseph Robertson, referring to a query of Mr Hunter, as to what became of the ancient Regalia of Scotland carried off by King Edward, said that on the flight of Baliol from the court of Edward and his capture at Dover, the crown was found amongst his baggage, and it was then deposited at St Thomas à Becket's shrine at Canterbury; and it was probable, that, with other things, it was carried away and destroyed at the Reformation. The supposition that the crown in the Tower is the ancient crown of Scotland is a modern tradition without any foundation.

The chivalrous and dignified office of Champion of England at our coronations is conferred by the feudal manor of Scrivelsby, about two miles south of Horncastle, on the road towards Boston in Lincolnshire. By the holding of this manor, the ancient family of the Dymokes have derived the office of champion to the sovereigns of England by the marriage of Sir John Dymoke with Margaret de Ludlow, daughter of Joane

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* At Kingston, in Surrey, where the stone is carefully preserved.

(youngest of the four daughters and co-heirs of Philip de Marmion, Baron Marmion), who married Sir John Ludlow. On the death of her only brother John, Margaret became sole heiress, and brought into the family of her husband, Sir John Dymoke, the manor of Scrivelsby, which was granted by the Conqueror to Robert de Marmion (Lord of Fontenoy, in Normandy), to be held by grand sergeantry, "to perform the office of champion at the King's coronation." The Marmions, it is said, were hereditary champions to the Dukes of Normandy prior to the conquest of England.

Sir John Dymoke, a knight of ancient Gloucestershire family, being thus invested with the championship, executed that high office at the coronation of Richard II. Having chosen the best charger save one in the King's stables, and the best suit of harness save one in the royal armoury, he rode in armed to the teeth, and challenged, as the King's champion, all opposers of the young monarch's title to the crown : whence to this time the Dymokes have enjoyed the estate, and performed the duties its tenure enjoins.

Sir Robert Dymoke officiated at the coronations of Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. ; and Sir Robert's son, Sir Edward Dymoke, was champion at the coronations of Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth.

Sir Henry Dymoke, the 17th of his family who inherited the ancient office, and who died in 1865, had been champion at three coronations. His grandfather, John Dymoke, was champion at the coronation of George III., and his second son, the Rev. John Dymoke (father of the late baronet), was called upon to officiate as champion at the coronation of George IV. He was obliged, owing to his clerical character, to act by deputy, and appointed his eldest son, the late Sir Henry, who fulfilled the duties of the office accordingly. Sir Henry also officiated as champion at the coronations of William IV. and our present most gracious Sovereign; but the ceremony was then shorn of its ancient chivalric state.

Sir Henry Dymoke received, in 1841, a baronetcy, which became extinct at his death; the hereditary office then devolved upon his only brother, John.

The entry of the champion at the close of the Banquet in Westminster Hall, at the coronation of George IV., was a splendid spectacle. Haydon, the historical painter, thus describes this ancient feudal ceremony which he witnessed: "The hall doors were opened, and the flower-girls entered, strewing flowers. The distant trumpets and shouts of the people, the slow march, and at last the appearance of the King, crowned and under a golden canopy, and the universal burst of the assembly at seeing him, affected everybody. . . . After the banquet was over, came the most imposing scene of all, the championship. Wellington, in his coronet, walked down the hall, cheered by the officers of the Guards. He shortly returned, mounted, with Lords Anglesey and Howard. They rode gracefully to the foot of the throne, and then backed out. The hall doors opened again; and outside, in twilight, a man in dark-shadowed armour appeared against the shining sky. He then moved, passed into darkness under the arch, and suddenly Wellington, Howard, and the champion stood in full view, with doors closed behind them. This was certainly the finest sight of the day. The herald then read the challenge; the glove was thrown down. They all then proceeded to the throne."

Sir Walter Scott, in his letter describing the coronation, says, "The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquess of Anglesey showed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life, and I am rather a judge of horsemanship. Lord Howard's horse was worse bitted than those of the two former noblemen, but not so much as to derange the ceremony of returning back out of the hall. The champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden knight to be the challenger of the world in a King's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowds of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas ;* and yet, the young Lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well."

Thus have the Dymokes enjoyed, for nearly five centuries, this singular and important estate, and have continuously performed the duties its tenure enjoined. It falls not, however, within our province here to narrate the distinguished achievements of the successive Lords of Scrivelsby ; to tell how they maintained in splendour and dignity the ancient office they inherited, or to chronicle their gallant services on the battle-field of the Plantagenets, in the Wars of the Roses, and at the siege of Tournay.

The greater part of Scrivelsby Court, the ancient baronial seat, was destroyed by fire towards the close of the last century; and in the portion consumed was a very large hall, in the panels of which were emblazoned the various arms and alliances of the family through all its numerous and far-traced descents.*

The annexed version of an Anglo-Norman ballad describes, with perspicuity and truth, the transmission of the lands of Scrivelsby:—

The Norman Barons Marmyon
  At Norman Court held high degree;
Knights and Champions every one,
  To him who won broad Scrivelsby.

Those Lincoln lands the Conqueror gave,
  That England's glove they should convey,
To knight renowned amongst the brave,
  The Baron bold of Fonteney.

The royal grants, through sire to son,
  Devolved direct *in capite*
Until deceased Phil Marmyon,
  When rose fair Joan of Scrivelsby.

From London City on the Thames,
  To Berwick Town upon the Tweed,
Came gallants all of courtly names,
  At feet of Joan their suit to plead.

Yet, maugre all this goodly band,
  The maiden's smiles young Ludlow won,
Her heart and hand, her grant and land,
  The sword and shield of Marmyon.

Out upon Time, the scurvy knave,
  Spoiler of youth, hard-hearted churl;
Hurrying to one common grave,
  Good wife and ladie—hind and earl.

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* Sir Bernard Burke's Visitation of Seats and Arms, vol. i. pp. 188, 189.

Out on Time—since the world began,
  No Sabbath hath his greyhound limb,
In coursing man—devoted man,
  To age and death—out, out on him.

In Lincoln's chancel, side by side,
  Their effigies from marble hewn:
The *anni* written when they died,
  Repose de Ludlow and Dame Joan.

One daughter fair, survived alone,
  One son deceased in infancy;
De Ludlow and De Marmyon,
  United thus in Margery.

And she was woo'd as maids have been,
  And won as maids are sure to be,
When gallant youths in Lincoln green,
  Do suit, like Dymoke, fervently.

Sir John de Dymoke claimed of right,
  The Championship through Margery,
And 'gainst Sir Baldwin Freville, knight,
  Prevailed as Lord of Scrivelsby.

And ever since, when England's kings,
  Are diademed—no matter where,
The Champion Dymoke boldly flings
  His glove, should treason venture there.

On gallant steed, in armour bright,
  His visor closed, and couched his lance,
Proclaimeth he the Monarch's right
  To England, Ireland, Wales, and France.

Then bravely cry, with Dymoke bold,
  Long may the King triumphant reign!
And when fair hands the sceptre hold,
  More bravely still—Long live the Queen!

Musical Celebration of St Cecilia's Day.

It is in 1683 that we have the first authentic record of a musical celebration on St Cecilia's Day in this country. That "musick feasts" were held at earlier periods on that particular day is very probable, but the meeting of 1683 has always been considered the first regular celebration in England. On that occasion the composer of the music for the Ode was Henry Purcell. The words were the production of Christopher Fishburn, of whom little is recorded, nor does this piece raise curiosity to know more. The closing lines of his production will indicate the style and purport of the whole of the poetry written for these celebrations, with the exception of the odes of Dryden and Pope, and a few others that are preserved in our literature:—

"Beauty, thou source of love,
And virtue, thou innocent fire,
Made by the Powers above
To temper the heat of desire;
Music that fancy employs
In raptures of innocent flame,
We offer with lute and with voice
To Cecilia, Cecilia's bright name:
In a concert of voices, while instruments play,
With Music we'll celebrate this holiday;
In a concert of voices we'll sing, Iô Cecilia!"

In the following year Purcell published his work, with this title, "A Musical Entertainment, performed on November xxii. 1683, it being the festival of St Cecilia, a great Patroness of Music; whose memory is annually honoured by a Public Feast made on that day by the Masters and Lovers of Music, as well in England as in

Foreign Parts." This seems to show that the celebration was not new, though the title of the Ode of the next year, "A Second Musical Entertainment performed on St Cecilia's Day, November 22, 1684," confirms the statement that Purcell's was the first formal celebration of the kind in London. This second Ode was written by John Oldham, and the music composed by Dr John Blow. In 1687, Giovanni Baptista Draghi was the composer, and Dryden wrote his grand Ode, commencing "From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony," second only to the grander lyric which "glorious John" prepared for the celebration in 1697. In that year the stewards applied to Dryden to furnish them with an Ode, and he produced "Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music." The music was composed by Jeremiah Clarke, and the performance took place "at Mr Hickman's dancing-school in Panton Street, or in James's Street, over against the Tennis Court, there being a door out of each street to the room; beginning at 8." A second performance was given in York Buildings, Villiers Street, where, or at Stationers' Hall, the celebrations were generally held. Clarke's composition does not seem to have attracted much attention, nor indeed was it till Handel linked the Ode to his magic strains that Alexander's Feast became celebrated in the annals of music. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Dryden*, gives the following anecdote:—

"Mr St John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, 'I have been up all night,' replied the old bard; 'my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St Cecilia. I have been so struck with the subject that occurred to me, that I could not leave it until I had *completed* it; here it is, *finished* at one sitting."

It is very probable that the ode was struck off at a heat, but longer labour was doubtless bestowed on its correction and emendation.*

The Beggar's Opera.

ONE of the most memorable successes of the English stage was the production of the *Beggar's Opera,* in the spring and early summer of 1728, at the Theatre in Portugal Row, afterwards Street, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This was the third theatre built upon the spot, and taken down in 1848.

The origin of the piece is stated to have been as follows:—Upon the accession of George II. to the throne, the poet Gay was offered the place of Gentleman Usher to the then youngest Princess Louisa; a post which Gay thought beneath his acceptance; and, resenting the offer as an affront, in ill-humour with the Court, he wrote the Beggar's Opera as a satire upon the Italian Opera, which was then in high favour with royalty.

Spence, in his *Anecdotes,* however, gives a different version of the origin, with the signature P. (Pope). "Dr Swift had been observing once to Mr Gay, what an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the Beggar's Opera. He began on it, and when he first mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, 'It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly.'"

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* From the *Athenæum.*

Gay, who was in his fortieth year, and had hitherto but moderately succeeded in his attempts to please the public, offered the *Beggar's Opera* to Colley Cibber for Drury Lane Theatre. Cibber, however, rejected it. Gay then took it to Rich, at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, where it was produced on the 27th of January 1727-8. "We were all," continues the account in Spencer's *Anecdotes,* "at the first night of it in great uncertainty of the event, till we were being much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the box next to us, say, 'It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them.' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the Duke, besides his own good taste, has a more particular knack than any one now living in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended with a clamour of applause." Its success was determined when Polly, the heroine, sang her most pathetic appeal:—

Oh, ponder well, be not severe,
To save a wretched wife,
For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life.

The songs and fifty beautiful airs to which they were sung, had much to do with the above success. Rich, the manager, did not accept the piece without hesitation: it ran for sixty-two nights (not sixty-three nights, as sometimes stated); of these, thirty-two nights were in succession; and the author, according to usage, got the entire receipts of the third, sixth, ninth, and fifteenth nights, amounting in the aggregate to £693, 13s. 6d. In a letter to Swift, Gay takes credit for having "pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery;" and when the play was published, Pope complimented him on not preparing it with a dedication, thus foregoing the sixty guineas, the established return in those days made by a patron to a dedicating author. So early as the 20th of March, when the piece had only been acted thirty-two times, the receipts had been £5351, 15s. Hence it was said that the play had made Rich *gay*, and Gay *rich*. There was a sad decline in the receipts at the Italian Opera, which Gay had all along meant to rival: it was said—*that* should be called the Beggar's Opera.

The King, Queen, and Princesses were present on the twenty-first night of the performance. On another night among the audience was the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, whose bribery in managing the House of Commons is satirised in the dialogue of Peacham and Lockit, Walpole and his colleague, Lord Townsend. Sir Robert laughed heartily at Lockit's song:—

> "When you censure the age,
> Be cautious and sage,
>   Lest the courtiers offended should be;
> If you mention vice or bribe,
> 'Tis so fit to all the tribe,
>   Each cries—That was levelled at me."

The piece was played next season with like success; it spread into all the great towns in England, and was performed in many places thirty and forty times—at Bath and Bristol fifty. It made its progress in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and lastly was acted in Minorca. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs from the *Beggar's Opera* in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of the piece was not confined to the author. Miss Lavinia Fenton, who personated Polly, was young, of elegant figure, but not striking beauty; she was a good singer, and of agreeable manners. Her performance of Polly brought her into much note; her portrait was published in mezzotint, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her printed, and pamphlets of her sayings and jests. The Duke of Bolton, then in the prime of life, living apart from his wife, became enamoured with Miss Fenton, who, at the end of the first season, left the stage to live with the Duke; and when the opportunity arrived, he married her. Warton testifies to her wit, good manners, taste, and intelligence. "Her conversation," he says, "was admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old Lord Bathurst and Lord Granville." There is a large print, by Hogarth, of the Prison scene, in the *Beggar's Opera*, where groups of persons of fashion are seen in the stage-boxes; the Duke of Bolton is the nearest on the right, dressed in wig, ribbon, and star, and with his eyes fixed on Polly on the stage.*

The Duke died in 1754, without legitimate issue, though Miss Fenton had brought him, before marriage, several children, one of whom, a clergyman, was hung in 1809. The Bolton Peerage became extinct in 1794.

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* Hogarth's picture, in the original frame, is in the possession of Mr Murray, of Albemarle Street.

Gay tried a sequel to the *Beggar's Opera*, under the title of *Polly;* but as it was suspected of containing sarcasms on the Court, the Lord Chamberlain prohibited its representation. The poet, however, published *Polly*, which produced him a profit of £11,000 or £12,000: the Duchess of Marlborough gave £100 as her subscription for a single copy.

The *Beggar's Opera* was also acted by children, "Lilliputians," and the Prince of Wales commanded its performance more than once. The popularity lasted to our time, when Lord Byron designated it a "St Giles's Lampoon." Of its immoral effect formerly, there cannot be any doubt. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 15, 1773, we find this evidence—"This day, Sir John Fielding informed the bench of justices that he had last year written to Mr Garrick concerning the impropriety of performing the *Beggar's Opera*, which never was represented on the stage without creating an additional number of real thieves; he begged, therefore, the gentlemen present would join with him in requesting Mr Garrick to desist from performing that opera on Saturday evening. The bench immediately consented to the proposal; and a polite card was despatched to Mr Garrick for that purpose. To which Mr Garrick returned for answer, that his company was so imperfect and divided (many of the performers being yet in the country), that it would be exceedingly inconvenient, if not impossible, for him to open with any other piece than that he had already advertised; but added, that he would, in future, do everything in his power to oblige them."

The Opera in 1747.

WALPOLE, writing to Sir Horace Mann, describes the drama of *Fetonte*, written by Vaneschi, and just then produced, " in what they call the French manner, but about as like it as my Lady Pomfret's hash of plural persons and singular verbs or infinitive moods, was to Italian. They sing to jigs, and dance to church music. Phaeton is run away with by horses that go a foot's pace, like the Electress' coach, with such long traces, that the postillion was in one street and the coachman in another; then comes Jupiter with a farthing candle, to light a squib and a half, and that they call fireworks. Reginello, the first man, is so old and so tall, that he seems to have been growing ever since the invention of operas. The first woman has had her mouth let out to show a fine set of teeth, but it lets out too much bad voice at the same time. Lord Middlesex, for his great prudence in having provided such very tractable steeds to Prince Phaeton's car, is going to be Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales; and for his excellent economy in never paying the performers, is likely to continue in the Treasury."

This is piquant criticism; but Dr Burney's is equally so—" The best apologies for the absurdities of an Italian opera, in a country where the language is little understood, are good music and exquisite singing; unluckily, neither the composition nor the performance of Phaeton had the siren power of enchanting men so much, as to stimulate attention at the expense of reason."

A Fashionable Rout in the Last Century.

FROM the *Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs Delany,* edited by Lady Llanover, one of her ablest reviewers has grouped the following picture of the fashionable eccentricities of that period. The good old widow Delany, after the Doctor's death, lived in Catherine Wheel Lane, behind the Thatched House Tavern, St James's Street; and some of her fashionable friends resided in Dean Street, Soho. "Now," says the reviewer, "there sweep by us a whole bevy of ladies, with hoops, to run round which thrice would be good exercise for a stout man before breakfast, and head-dresses that come into collision now and then with the chandeliers. There is Mrs Vernon, who has just discarded her husband for making a visit without asking her leave—and Lady Falmouth, talking aloud of 'parting with her lord,' as though he were merely her groom of the chamber;—there is Lady Onslow, with *her* lord, elated at the idea of owing £100,000; they are not such mean people as the Townsends, who, after spending nearly the whole of a capital which brought them £18,000 a-year, retired to the country, and lived in great distress, but honestly, on *one* thousand. Again, there is Lady Duncan, whose husband told her an hour ago that a wife was 'only good to hold a candle,'—and near her the Duchess of Northumberland, who, at the last election, hired a house in Covent Garden, and addressed the mob from the windows. She was only less audible than Lord Mahon, who could be heard from the Piazza to Southampton Street, but who is so silent in company that women, like Miss Seymour even, cannot encourage him to be bold. Why does Miss Seymour—whose powdered head-dress almost touches the ceiling, and who rattles away in three or four languages, without well understanding either—why does she blush angrily? Because that impudent young fellow, with pink heels to his shoes, has just said, as he stared at her, 'Madam, I have seen the Tower of Babel and heard the Confusion of Tongues.' Further on is a group of hoops around that pompous ass, Sir Noah Thomes—one of the 'physical people' who frightened Mrs Boyle to death yesterday, by telling her that her daughter would have 'scarlet fever and putrid sore throat before night;'—and there is the girl herself, as well as ever she was, shaking the powder from her hair by the *crispations* of her laughter. But the group around Sir Noah is as nothing for loudness, and laughing, and roasting, and questioning, compared with that crowd of stupendous petticoats and radiant faces around poor Admiral Forbes. How they rally the old sea-warrior!—and we may well guess what the bold beauties are saying, from the well-known circumstance that Lady Blessington has just bequeathed to the hardy and ancient sailor her diamond ear-rings and two complete sets of *child-bed linen!*

"Apart from these groups may be noticed solitary figures:—There is Lady Mansfield, whose lord's house was burnt down the other day in the famous riots. Her ladyship is still angry with the rude sweep who danced in front of the fire, with her best hoop on! And there is Lady Cecilia Johnstone, who, to keep her daughter out of mischief, never allowed her to keep company with other girls; and the young minx has recently run off with a penniless ensign! In another way, that serious-looking Duchess of Chandos has also lost a daughter—a baby, for whom his Majesty stood sponsor in person. The precious infant was fairly smothered under mountains of lace. To have relieved her, it appears, would have disturbed the King, and, to preserve etiquette inviolate, the baby became so ill that she died the day after the baptism! One other lady comes dancing before us, in a sedan-chair, at five o'clock in the morning, in a droll plight. It is Lady Derby; she has been at Mrs Onslow's ball; and as her chairmen and chair fail to fetch her according to order, Lord Lindsey and Mr Storer are gallantly carrying her up St James's Street in Mrs Onslow's chair. Many a bump, and a swing, and a swaying has the Countess to endure on the way; but presently the bearers meet the Countess's tardy and tipsy chairmen, from whom they take the bearing-straps, and thus steadying the load, run her ladyship through the streets, up the steps of her mansion, and into her hall, where they deposit her with a slap, a bang, and a crash! As they take their leave, they make a leg and utter a compliment, during which they twist their mouths to show their white teeth, which proceeding was 'quite the *bon ton*.'"*

Vauxhall Gardens.

NEARLY two centuries of gay existence had Vauxhall Gardens, notwithstanding the proverbial fickleness of our climate, and its ill adaptation for out-door amusements. The earliest notice of Vauxhall occurs in Evelyn's *Diary*, 2nd July 1661, when he went to see "the New

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* From the *Athenæum*.

Spring Garden at Lambeth; a pretty-contrived plantation. Sometimes they would have music, and sit on barges on the water." Balthazar Monconys, who visited England early in the reign of Charles II., describes the Gardens as then much frequented, and having grass and sand walks; and squares of roses, beans, and asparagus, divided by gooseberry-hedges. Sir Samuel Morland, in 1675, obtained a lease of the place; King Charles had made Morland his "Master of Mechanics," and here he built a fine room, the inside all of looking-glass, and fountains very pleasant to behold; and grave old Mr Bray, the historian of Surrey, adverts to the probability of this room having been built by Morland for the reception of Charles II. and his ladies. Now, the embellishments of the Gardens have, from very early date to our own time, consisted of whimsical mechanisms, such as Morland excelled in. The model pictures in the Gardens had to our day their mechanism of an artificial cascade, a water-mill, and a bridge with a mail coach and a Greenwich long stage passing over; a cottage scene, with animated figures drinking and smoking by machinery, were in existence in 1820; broken and subterraneous musical sounds were among the attractions; the tinkling of the streams of block-tin is in our ears;—all partaking of Morland's taste, which in the present day would be termed polytechnic; so that Charles II.'s "Master of Mechanics" may have originally set the fashion of the curiosities of Vauxhall Gardens, which existed more than a century and a half after Morland's death.

Pepys, an excellent authority upon the gaieties of his day, has in his *Diary* entries, in 1665–8, of his visits to Fox Hall and the Spring Garden; and of "the humours of the citizens, pulling off cherries, and God knows what; to hear the nightingale and the birds, and *here* fiddlers, and there a harp, and *here* a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty diverting." Pepys also tells us of "supper in an arbour;" ladies walking "with their *masks* on," &c.; and, "July 27, 1688.—So over the water, with my wife and Deb and Mercer, to Spring Garden, and there ate and walked, and observed how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours, where there are not men, and almost gore the women—which troubled me to see the confidence of the vice of the age; and so we away by water, with much pleasure, home." Tom Brown, a dozen years later, speaks of the close walks and little wildernesses, which "are so intricate, that the most experienced mothers have often lost themselves looking for their daughters."

The Gardens flourished in the reign of Queen Anne, when Addison carried Sir Roger de Coverley to spend an evening there. The reader will remember (*Spectator*, No. 383; May 20, 1712) the passage by water, from the Temple Stairs to Spring Garden, "which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year," and indicates this to be the fashionable way of going to the Gardens, still called Spring Garden, by which name the licence was granted annually so long as the place lasted. Then is there the mask tapping Sir Roger on the shoulder, and asking him to drink a bottle of mead with her; and the *Spectator's* rhapsody upon "the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sing upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades;" and his comparison of the place to "a sort of Mahometan paradise." A glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef was the supper of that period; cheesecakes and syllabub were earlier fare in Wycherley's day; punch and ham were not yet heard of.

The place, however, resembled a tea-garden of our early days till the year 1728, when Tyers took a lease of the Spring Garden. In 1732 he opened the season with a *Ridotto al fresco*, instrumental music, and a masquerade. Frederick, Prince of Wales, came with his attendants: about 400 persons in masks, dominoes, and lawyers' gowns, were present; 100 foot-guards were posted about the Gardens. Tyers's success induced him to open them, with music, every evening, during summer; he decorated the grounds with paintings, and set up an organ, and statues of Handel and Milton. For the season of 1739, were struck silver tickets, from designs by Hogarth, who was then in summer lodgings at Lambeth Terrace, where the house, and a vine which he planted there, are pointed out. He had grown intimate with Tyers, whom he recommended to embellish the Gardens with paintings; and for the pavilions which Tyres had built Hogarth drew "The Four Times of the Day," which were copied by Hayman, the scene-painter at Drury Lane Theatre. Hogarth painted for the vestibule portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn—said to be Frederick Prince of Wales and Lady Vane. The print bears the lines, by Allan Ramsay:

> Here struts old pious Harry, &c.

A proof has been sold for £13, 2s. 6d. For this assistance Tyers presented Hogarth with a gold ticket of perpetual admission for six persons, or "one coach." It bears on its obverse "Hogarth," and beneath it, "*In perpetuam benificii memoriam;*" on the reverse are two figures, encircled with the motto, "*Virtus voluptas felices una.*" After Hogarth's decease, the gold ticket remained in the hands of his widow, and was by her bequeathed to a relative. It was last used in the season of 1836, and is now in the possession of Mr Frederick Gye, who purchased it for £20.

In 1745 Tyers added vocal to his instrumental performances, Mrs Arne being principal singer; Dr Arne composed ballads and duets; and Lowe, Reinhold, and Beard are among the early singers. Fielding, in his *Amelia,* describes the Vauxhall of 1751, and the company coming in coaches to the water-side, and then getting into one boat to proceed to the Gardens. A print of this date shows the gay throng—the ladies in their hoops, sacques, and caps, as they appeared in their own drawing-rooms; and the gentlemen in their grotesque hats, and wearing swords and bags.

Walpole, in a letter of 1750, gives a piquant account of the frolics of a fashionable party at the Gardens, which we shall here quote: "I had a card from Lady Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe as they call her: they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. . . . We marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall. . . . Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny Whim's (a tavern between Chelsea and Pimlico). At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the visor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously handsome. She had fetched my brother

Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring and rattling and laughing, and we every minute expecting the dish to fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries, from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by herself at a little table. . . . In short, the air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the Gardens; so much so, that from eleven o'clock to half an hour after one, we had the whole concourse round our booth. At last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home."

Five years later (1755), we find the *Connoisseur* making merry with the imitative finery: "At Vauxhall the artificial ruins are repaired, the cascade is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin, and they have touched up all the pictures which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious connoisseurs who could not be satisfied without feeling whether the figures were alive." Then follows the story of a parsimonious old citizen going there with his wife and daughters, and grumbling at the dearness of the provisions and the wafer-like thinness of the slices of ham. At every mouthful the old fellow exclaims: "There goes twopence! there goes threepence! there goes a groat!" Then there is the old joke of the thinness of the slices of ham, and the expert *cutter* who undertook to cover the Gardens—eleven acres—with slices from one ham.

It is curious to find Sir John Fielding commending the Vauxhall of 1757 for "its elegant eatables and drinkables, in which particular Vauxhall differs widely from the prudish and abstemious Ranelagh, where one is confined to tea and coffee."

Goldsmith, in the *Citizen of the World*, is enraptured with "the lights glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfied; and the tables, spread with various delicacies, all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstacy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! This unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence.'" The last gay scene in Goldsmith's life was his accompanying Sir Joshua Reynolds to Vauxhall.

Tyers died in 1767. So great was the delight that he took in this place, that, possessing his faculties to the last, he caused himself to be carried into the Gardens a few hours before his death, to *take a last look at them.* The property remained in Tyers's family until 1821, when it was sold to Bish, Gye, and Hughes. Their most profitable season was 1823: 133,279 visitors; receipts, £29,590. In 1841 there was a sale of movable property, including the pictures by Hogarth and Hayman, painted a century before; they brought but small sums. The Gardens were finally closed in 1859.

Very little alteration in the arrangement of the walks or the position of the buildings had been made since they were originally laid out or constructed by the elder Tyers, as may be seen by comparing the different views of the Gardens. One of the earliest representations, dated 1737, shows the seats and supper tables in the quadrangle surrounding the orchestra, together with a perspective of the Long Walk, and a Herculean statue at its extremity. About sixty visitors are seen; and in front of the orchestral band is a prominent figure, wearing a cocked hat and playing the trumpet, supposed to be intended for the celebrated Valentine Snow (afterwards sergeant-trumpeter), of whom Dr Burney says, he was "justly a favourite here, where his silver sounds in the open air, by having to expand, never arrived at the ears of the audience in a manner too powerful or piercing."

The general plan of the Gardens was a quadrangular grove, with the orchestra near its centre, and surrounded by broad covered walks, from the roofing of which were suspended by wire illumination "bucket-lamps:" the earlier lamps resembled the street-lamps of the last century.

The number of lamps upon extra gala nights exceeded 20,000. Fireworks (first occasionally exhibited in 1798) were discharged from a lofty tower, at the end of a long walk; whence Madame Saqui descended along a rope several hundred feet in length in a shower of fire, or Il Diavolo Antonio swung by one foot on the slack rope, pealing from a silver trumpet as he slung the overture to *Lodoiska.*

Though the old place retained its plan to the last, the lamps had long fallen off in their golden fires; the punch got weaker, the admission money less; and the company fell in a like ratio of respectability, and grew dingy, not to say raffish—a sorry falling-off from the Vauxhall crowd of a century since, when it numbered princes and ambassadors, "and on its tide and torrent of fashion floated all the beauty of the time; and through its lighted avenues of trees glided cabinet ministers and their daughters, royal dukes and their wives, and all the red-heeled macaronies." Even fifty years ago, the evening dress of the company was elegant: head-dresses of flowers and feathers were seen in the promenade, and the entire place sparkled as did no other place of public amusement. But low prices brought low company. The conventional wax-lights got fewer; the punch gave way to fiery brandy or doctored stout. The semblance of Vauxhall was still preserved in the orchestra printed upon the plates and mugs; and the old firework bell tinkled as gaily as ever. But matters grew more seedy; the place seemed literally worn out; the very trees were scrubby and singed; and it was high time to say, as well as see, in letters of lamps, "Farewell for ever!"*

The humours of Vauxhall were thus pleasantly sung, some forty years ago, in a Lyric of the *London Magazine* of that period:—

Well! Vauxhall is a wondrous scene!
Where cits in silks admirers glean
  Under innumerable lamps—
Not safety-lamps by Humphry made;
By these full many a soul 's betrayed
  To ruin by the damps!

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* Abridged from *Walks and Talks about London*, by the author of the present work. One of the best illustrations of Vauxhall Gardens is a large print by Rowlandson.

Here nut-brown trees, instead of green,
With oily trunks and branches lean,
  Cling to nine yellow leaves;
Like aged misers that all day
Hang o'er their gold and their decay,
  "'Till Death of both bereaves."

The sanded walk beneath the roof
Is dry for every dainty hoof,
  And here the wise man stops;
But beaux beneath the sallow clumps
Stand in the *water* with their *pumps*,
  And catch the oiled drops.

Tinkles the bell!—away the herd
Of revellers rush, like buck or bird;
  Each doth his way unravel
To where the dingy Drama holds
Her sombre reign, 'mid rain and colds,
  And tip-toes, and wet gravel.

The boxes show a weary set,
Who like to get serenely wet
  Within and not without;
There Goldsmith's Widow you may see
Rocking a fat and frantic knee
  At all the passing rout!

Yes! there she is!—there—to the life,
And Mr Tibbs, and Tibbs's wife,
  And the good man in black.
Belles run, for, oh! the bell is ringing:
But Mrs Tibbs is calmly singing,
  And sings till all come back.

By that high dome, that trembling glows
With lamps, cock'd hats, and shivering bows,
  How many hearts are shook!
A feather'd chorister is there
Warbling some tender, grove-like air,
  Composed by Mr Hook.

And Dignum, too—yet where is he?
Shakes he no more his locks at me?
  Charms he no more night's ear?
He who bless'd breakfast, dinner, rout,
With "linked sweetness long drawn out;"
  Why is not Dignum here?

O Mr Bish!—O Mr Bish!
It is enough, by Heaven! to *dish*
  My garden dinner at ten!
What hast thou done with Mr D.?
What's thy "Wine Company," thy "Tea,"
  Without that man of men?

Yet, blessed are thy suppers given
(For money) something past eleven!
  Lilliput chickens boil'd;
Bucellas, warm from Vauxhall ice,
And hams, that flit in airy slice,
  And salads scarcely soil'd.

See!—the large, silent, pale-blue light
Flares, to lead all to where the bright
  Loud rockets rush on high,
Like a long comet roaring through
The night, then melting into blue!
  And starring the dark sky!

And Catherine-wheels, and crowns, and names
Of great men, whizzing in blue flames;
  Lights, like the smiles of hope;
And radiant, fiery palaces,
Showing the tops of all the trees,
  And Blackmore on the rope!

Then late the hours, and sad the stay,
The passing out, the wits astray,
  The *row*, and riot call!
The tussle, and the collar torn,
The dying lamps, the breaking morn!
  And hey for Union Hall!

A Ridotto at Vauxhall.

WALPOLE, in a letter of 1769, describes with much humour what they called a *ridotto al fresco* at Vauxhall, for which, he adds, "one paid half a guinea, though, except some thousand more lamps, and a covered passage all round the Gardens, which took off from the gardenhood, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock; the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious that it was half an hour after nine before we got half-way from Westminster Bridge. We then alighted; and, after scrambling under bellies of horses, through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the Gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress, and two nymphs in masquerades without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and, which was surprising, seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given out that people were to come in fancied dresses, without masks. We walked twice round, and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half an hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition, the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the vestments, &c., that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away."

Lord Byron, in his *Beppo*, sings of such a fête:—

> They went to the Ridotto—'tis a hall
> Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;

Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball,
But that 's of no importance to my strain ;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain ;
The company is "'mix'd"—the phrase I quote is
As much as saying, they 're below your notice.

It is curious to find Vauxhall, in its glory, made the subject of exhibition at another place of entertainment; unless we are to regard it as treating the Clerkenwell sight-seers with a notion of the fashionable Garden at Vauxhall. Thus, we read :—"At the New Wells, near the London Spaw, Clerkenwell, the diversions will begin this day, at five o'clock in the afternoon, consisting of a great variety of new humorous songs, serious and comic dances ; together with the grand views of Vauxhall, and the celebrated entertainment of that place, called 'A Hint to the Theatres, or Merlin in Labour ; with the Birth, Adventures, Execution, and Restoration of Harlequin.' The whole will conclude with a new whimsical, chymical, pantomimical amusement, called 'The Sequel.' N.B. The first view of Vauxhall will be opened at six."

Marylebone Gardens.

THE recreative character of Marylebone appears to date from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Park was a hunting-ground. In 1600, we read of the ambassadors from Russia, and their retinue, riding through the City to hunt in Marylebone Park ; and here Sir Charles Blount, afterwards Earl of Devonshire (one of the challengers in the Field of the Cloth of Gold), tilted with the Earl of Essex, and wounded him. After the ground was disparked, it was let on leases, upon the expiry of which it was laid out by Nash, and named the Regent's Park. Bowling-greens were among the attractions of Marylebone, where, in John Locke's time, 1679, "a curious stranger might see several persons of quality bowling, two or three times a week, all the summer." The bowling-green of the Rose Tavern, and the gaming-house in High Street, are referred to in Lady Mary Wortley Montague's oft-quoted line—

Some Dukes, at Marybone, bowl time away.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was a frequent visitor here; he describes it as "a place of air and exercise;" and, at the end of the season, the Duke gave a dinner to the chief frequenters of the place, drinking the toast, "May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again." The Gardens are the scenes of Captain Macheath's debaucheries, in the *Beggar's Opera:* "the Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Mary-bone and chocolate houses are his undoing." Then, Macheath says: "There will be deep play to-night at Mary-bone, and consequently money may be picked up on the road. Meet me there, and I will give you the hint who is worth setting." Of this neighbourhood, in 1774, J. T. Smith has left a minute picture. The houses of the north end of Newman Street then commanded a view of the fields, over hillocks of ground, now occupied by Norfolk Street; and the north and east outer sides of Middlesex Hospital garden wall were entirely exposed. A cottage with a garden and a rope-walk were here; and under two magnificent rows of elms Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, and Baretti, might often be seen walking. To the right of the rope-walk was a pathway on a bank, which extended northward to the Farthing Pie House, now the sign of the Green Man; it was kept by Price, the famous player on the salt-box, of whom there is an excellent mezzotinto portrait. It commanded views of the distant hills of Highgate, Hampstead, Primrose, and Harrow; and Mr Smith, then a boy eight years old, frequently played at trap-ball beneath the elms. The south and east ends of Queen Anne and Marylebone Streets were then unbuilt, the space consisted of fields to the west corner of Tottenham Court Road; thence to the extreme end of High Street, Marylebone Gardens, Marylebone Basin, and another pond called "Cockney Ladle," which were the terror of many a mother. Upon the site of the Ladle is Portland Chapel.

The Rose and an adjoining bowling-green were thrown together in forming Marylebone Gardens; upon the site is now built Beaumont Street, part of Devonshire Street, and part of Devonshire Place. The carriage and principal entrance was in High Street; the back from the fields, through a narrow passage, flanked with small gardens, called "the French Gardens," from their having been cultivated by refugees of the Edict of Nantes period. Mr Smith's chronicles of the Gardens commence with Pepy's entry:—

"1688. Then we abroad to Marrowbone, and there walked in the Gardens; the first time I ever was there, and a pretty place it is."

"1691. Long's bowling-green at the Rose, at Marylebone, half a mile distant from London, is mentioned in the *London Gazette*, January 11."

Then, from the *Daily Courant*, 1718, "all persons of quality, ladies and gentlemen," are informed that there having been illuminations in Marybone bowling-green on his Majesty's birthday, with "a *consort* of musick," &c.

The Gardens were first opened gratuitously; but in 1738–9, they were enlarged, an orchestra built, and silver tickets for two, issued at twelve shillings for the season; or sixpence from each person without a ticket; or, later in the season, one shilling for a lady and gentleman; hours, six till ten.

1740. An organ was added.—1741, May 23. A grand martial composition of music performed, in honour of Admiral Vernon, for taking Carthagena.

1753. The *Public Advertiser* states that the Gardens were enlarged; that lights had been erected on the coach-way from Oxford Road, and also on the foot-path from Cavendish Square to the Gardens, and that the fireworks were splendid beyond conception. A large sun was exhibited at the top of a picture, a cascade and shower of fire; and grand air-balloons, perhaps the first in England; also, red fire.

Balls and concerts were charged extra; and Trusler, the proprietor of the Gardens, being a cook, gave dinners and breakfasts.

1760. The Gardens opened every Sunday evening, and genteel company admitted to walk gratis, and were accommodated with coffee, tea, cakes, &c. In this year, too, Miss Trusler, the proprietor's daughter, advertised fruit tarts, rich cakes, and almond cheesecakes; the fruit fresh gathered in the Gardens; and "none but loaf-sugar used, and the finest Epping butter." New and rich seed and plum cakes were sent to any part of the town. Coffee, tea, and chocolate at any time of the day.

1761. An engraving of this date shows the Gardens in their fullest splendour; the centre walk had rows of trees, with irons for the lamps in the stems; on either side, latticed alcoves; and on the right, the bow-fronted orchestra with balustrades, supported by columns; with a projecting roof, to keep the musicians and singers free from rain; on the left is a room for balls and suppers.

1762. The Gardens visited by the Cherokee Kings.

1763. The Gardens taken by the famous Tommy Lowe. Among the singers were Nan Cattley. This year Storace had a benefit here.

1766. Subscription for two persons for the season, £1, 11s. 6d. An exhibition of bees in the Gardens; and tea at eightpence per head.

1769. Lowe conveyed his property in the Gardens to trustees, for the benefit of his creditors.* From the deed we learn that the premises of Rysbrack, the sculptor, were formerly part of the Gardens.

James Hook, father of Theodore Hook, composed many songs for the Gardens; and Dr Arne catches and glees; and under his direction was played Handel's music, followed by fireworks; and in 1772, a model-picture of Mount Etna, in eruption. Burlettas from Shakspeare were recited here in 1774. In 1775, Baddeley, the comedian, gave here his "Modern Magic Lantern," including "Punch's Election;" next, George Saville Carey his "Lecture on Mimicry." In 1776,

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* We remember to have seen the deed of conveyance in the late Mr Sampson Hodgkinson's collection, at Acton Green.

Fantoccini, sleight of hand; representations of the Boulevards at Paris and Pyramids of Egypt.

1777–8. The Gardens suppressed, and the site let to builders.

Jubilee Masquerade at Ranelagh.

THE Peace of 1749 was celebrated in London by "a Jubilee Masquerade in the Venetian manner" at Ranelagh, which had then been opened about seven years. The fête had nothing Venetian in it; but Horace Walpole says of it:—"It was by far the best understood and prettiest spectacle I ever saw; nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to Court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock; at about five people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with marquees and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabour and pipe, and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French-horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, &c., and all the shopkeepers in mask; the amphitheatre was illuminated, and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high; under them, orange trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches, too, were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables, and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than the finest thing I ever saw.

"The next day were the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation, and the expectation that had been raised: indeed, for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see, and coaches arriving from every corner of the kingdom. This merry and lively scene, with the sight of the immense crowd in the Park, and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets, and whatever was thrown up into the air, succeeded mighty well; but the wheels, and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly, that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing; and then what contributed to the awkwardness of the whole was the right pavilion catching fire, and being burnt down in the middle of the show. The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily saw it from the Library,* with their courts: the Prince and Princess, with their children, from Lady Middlesex's; no place being provided for them, nor any invitation being given to the Library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the Mall: the Lords had four tickets a-piece, and each Commoner, at first, but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed. At Paris, there were forty killed, and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and the Italians in the management, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once, and blew up the whole.

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* "The Queen's Library," so called after Queen Caroline, by whom it was built. It was pulled down by Frederick Duke of York (second son of George III.), when he built his new house (now Stafford House), in the Stable Yard, St James's.—*Cunningham.*

"Our mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the opposition to work up everything to mischief, the Excise and the French players, the Convention and the Gin Act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the Peace, that I could not help being struck with the passage I read lately in Pasquier, an old French author, who says, that in the time of Francis I., the French used to call their creditors 'Des Anglais,' for the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many.

"On the following Monday there was a subscription masquerade. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cups as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady

Mayoress in the time of James I.; and Lord Delawarr, Queen Elizabeth's Garter, from a picture in the Guard-chamber at Kensington—they were admirable masks. Lord Rochfort, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford, and Mrs Pitt, were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr Conway was the Duke in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda. [Mrs Montagu says:—Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable: she was Iphigenia for the sacrifice, but so naked, the high priest might easily inspect the entrails of the victim. The Maids of Honour (not of maids the strictest) were so offended they would not speak to her. Pretty Mrs Pitt looked as if she came from heaven, but was only on her road thither in the habit of a chanoiness.] Lady Betty Smithson [Seymour] had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammout."

In the same month (May), Walpole describes a firework given by the Duke of Richmond "a codicil to the Peace." He bought the rockets and wheels that remained in the pavilion which miscarried, and took the pretence of the Duke of Modena being here to give a charming entertainment. The garden (on the site of what is now Richmond Terrace) lies with a slope down to the Thames, on which were lighters, from whence were thrown up, after a concert of water-music, a great number of rockets. Then, from boats on every side, were discharged water-rockets and fires of that kind; and then the wheels, which were ranged along the rails of the terrace, were played off; and the whole concluded with the illumination of the pavilion on the top of the slope, of two pyramids on each side, and of the whole length of the balustrade to the water. You can't conceive a prettier sight: the garden filled with everybody of fashion, the Duke, the Duke of Modena, and two black Princes; the King and Princess Emily were in their barge under the terrace; the river was covered with boats, and the shores and adjacent houses with crowds; the Duke of Modena afterwards played at brag, and there was a fine supper for him and the foreigners.

There was another jubilee masquerade, by the King's command, for Miss Chudleigh, the Maid of Honour, with whom our gracious monarch had a mind to believe himself in love; so much in love, that at one of the booths he gave her a fairing for her watch, which cost him thirty-five guineas—actually disbursed out of his privy purse, and not charged on the civil list.

About this time died Lord Conway's sister, Miss Jenny, suddenly, with eating lemonade at the last subscription masquerade. "It is not quite unlucky for her," says Walpole, "she had outlived the Prince's love and her own face, and nothing remained but her love and her person, which were exceedingly bad." The scandal-mongers commemorated the event in these doggrel lines:—

Poor Jenny Conway,
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade,
And now she's dead and gone away.

The Bottle Conjuror.

THIS foolish experiment on the credulity of the public is said to have originated as follows:—The Duke of Montague being in company with some other noblemen, proposed a wager, that let a man advertise to do the most impossible thing in the world, he would find fools enough in London to fill a playhouse, who would think him in earnest. "Surely," said Lord Chesterfield, "if a man should say that he would jump into a quart bottle, nobody would believe that!" The Duke was somewhat staggered; but for the sake of the jest, determined to make experiment. Accordingly, it was advertised that the next day (Jan. 10, 1749) a person would, at the Haymarket Theatre, "play on a common walking-cane the music of every instrument then used, to surprising perfection: that he would, on the stage, get into a tavern quart bottle, without equivocation, and while there sing several songs, and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle; that if any spectator should come masked, he would, if requested, declare who he was; and that, in a private room, he would produce the representation of any person dead, with which the person requesting it should converse some minutes, as if alive." The prices of admission were—gallery, 2s.; pit, 3s.; boxes, 5s.; stage, 7s. 6d.

At night the house was crowded with curious people, many of them of the highest rank, including no less eminent a person than the Culloden Duke of Cumberland. They sat for a little while with tolerable patience, though uncheered with music; but by and by, the performer not appearing, signs of irritation were evinced. In answer to the continued noise of sticks and catcalls, a person belonging to the theatre came forward and explained that, in the event of a failure of performance, the money should be returned. A wag then cried out, that, if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the conjuror would go into a pint bottle, which proved too much for the philosophy of the audience. A young gentleman threw a lighted candle upon the stage, and a general charge upon that part of the house followed. According to a private letter—it was written by a Scotch Jacobite lady—" Cumberland was the first that flew in a rage, and called to pull down the house. . . . . He drew his sword, and was in such a rage, that somebody slipped in behind him and pulled the sword out of his hand, which was as much as to say, ' Fools should not have chopping-sticks.' This sword of his has never been heard tell of, nor the person who took it. Thirty guineas of reward are offered for it. Monster of Nature, I am sure I wish he may never get it.

" The greater part of the audience made their way out of the theatre; some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others, hat, wig, and sword also. One party, however, stayed in the house, in order to demolish the inside; when, the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the scenes, pulled down the boxes; in short, dismantled the theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above-mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire: the curtain being hoisted in the middle of it by way of flag."

The proprietor of the theatre afterwards stated that, in apprehension of failure, he had reserved all the money taken, in order to give it back; and he would have returned it to the audience if they would have refrained from destroying his house. It, therefore, would appear that either money was not the object aimed at, or, if aimed at, was not attained by the conjuror. This corroborates the above statement—that the object was only to make an experiment on the public credulity.

The Bottle-hoax proved an excellent subject for the wits, particularly those of the Jacobite party. In *Old England* appeared this advertisement: "Found entangled in a slit of a lady's demolished smock petticoat, a gilt-handled sword of marshal temper and length, not much the worse of wearing, with the Spey curiously engraven on one side, and the Scheldt on the other; supposed to be taken from the fat sides of a certain great general in his hasty retreat from the Battle of Bottle Noddles, in the Haymarket. Whoever has lost it may inquire for it at the sign of the Bird and Singing Land, in Rotten Row."

Mrs Cornelys at Carlisle House.

STRANGE are the mutations in the fortunes of those persons whose business it is to provide pleasures for "the gay, licentious, proud," and to enable the idle and the dissipated to while away their useless existence. The fate of these caterers is usually to participate for a time of the ecstacies they are so ingenious in providing for others; and then to slink into some obscure corner of the world, and there, bankrupt alike of fortune and life, pass away.

To this class belongs Teresa Cornelys, "the Heidegger of the Age," as Walpole called her, and who, in the second half of the last century, provided for people of quality, fashion, and loose morals, a series of balls, concerts, and masquerades unparalleled in the annals of London life. Teresa, by birth a German, and during many years a public singer in Italy and Germany, settled in London about the year 1756, and for twenty years entertained "the votaries of fashion of both sexes" with great success. For this purpose Mrs Cornelys obtained possession of Carlisle House, in Soho Square, formerly the mansion of the Earl of Carlisle. It was taken down in 1803 or 1804, and two houses were built upon its site, now Jeffrey's Music Warehouse, and Weippert's Quadrille Office. Carlisle House was of considerable extent: the Catholic chapel in Sutton Street was the banqueting-room, and the connecting passage between it and the house in Soho Square was called "the Chinese Bridge." The arched entrance below the chapel was exclusively for *chairs*, or *sedans*.

Our *entrepreneur* soon proved herself a woman of tact; for February 18, 1763, we read: "On Saturday last, Mrs Cornelys gave a ball at Carlisle House to the upper servants of persons of fashion, as a token of the sense she has of her obligations to the nobility and gentry for their generous subscription to her assembly. The company consisted of 220 persons, who made up fourscore couple in country-dances; and, as scarce anybody was idle on this occasion, the rest sat down to cards."

The nobility and gentry had the *entrée* of Carlisle House by payment of an annual subscription, for which they received a ticket of admission to all the entertainments given there. They had the privilege of lending their tickets to friends, provided they wrote "the name of the person upon the back of the said ticket to whom they have lent it, to prevent any mistake." Mrs Cornelys had great success; but she had her troubles in powerful competitors; for we find her issuing this advertisement: "Whereas, it has been industriously reported, to the disadvantage of Mrs Cornelys, that she has expressed herself dissatisfied with a subscription now on foot to build a large room in opposition to her; she esteems it her duty, in this public manner, to declare that she never once entertained a thought so unjust and unreasonable. She humbly hopes she has not been wanting in duty and gratitude to her protectors, and cannot sufficiently be thankful for the comfort she enjoys in this happy country, which she hopes never to leave." The "large room" here referred to in opposition, is thus referred to by Horace Walpole, in a letter dated Dec. 16, 1764: "Mrs Cornelys, apprehending the future assembly at Almack's, has enlarged her vast room, and hung it with blue satin, and another with yellow satin; but Almack's room, which is to be 90 feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers, as easily as Moses's rod gobbled down those of the magician's." However, Mrs Cornelys made additions to Carlisle House, with new embellishments, furniture, and decorations, which in the year 1765 cost some £2000. The accounts of the day state that to one of the rooms was added "the most curious, singular, and superb ceiling that ever was executed or even thought of;" to obviate "complaints of excessive heat," she had "tea below stairs and ventilators above;" subscribers are assured there is not "the least danger of catching cold;" and there was added "a new gallery for the dancing of cotillons and allemandes, and a suite of new rooms adjoining;" in consequence of which she was compelled to charge subscribers an additional guinea.

Her patrons rallied round her; for, on Feb. 26, 1770, Mrs Cornelys gave a magnificent fête to some 800 maskers. Walpole devotes great part of a long letter to a description of this masquerade, at which he was present. He wrote on the following day: "Our civil war has been lulled asleep by a Subscription Masquerade, for which the House of Commons literally adjourned yesterday. Instead of Fairfaxes and Cromwells, we have had a crowd of Henry the Eighths, Wolseys, Vandykes, and Harlequins; and because Wilkes was not mask enough, we had a man dressed like him, with a visor in imitation of his squint, and a Cap of Liberty on a pole. In short, sixteen or eighteen young lords have given the town a masquerade; and politics, for the last fortnight, were forced to give way to habit-makers. The ball was last night at Soho; and, if possible, was more magnificent than the King of Denmark's. The Bishops opposed: he of London formally remonstrated with the King, who did not approve it, but could not help him. The consequence was, that four divine vessels belonging to the holy fathers, *alias* their wives, were at this masquerade. Monkey again! A fair widow, who once bore my whole name, and now bears half of it, was there, and with one of those whom the newspapers call *great personages*—he dressed like Edward IV.; one like Elizabeth Woodville, in grey and pearls, with a black veil. Methinks it was not very difficult to find out the meaning of these masks." (Upon this Walpole notes: "Maria Walpole, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, married William Henry Duke of Gloucester. Edward IV. married the widow of Lord Gray.")

"As one of my ancient passions formerly was masquerades, I had a large trunk of dresses by me. I dressed out a thousand young Conways and Cholmondeleys, and went with more pleasure to see them pleased than when I formerly delighted in that diversion myself. It has cost me a great headache, and I shall probably never go to another. A symptom appeared of the change that has happened in the people.

"The mob was beyond all belief: they held flambeaux to the windows of every coach, and demanded to have the masks pulled off and put on at their pleasure, but with extreme good humour and civility. I was with my Lady Hertford and two of her daughters in her coach: the mob took me for Lord Hertford, and huzzaed and blessed me! One fellow cried out, 'Are you for Wilkes?' Another said, 'D—n you, you fool, what has Wilkes to do with a masquerade?'"

Among the company were Lady Waldegrave, Lady Pembroke, the Duchess of Hamilton, Mrs Crewe, Mrs Hodges, Lady Almeria Carpenter, &c. The characters assumed were very eccentric. Sir R. Phillips appeared as "a double man," half-miller, half-chimney-sweeper. The Earl of Carlisle figured as a running footman; Mr James, the painter, as Midas. The Duke of Devonshire was "very fine, but in no particular character." And "Lord Edg——b, in the character of an old woman, was fully as lovely as his lady." The ladies were superbly dressed. "The Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave wore a dress richly trimmed with beads and pearls, in the character of Jane Shore." "The Duchess of Bolton, in the character of Diana, was captivating." "Lady Stanhope, as Melpomene, was a striking fine figure." "Lady Augusta Stuart, as a Vestal, and Lady Caroline, as a Fille de Patmos, showed that true elegance may be expressed without gold and diamonds." "The Countess of Pomfret, in the character of a Greek Sultana, and the two Miss Fredericks, who accompanied her, as Greek slaves, made a complete group;" and, to eclipse all, "Miss Monckton, daughter to Lord Galway, appeared in the character of an Indian Sultana, in a robe of cloth of gold, and a rich veil. The seams of her habit were embroidered with precious stones, and she had a magnificent cluster of diamonds on her head: the jewels she wore were valued at £30,000."

These brilliant achievements were, however, soon to come to an end. In the following year, 1771, Mrs Cornelys got embroiled in an opera strife. Walpole writes, Feb. 22, 1771: "Our most serious war is between two Operas. Mr Hobart, Lord Buckingham's brother, is manager of the Haymarket. Last year he affronted Guadagni, by preferring the Zamperina, his own mistress, to the singing hero's sister. The Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Harrington, and some of the great ladies, took up the brother, and without a licence erected an opera for him at Madame Cornelys's. This is a singular dame, and you must be acquainted with her. She sung here formerly by the name of the Pomepeiati. Of late years she has been the Heidegger of the Age, and presided over our diversions. Her taste and invention and decorations are singular. She took Carlisle House, in Soho Square, enlarged it, and established assemblies and balls by subscription. At first they scandalised, but soon drew in both righteous and ungodly. She went on building, and made her house a fairy palace, for balls, concerts, and masquerades. Her opera, which she called *Harmonic Meetings,* was splendid and charming. Mr Hobart began to starve, and the managers of the theatres were alarmed. To avoid the Act, she pretended to take no money, and had the assurance to advertise that the subscription was to provide coals for the poor, for she has vehemently courted the mob, and succeeded in gaining their princely favour. She then declared her masquerades were for the benefit of commerce. I concluded she would open another sort of house next for the interests of the Foundling Hospital, and I was not quite mistaken, for they say one of her maids, gained by Mr Hobart, affirms that she could not undergo the fatigue of managing such a house. At last, Mr Hobart informed against her, and the Bench of Justices, less soothable by music than Orpheus's beasts, have pronounced against her. Her opera is quashed, and Guadagni, who governed so haughtily at Vienna, that, to pique some man of quality there, he named a minister to Venice, is not only fined, but was threatened to be sent to Bridewell, which chilled the blood of all the Cæsars and all the Alexanders he had ever represented ; nor could any promises of his lady patronesses rehabilitate his courage; so for once an Act of Parliament goes for nothing."

Mrs Cornelys's masquerades were characterised not only by indecency, but also by mockery of solemn feelings and principles, as may be seen by the accounts in the *Oxford Magazine*, 1770 ; and *London and Country Magazine*, 1770–74. The lessees of the theatres, injured by her popularity, opposed her ; and she was convicted before Sir John Fielding for performing dramatic entertainments without a licence. Then, the Pantheon, or winter Ranelagh, in the Oxford Road, was opened in 1772, with competitive attractions. Next, bills of indictment were preferred to the grand jury, insinuating of Mrs Cornely's "that she does keep and maintain a common disorderly house, and did permit and suffer divers loose, idle, and disorderly persons, as well men as women, to be and remain during the whole night, rioting and otherwise misbehaving themselves." In November following, appeared in the bankrupt list of the *London Gazette*, "Teresa Cornelys, Carlisle House, St Anne, Soho, dealer." In December following, this temple of festivity, and all its gorgeous contents, were advertised to be sold by auction, in one lot, including "all the rich and elegant furniture, decorations, china, &c., thereunto belonging, too well known and universally admired for their aptness and taste to require any public and extraordinary description thereof." "The curiosity of many to see the house, to prevent improper crowds, and the great damage that might happen therefrom (and the badness of the season), by admitting indifferent and disinterested people, must be an excuse to the public for the assignees ordering the catalogues to be sold at 5s. each, which will admit two to see the house, &c." But the concern rallied.

In December 1774, the nobility and gentry were informed, by advertisement, that "the Assemblies at Carlisle House will commence soon, under the conduct and direction of a *New* Manager." Nevertheless, Mrs Cornelys resumed her revels here with great spirit in 1776. Two years later, Carlisle House was again advertised to be sold by private contract, or "to be hired as usual;" and subsequently, after having been used as a common exhibition-room of "Monstrosities," a "School of Eloquence," and an "Infant School of Genius," it closed its public career, through the interference of the magistracy, in 1797.*

The allusions to Mrs Cornelys in the literature of her day are frequent: Murphy, in his Epilogue to *Zobeide*, 1771, refers to her popularity:—

Oh, farewell!
For her each haunt that charms a modern belle!
Adieu, Almack's! Cornelys'! Masquerade!
Sweet Ranelagh! Vauxhall's enchanting shade!

Combe, in his satire, *The Diobalady*, 1777, thus severely castigates the licentiousness of the amusements:

The ready ministers of hell's commands,
Obedient fly, and take their several stands
At Court, *Cornelys'*, and the Coterie;
Where vice, more vicious by effrontery,
Fearless, unblushing, braves the eternal laws
Of God and man, to aid the devil's cause.

After her bankruptcy, Mrs Cornelys attempted to retrieve her fortunes in various places; one being in a large detached mansion known as Knightsbridge Grove, in Porter's Lane, approached through a fine avenue of trees from the highway. At length, in 1785, Mrs Cornelys gave up her precarious trade. "Ten years after," says Davis's *Memorials of Knightsbridge*, "to the great surprise of the public, she reappeared at Knightsbridge as Mrs Smith, a retailer of asses' milk. A suite of breakfast-rooms was opened; but her former influence could not be recovered." The speculation failed; and at length she was confined in the Fleet Prison, where she died August 19, 1797.

Some curious records of Mrs Cornelys's career have been collected. Mr Mackinlay, of the firm of Dalmaine

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* Dr Rimbault: *Notes and Queries*, No. 28.

& Co., Soho Square, privately printed, about 1847, a full and particular account of the Carlisle House entertainments; and the late Mr Fillinham, of Walworth, made a collection of prints, pamphlets, bills of performances, and other data of Mrs Cornelys; which assemblage is now in the print-room of the British Museum. When Carlisle House was taken down, some curiously-painted banquetting-scenes were carefully preserved, from the ceilings and walls.

Bartholomew Fair.

THIS famous Fair, formerly held every year in Smithfield, at Bartholomewtide, and within the precinct of the Priory of St Bartholomew, originated in a grant of land from Henry I. to his jester Rahere,* who, disgusted by his manner of living, repented him of his sins, and undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. Here, attacked by sickness, he made a vow, that if he recovered his health, he would found an hospital for poor men. Being reinstated, and on his return to England to fulfil his promise, St Bartholomew is said to have appeared to him in a vision, and commanded him to found a church in Smithfield, in his name. Rahere promised compliance, and having reached London, he readily obtained the royal consent, as the spot pointed out was the King's Market. The site, which had been previously pointed out in a singular manner to Edward the Confessor, as proper for a house of prayer, was a mere marsh, for the most part covered with water; while on that portion which was not so, stood the common gallows—"the Elms," in Smithfield, which for centuries after continued to be the place of execution. To show the nature of the ground, Osier (corrupted to Hosier) Lane marks the site of a small brook lined with *osiers*, which emptied itself into the Fleet River. The marsh was drained, and the monastery founded here in 1123; and Rahere having gathered together a number of pious men, established them in buildings which he had erected adjoining the church, and became their Prior. The King granted to the priory, by charter, many immunities and privileges. According to the MS., many miracles were wrought in the monastery during the life of Rahere: if the wind went down as sailors far at sea were praying to the denuded saint, they presented in procession a silver ship at his Smithfield shrine; even after his death the blind were restored to their sight, and the sick were made well by a visit to the spot.

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* Rayer, when a monk, and "the skin of his tabernacle dilated."

The Prior, however, looked to temporal as well as spiritual aid for his foundation; and, therefore, obtained a royal charter to hold a Fair annually at Bartholomewtide, for three days—on the eve, the fête-day of the saint, and the day after; "firm peace," being granted to all persons frequenting the Fair of St Bartholomew. This brought traders from all parts to Smithfield: thither resorted clothiers and drapers, not merely of England, but of all countries, who there exposed their goods for sale. The stalls or booths were erected within the walls of the priory churchyard, the gates of which were locked each night, and a watch was set in order to protect the various wares; the street on the north side of the church is still called *Cloth Fair*. During the Fair, a Court of Pie-Poudre was erected within its verge, for the necessary enforcement of the laws of the Fair, of debts, and legal obligations. In this court, offences were tried the same day, and the parties punished, in the stocks or at the whipping-post, the minute after condemnation. The name is supposed to have been derived from *pied* and *poudre* (having reference to the dusty feet of the suitors) ; or from *pied puldreaux*, a pedlar in old French, and therefore expressing the court of such as resort to fairs.

At the dissolution of religious houses, the privilege of the Fair was in part transferred to the Mayor and Corporation ; and in part to Richard Rich, Lord Rich, who died 1560, and was ancestor of the Earls of Warwick and Holland. It ceased, however, to be a cloth fair of any great importance in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The drapers of London found another and more extensive market for their woollens ; and the clothiers, in the increase of communication between distant places, a wider field for the sale of their manufactures. It subsequently became a Fair of a very diversified character. Monsters, motions, drolls, and rarities were the new attractions to be seen ; and the Fair was converted into a kind of London carnival for persons of every condition and degree of life. The Fair was proclaimed by the Lord Mayor, beneath the entrance arch of the priory ; and its original connection with the cloth trade was commemorated in a mock proclamation on the evening before, made by a company of drapers and tailors, who met at the Hand and Shears, a house of call for their fraternity in Cloth Fair, whence they marched, and announced the Fair opened, and concluded with shouting and the "snapping of shears."

Hentzner describes the Fair of 1598, when the Mayor and twelve Aldermen proclaimed in a neighbouring field

—the Mayor in his scarlet gown and gold chain; and in a tent wrestling was provided for their amusement; then a parcel of live rabbits were turned loose, and hunted by boys, &c.

Ben Jonson wrote a play called *Bartholomew Fair*, in which he pictures the humours and abuses of the carnival. He makes a showman say: "Oh, the motions that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to in my time." He then enumerates several, adding, "The Gunpowder Plot—there was a getpenny! I have presented that to an eighteen or twentypence audience nine times in the afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best—they are so easy and familiar; they put too much learning in their things now-o'-days." Another of the characters in this play says: "I have been at the Eagle and the Black Wolf, and the Bull with the Five Legs, and the Dogs that dance the Morrice, and the Hare of the Tabor."

With respect to the tolls, Strype tells us that "Each person having a booth, paid so much per foot for the first three days. The Earl of Warwick and Holland is concerned in the toll gathered the first three days in the Fair, being a penny for every burthen of goods brought in or carried out; and to that end there are persons that stand at all the entrances into the Fair; and they are of late years grown so nimble, that these blades will extort a penny if one hath but a little bundle under one's arm, and nothing related to the Fair." Lord Kensington, to whom the tolls descended, sold his right to the Corporation of London in 1830. In the Guildhall Library is the official record of the Fair, kept by the officers of the Pie-Poudre Court, from about 1790 until its close.

In 1641 appeared a curious tract, now extremely rare, "printed for Richard Harper, at the *Bible and Harpe*, in Smithfield," entitled Bartholomew Faire; or, Variety of Fancies, where you may find a Faire of wares, and all to please your mind, with the severall enormityes and misdeameanours which are there seene and heard." Here we are told: "The Faire is full of gold and silver drawers; just as Lent is to the fishmonger, so is Bartholomew Faire to the pickpocket; it is his high harvest, which is never bad, but when his cart goes up Holborne."

In the reign of Charles II., as might be expected, the Fair was extended from three to fourteen days, when all classes, high and low, visited the carnival. Thus we find Pepys recording:—"30th August 1667. I to Bartholomew Fayre, to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play (Patient Grizell), and the street full of people, expecting her coming out." On this very day, August 30th, 1667, the Great Seal was taken from Lord Clarendon, more by the means of Lady Castlemaine than, perhaps, of any other person. Next year, 1668, we read of Pepys going to the fair with Lord Brouncker and others, "to see the mare that tells money, and many things to admiration, and then the dancing of the ropes, and also the Irish stage play, which is very ridiculous." Then we read of the Ladies Russell, Northumberland, and Shaftesbury returning from Bartholomew Fair in 1670, loaded with fairings for themselves and children.

Mat Coppinger was a "Bartholomew hero" of this period; he was long a player, and then turned thief and bully, and finished his days upon Tyburn Tree. Joe

Haines, the droll-player, and Tom Dogget, who danced the Cheshire Round, were of this period.

About 1689, a Dutch woman danced and vaulted on the rope, when "the spectators beheld her with pleasure mixed with pain, as she seemed every moment in danger of breaking her neck:" the handbills describe "her side-capers, upright-capers, cross-capers, and back-capers, on the *tight* rope. She walks, too, on the *slack* rope, which no woman but herself can do."

Jacob Hall, "the sword servant to His Majesty Charles II.," took foremost rank in dancing and vaulting on the rope, "somersets and flip-flaps, flying over rapiers and men's heads, and through several hoops."

Ben Jonson, the actor (says Dr Rimbault), was connected with the booth before 1694, in which year he joined Cibber's company; he was celebrated as the grave-digger in *Hamlet,* in which character he introduced the song preserved in Durfey's *Pills.* Tom Walker, the original Macheath, was discovered in the fair by Booth, the actor, while he was performing Rabris, in the droll of the *Siege of Troy;* and he wrote two ballad operas especially for the Fair. Bullock had here his "great theatrical booth, the largest in the Fair," noted for its harlequinades. Theophilus Cibber came here in 1733, and played Bajazet, in Rowe's *Tamerlane.* The doings of the companies in the Fair of 1731, are well sung in a rhyming enumeration, printed in the *Memoirs of the Grub Street Society*, which tells us, that at Bullock's—

> You may see, displayed in tragic state,
> The London merchant, or George Barnwell's fate.*

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* Dr Rimbault, in *Notes and Queries.*

Ned Ward, in 1699, philosophised on the Fair, as he sat smoking his pipe at a window of the public-house near the hospital gate. "The first objects," he says, "when we were seated, that lay within our observation, were the quality of the Fair, strutting round the balconies in their tinsel robes, and golden leather buskins expressing such pride in their buffoonery stateliness, that I could but reasonably believe they were as much elevated with the thought of their fortnight's pageantry, as ever Alexander was with the thought of a new conquest; looking with great contempt on their split-deal thrones upon the admiring mobility, jeering in the dirt at our ostentatious heroes, and their most supercilious doxies, who looked as awkward and ungainly in their gorgeous accoutrements as an Alderman's lady in her stiff-bodied gown upon a Lord Mayor's festival."

Here were motions or puppet-shows of Jerusalem, Nineveh, and Norwich; and the Gunpowder Plot played nine times in an afternoon; wild beasts, dwarfs, and other monstrosities; operas and tight-rope dancing, and sarabands; dogs dancing the morris; the hare beating the tabor; and drolls of every degree.

Powel, too, the "puppet-show man," was a great card at the Fair, especially when his puppets played such incomparable dramas as Whittington and his Cat, the Children in the Wood, Dr Faustus, Friar Bacon, Robin Hood and Little John, Mother Shipton, "together with the pleasant and comical humours of Valentini Nicolini, and the tuneful warbling pig of Italian race." No wonder that such attractions thinned the theatres, and kept the churches empty.

Steele makes mention of "Powel's *books*." If they were books of his performances, what a treasure they would be in our day! A representation of his *puppet-show* is given as a frontispiece to *A Second Tale of a Tub*, 1715, said to be written by "Judge Burnett."*

The fourteen days were found too long, for the excesses committed were very great; and in the year 1708, the period of the Fair was restricted to its old duration of three days. The amusements were wrestling and shooting, motions, puppets, operas, tight-rope dancing, and the exhibition of dwarfs, monsters, and wild beasts. Among Bagford's collection in the British Museum, is a Bartholomew Fair Bill of the time of Queen Anne; the exhibition at Heatly's booth of "a little opera called the *Old Creation of the World newly revived*, with the addition of the glorious battle obtained over the French and Spaniards by His Grace the Duke of Marlborough!" Between the acts, jigs, sarabands, and antics were performed; and the entertainment concluded "with the humours of Sir John Spendall and Punchinello, with several other things not yet exposed." This curious medley was, we are told, "completed by an entertainment of singing and dancing, with several naked swords, performed by a child of eight years of age." In another bill we find the addition of "the Ball of Little Dogs;" and these celebrated performers, we are told, had danced before the Queen (Anne) and most of the quality of England, and amazed everybody. Heatley is supposed to have had no better scenery than the pasteboard properties of our early theatres.

> The shows, too, he had described
> And seen quite through—or else he died;

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* Old MS. note on the title of a copy in Joseph Lilly's Catalogue, 1865.

Nor that of pasteboard which men show
For groats, at Fair of Bartholomew.
—*Hudibras*, Canto i.

Roasted pigs were among the chief attractions of this Fair: the Puritans railed against it; "the very calling it a Bartholomew Pig, and to eat it so, is a species of idolatry," occurs in Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, where Ursula, the pig-woman, tells us the price of the pigs: 5s., 5s. 6d., or even 6s., surely as dear in James the First's time as a guinea lately. In a description of the Fair in 1641, we read of "the pig market, *alias* pasty-nook, now *Pie Corner*, where pigs are all hours of the day on the stalls, piping-hot, and would cry (if they could speak), 'Come, eat me!'"—Pig was not out of fashion when Ned Ward wrote his *London Spy*, in Queen Anne's time. Another luxury was the Bartholomew Fair ox, roasted whole. Dr Johnson fell into a mistake as to the Bartholomew pigs; he thought them paste pigs, set upon sticks for legs, filled with currants, and having currants for eyes. Such pigs we remember to have seen upon old London Bridge; but the Bartlemy pigs were the real swine, roasted, or rather baked, and sold piping-hot, with savoury cracklin: the paste pigs were for children—the roasted porkers were temptingly displayed to excite the adult appetite. An ox roasted whole was a stupendous Bartholomew wonder. F. Osborn says, with gusto, "Huge volumes, like the ox roasted at Bartholomew Fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces."

Before the year 1600, there was published a black-letter tract of a few leaves, entitled, *Newes from Bar-*

tholomew Fayre, in the tone of a proclamation, telling its wonders in quaint rhymes, sometimes of the measure of Skelton; a perfect copy of the *Newes* is now very rare.

A great celebrity of the "rope" was Cadman, the famous *flyer*, immortalised by Hogarth. Cadman was a constant exhibitor at Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs from 1720 to 1740, the period of his death, when he broke his neck descending from a steeple in Shrewsbury. He was buried in the churchyard of St Mary Friars, where, on a little tablet let into the church-wall over his grave, is inscribed:—

> Let this small monument record the name
> Of *Cadman*, and to future times proclaim
> How, by an attempt to fly from this high spire,
> Across the *Sabrine* stream, he did acquire
> His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill,
> Or courage, to perform the task, he fell:
> {No, no,—a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
> Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
> Which bid the body here beneath, good night.

The grave John Evelyn records his having seen the "celebrated follies," as he calls them, of Bartholomew Fair. The rarities in the way of natural history attracted Sir Hans Sloane; and, to give an enduring remembrance to what he had seen, he employed a draughtsman to draw and colour the rarer portions of the exhibition. Some of these were disgraceful acts of cruelty. Thus, in the *Postman*, Sept. 9, 1701, we find:—"The tiger in Bartholomew Fair, that yesterday gave such satisfaction to persons of all qualities, by pulling the feathers so nicely from live fowls, will, at the request of several persons, do the same this day; price 6d. each."

The public theatres were closed at Bartholomew Fair time; drolls, like Estcourt and Penkethman, finding Bartholomew Fair a more profitable arena for their talents than the boards of Dorset Gardens or old Drury Lane. Here Elkanah Settle, the rival for years of Dryden, was reduced at last to string speeches and contrive machinery; and here, in the droll of "St George for England," he made his last appearance, hissing in a green leather dragon of his own invention. Settle's *Siege of Troy* must have been a gorgeous performance. "The scene opens, and discovers Paris and Helen, fronting the audience, riding in a triumphant chariot, drawn by two white elephants, mounted by two pages, in embroidered livery. The side wings are ten elephants more, bearing on their backs open castles, embrayed with canopies of gold; the ten castles, filled with ten persons richly drest, the retinue of Paris; and on the elephants' necks ride ten more pages in the like rich dress. Beyond and over the chariots is seen a Vistoe (vista) of the city of Troy, on the walls of which stand several trumpeters, seen behind and over the head of Paris, who sound at the opening of the scene." Paris declares—

"Now, when the tired world's long discords cease,
We'll tune our Trumps of War to Songs of Peace.
Where Hector dragg'd in blood, I'll drive around
The walls of Troy; with love and laurels crown'd."

This grandiloquence is relieved with comic scenes between Bristles, the cobbler, and his wife, one "Captain Tom," and a numerous Trojan mob.

Another famous Bartholomew Fair drama, at Lee and Harper's Booth, was the *History of Judith and*

Holophernes, in which the hero wore the stage-dress of a Roman general; and the heroine a Versailles court-dress, head-dress of feathers, laced stomacher, and hooped petticoat of crimson silk, with white rosettes in large triangles.

We have noticed the shutting of the theatres during the Fair, and Penkethman's appearance here. Mills, Booth, and Dogget, also became booth-owners here; and Henry Fielding, the novelist, in partnership with Hippisley, the favourite comedian, came here with a booth nine successive years; it was at this booth that the famous Mrs Pritchard made her great success in Fielding's adaptation of Molière's *Cheats of Spain.*

The farce of *Britons Strike Home* was written for the Fair, and Kitty Clive played in it: "at the Booth of Fawkes Pinchbeck, &c., will be performed *Britons Strike Home;* Don Superbo Hispaniola Pistole by Mr Cibber [Theophilus]; Donna Americana by Mrs Clive, the favourite of the town!"

Phillips was a noted Merry Andrew here: he was, Grainger tells us, "some time fiddler to a puppet-show, in which capacity he held many a dialogue with Punch, in much the same strain as he did afterwards with the Mountebank Doctor, his master, on the stage." He adds, which is the highest praise that can be awarded to the subject of his notice, "This Zany being *regularly* educated, had confessedly the advantage of his brethren."

Another notoriety was Harlequin Phillips, originally in the company of a Mrs Lee, who frequented Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs. Chetwood informs us that "he was a pupil of the stupendous Mr Fawkes, and outdid his master in many tricks." He was the projector of the Capel Street Theatre in Dublin, and afterwards became the celebrated harlequin at Drury Lane Theatre when under the management of Fleetwood.—(Dr Rimbault in *Notes and Queries.*)

"Bartholomew Babies" have been erroneously set down as puppets of the Fair—they were gaudily-dressed dolls commonly sold there :—

> Her petticoat of sattin,
> Her gown of crimson tabby,
> Laced up before, and spangled o'er,
> Just like a Bartholomew baby.
> —*Wit and Drollery*, 1682.

In Tom Brown's time, Smithfield was another sort of place to what it was in the times of honest Ben [Jonson], who, had he risen out of his grave, "would hardly have believed it to be the same numerical spot of ground where Justice Overdo made so busy a figure ; where the crop-eared parson demolished a gingerbread stall ; where Nightingale, of harmonious memory, sung ballads ; and fat Ursula sold pig and bottled ale."

Fawkes was a noted conjuror and posture-master, and is stated to have died worth £10,000, which he had accumulated by his arts. One of his triumphs was an apple-tree which bore ripe apples in less than a minute, and which several of the company tasted. In an old print of Fawkes's booth is the figure of a visitor in a court-dress and ribbon and Star of the Garter, thought to be Sir Robert Walpole, who was a frequent visitor at the Fair; though the Prince of Wales came there, attended by Rich, the manager and actor, as cicerone. In 1778, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester rode through the Fair.

The following advertisements relative to the drolls performed at Bartholomew Fair are taken from a newspaper, September 5, 1734:—"At Ryan, Laguerre, Chapman, and Hall's Booth, an excellent new Droll, called 'Don John, or the Libertine Destroyed.' Don John, Ryan; Iachomo, Chapman; Leonora, Miss Mann. With a Ballad Opera, called 'The Barren Island, or the Petticoat Government.' In order to entertain the town with greater variety, *N.B.*, Ryan and Co. have been at the expense of causing this entertainment to be made. To begin every day at one o'clock and continue till eleven at night."

"At Hippisley, Bullock, and Hallam's Booth, 'The Trial and Ancient History of Fair Rosamond.' This being the last week of the Fair, Hippisley intends to entertain the company with his diverting medley of 'The Drunken Man,' which he has been so long celebrated for."

"At Fielding and Oates's Booth, in the George Inn Yard, 'Don Carlos, Prince of Spain.' The passage to the booth will be commodiously illuminated with several large moons and lanthorns for the conveniency of the company; and the coaches of persons of quality may drive up the Yard."

"At Hallam's Great Theatrical Booth, in the George Inn Yard, in Smithfield, during the short time of Bartholomew Fair, the town will be diverted with that celebrated Burlesque Opera, called 'The Dragon of Wantley,' to be performed by the Lilliputian Company from D. L." "At Penkethman's Great Theatrical Booth, over against the Hospital Gate, in Smithfield, during the short time of Bartholomew Fair, the town will be humorously diverted with a new entertainment called 'The Man 's Bewitched, or the Devil to do About Her.' Also, at Hallam's, the town will be humorously diverted with a new entertainment, called 'Harlequin Turned Philosopher, or the Country Squire Outwitted.'"

"At Hippisley and Chapman's Great Theatrical Booth, in the George Inn Yard, Smithfield, the town will be humorously diverted with an excellent entertainment: Signor Arthurini, who has a most surprising talent at grimace, and will, on this occasion, introduce upwards of fifty whimsical, sorrowful, comical, and diverting faces."

"At Fawkes and Pinchbeck's Great Theatrical Booth, the end of Hosier Lane, the town will be humorously diverted by Punch's celebrated Company of Comical Tragedians from the Hay, who will perform the tragedy of tragedies, being the most comical, whimsical tragedy that was ever tragedized, by any tragical company of comedians, called 'The Humours of Covent Garden, or the Covent Garden Tragedy,' written by Henry Fielding, Esq. Boxes, 2s.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d."

"At Goodwin's Large Theatrical Booth, opposite the White Hart, in West Smithfield, near Cow Lane, the town will be entertained with a humorous Comedy, of three acts, called 'The Intriguing Footman, or the Spaniard Outwitted;' with a Pantomime entertainment of Dancing, between a Soldier and a Sailor, and a Tinker and a Tailor, and Buxom Joan of Deptford."

"At Turbutt and Yates' (from Goodman's Fields) Great Theatrical Booth, will be presented a dramatic piece, called 'The True and Ancient History of the Loves of King Edward the 4th and his famous Concubine, Jane Shore;' containing the reign and death of King Edward; the distresses and death of Jane Shore in Shoreditch; the acquisition of the crown by King Richard the 3rd (commonly called Crook-back'd Richard), and many other true historical passages."

"At Hippisley and Chapman's Great Booth, will be presented a most humorous and diverting Droll, called 'Scaramouch Scapin, or the Old Miser caught in a Sack,' with the comical shifts, tricks, and cheats of Scapin's three companions, Trim the Barber, Sly, and Bully Bounce About."

Scripture subjects appear to have been as freely dealt with by the Bartholomew showmen as they had formerly been by the parish-clerks who played their large histories at Clerkenwell. Thus we read:

"At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern, in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera, called the 'Creation of the World,' yet newly revived, with the addition of Noah's flood; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts, two by two, and all the fowls of the air, seen in a prospect upon trees; likewise over the ark, is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner; moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels ringing of bells. Likewise machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom, besides several figures dancing jigs, sarabands, and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators."

Another exhibition offered "The Old Creation of the World new revived, with the addition of the glorious battle obtained over the French and Spaniards, by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough!" It was added, the contents would be—

"1. The Creation of Adam and Eve.

2. The Intrigues of Lucifer in the Garden of Eden.

3. Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.

4. Cain going to plough; Abel driving sheep.

5. Cain killeth his brother Abel.

6. Abraham offereth up his son Isaac.

7. The Wise Men of the East, guided by a star, come and worship Christ.

8. Joseph and Mary flee away by night upon an ass.

9. King Herod's cruelty, his men's spears laden with children.

10. Rich Dives invites his friends, and orders his porter to keep the beggars from his gate.

11. Poor Lazarus went a-begging at rich Dives' gate; the dogs lick his sores.

12. The Good Angel and Death contend for Lazarus' life.

13. Rich Dives is taken sick, and dieth; he is buried in great solemnity.

14. Rich Dives in hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, seen in a most glorious object, all in machines descending in a throne, guarded with multitudes of angels."

This was followed by Punch and other mirthful exhibitions, and the wildest oddities, for nothing was deemed too sacred or sublime to be associated with the lowest ribaldry at the Bartholomew Fair of Queen Anne's reign.

Nor had the Puritans, in their days, suppressed these enormities: in the time of Oliver Cromwell, the amusements were carried on in this spirit of abuse, as we gather from the following song, written on Bartholomew Fair in 1655:—

ANCIENT SONG OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

In fifty-five, may I never thrive
  If I tell you any more than is true,
To London she came, hearing of the fame
  Of a fair they call Bartholomew.

In houses of boards, men walk upon cords,
  As easie as squirrels crack filberds:
But the cut-purses they do bite, and run away,
  But those we suppose to be ill-birds.

For a penny you may zee a fine puppet-play,
  And for twopence a rare piece of art;
And a penny a cann, I dare swear a man,
  May put zix of 'em into a quart.

Their zights are so rich, is able to bewitch
  The heart of a very fine man a;
Here's Patient Grisel here, and Fair Rosamond there,
  And the History of Susanna.

At Pye Corner end, mark well, my good friend,
  'Tis a very fine dirty place;
Where there's more arrows and bows, the Lord above knows,
  Than was handled at Chivy Chase.

Then at Smithfield Bars, betwixt the ground and the stars,
  There's a place they call Shoemaker Row:
Where that you may buy shoes every day,
  Or go barefoot all the year, I tro.

It will be seen that exactly two centuries from the date of this song, the Fair was extinguished. This was of long and most laborious accomplishment, for all sorts of interests were at stake to stem the opposition of the Corporation. In 1760, the Deputy City Marshal lost his life in attempting to put down some of the more extravagant amusements. In 1769, officers were appointed to keep the peace, and prevent gambling, plays, and puppet-shows. In 1776, the Lord Mayor refused permission to erect booths at all, when great rioting ensued. The most dangerous disturbers were "Lady Holland's Mob," who proclaimed the Fair the night before the Mayor did so. They last appeared in force in 1822, when they attacked several houses, and even extended to Skinner Street; they numbered 5000, and so overwhelmed the patrol and watchman, that the riot continued till the mob had exhausted their fury.

One year, when the City authorities refused all permission to remove stones from pavement or roadway for the erection of booths, the showmen evaded the restriction by placing their poles in large and heavy tubs of earth. In 1840, by the advice of the City Solicitor, the show-booths were put down. Up to this date the Fair had been proclaimed in state by the Lord Mayor proceeding to Cloth Fair in the City state-coach, with city officers and trumpets; on his way he called upon the keeper of Newgate to partake of a *cool tankard* * of wine, nutmeg, and sugar; but this latter custom was discontinued from the second mayoralty of Alderman Wood, in 1818. In the seventeenth century, before the City had a state-coach, the Mayor rode on horseback to proclaim the Fair. Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor in 1688, and maternal grandfather of Horace Walpole, in holding the tankard as he sat on horseback, to drink at the keeper's door at Newgate, let the lid flap down with so much force, that his horse started, and he was thrown to the ground with such violence that he died the next day.—*(Cunningham.)*

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* Cobbett, in his *English Gardener*, tells us that the plant borage was formerly put into the tankard. "The only use," he says, "that I ever saw borage put to was putting it into wine and water, along with nutmeg and some other things perhaps; the mixture altogether being called *cool tankard*, or by the shorter name *cup*.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen had, for 300 years, tried by orders, proclamations, juries, and presentments, to abolish the Fair, but without effect; when the Court of Common Council took the work in hand. Having obtained entire control over the Fair by the purchase of Lord Kensington's interest, they refused to let standings for shows and booths; they prevailed upon the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to give up the practice of going to open the Fair in state, with a herald to proclaim it, and officers to marshal the procession; the posting of the proclamation about the streets, interdicting rioting and debauchery during the days of the Fair and within its precincts, were discontinued. In 1850, the Lord Mayor went in his private carriage to Smithfield, to go through the ceremony of reading the charter under which the property is holden, and in a few minutes the place was deserted. After this, the proclamation was read by a deputy. In 1852, not a single show was to be seen on the ground; and in 1855 the Fair expired: no proclamation took place, nor was the ancient Court of Pie-Poudre held; the saint's bell of St Bartholomew's Church, which had for centuries sounded for the annual proclamation, was silent; and Bartholomew Fair was extinct.

The influence of the Fair in the neighbourhood was to make general holiday. We read that in Little Britain, "during the time of the Fair, there was nothing going on but gossiping and gadding about. The still quiet streets of Little Britain were overrun with an irruption of strange figures and faces; every tavern was a scene of rout and revel. The fiddle and the song are heard from the tap-room, morning, noon, and night; and at each window might be seen some group of loose companions, with half-shut eyes, hats on one side, pipe in mouth, tankard in hand, fondling, and prosing, and singing maudlin songs over their liquor. Even the sober decorum of private families was no proof against this saturnalia. There was no such thing as keeping maid-servants within doors. Their brains were absolutely set maddening with Punch and the puppet-show; the flying horses, Signior Polito, the Fire-eater, the celebrated Mr Paap, and the Irish Giant. The children, too, lavished all their holiday-money in toys and gilt gingerbread, and filled the house with the Lilliputian din of drums, trumpets, and penny whistles."

The theatrical booths continued important features in the Fair after its limitation to three days; and in 1715, we hear of "one great playhouse erected for the King's player—the booth is the largest that ever was built." The *Beggar's Opera* was reproduced here. In 1728, at Lee and Harper's, a ballad-opera on the Adventures of *Jack Sheppard;* and in 1730, another on *Robin Hood.*

The Wrestling, already mentioned as one of the early exhibitions in a field before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, appears to have been continued to a comparatively late date; for we read in Croker's edition of Boswell's *Johnson,* that "Dr Johnson's uncle, Andrew Johnson, kept [that is, retained the first place], for a whole year, the Ring at Smithfield, where they wrestled and boxed, and never was thrown or conquered."

Hone visited the Fair of 1825, and has described, with Dutch-like fidelity, its sights and wonders, in thirty-two pages of his *Every-day Book,* with characteristic modesty, by Samuel Williams. This is the completest picture we possess of the Fair, notwithstanding materials are superabundant.* At Hone's visit, monstrosities were the show attractions, among which was the pretended mermaid to be seen for one penny; it had been shown the year before in Piccadilly for half-a-crown. The menageries lingered there; and Richardson's "Spotted Boy" was the last of the natural curiosities exhibited.

In 1828 the shows still flourished; for Mr George Daniel then ascertained their receipts to have been:—Wombwell's Menagerie, £1700; Atkin's, £1000; and Richardson's, £1200—the admission to each being sixpence. Morgan's Menagerie, £150—admission threepence. Ball's, £80; Ballard, £89; Keyes, £20; Frazer, £26; Pike, £40; Pig-faced Lady, £150; Corder's Head, £100; Chinese Jugglers, £50; Fat Boy and Girl, £140; Salamander, £30; Diorama of Navarino, £60; Scotch Giant, £20. The admission to the last twelve shows varied from twopence to one halfpenny.

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* A large and curious *History of Bartholomew Fair*, with Illustrations, was published, by J. R. Morley, in 1858: it is a marvel of painstaking and research.

Belzoni at Bartholomew Fair.

It may take some readers by surprise to learn that the great Egyptian explorer, Giovanni Battista Belzoni, first a barber, next a Capuchin Monk, then a student in hydraulic science, was afterwards compelled to earn his livelihood as a posture-master and "strong-man!" Arriving in London (says Dr Rimbault) in the year 1803, he walked into Smithfield during Bartholomew Fair time, where he was noticed by the master of a show, who, it is said, thus questioned his *Merry Andrew:*—"Do you see that tall-looking fellow in the midst of the crowd? he is looking about him over the heads of the people as if he walked upon stilts; go and see if he is worth our money, and ask him if he wants a job." Away scrambled *Mr Merryman* down the monkey's post, and, as quick as lightning, conducted the stranger to his master, who, being satisfied of his personal attractions, immediately engaged, plumed, painted, and put him up.

Among the visitors to the Fair, in the above year, there chanced to be John Thomas Smith, who was much struck with Belzoni's performances, of which he gives this life-like picture, in his *Book for a Rainy Day*:—

"Our attention was attracted to a magnificent man, standing, as we were told, six feet six inches and a half, independent of the heels of his shoes. The gorgeous splendour of his Oriental dress was rendered more conspicuous by an immense plume of white feathers, which were like the noddings of an undertaker's horse, increased in their wavy and graceful motion by the movements of the wearer's head.

"As this extraordinary man was to perform some wonderful feats of strength, we joined the motley throng of spectators, at the charge of 'only threepence each,' that being vociferated by Flockton's successor as the price of the evening admittance.

"After he had gone through his various exhibitions of holding great weights at arm's length, &c., the all-bespangled master of the show stepped forward, and stated to the audience, that if any four or five of the present company would give, by way of encouraging the 'Young Hercules,' *alias* 'the Patagonian Sampson,' sixpence apiece, he would carry them altogether round the booth in the form of a pyramid.

"With this proposition my companion and myself closed; and after two other persons had advanced, the fine fellow threw off his velvet cap surmounted by its princely crest, stripped himself of his other gewgaws, and walked most majestically, in a flesh-coloured elastic dress, to the centre of the ampitheatre, when four chairs were placed round him, by which my friend and I ascended, and after throwing our legs across his lusty shoulders, were further requested to embrace each other, which we no sooner did, cheek by jowl, than a tall skeleton of a man, instead of standing upon a small wooden ledge fastened to Sampson's girdle, in an instant leaped on his back, with the agility of a boy who pitches himself upon a post too high to clear, and threw a leg over each of our shoulders; as for the other chap (for we could only muster four), the Patagonian took him up in his arms. Then, after *Mr Merryman* had removed the chairs, as he had not his full complement, Sampson performed his task with an ease of step most stately, without either the beat of a drum or the waving of a flag.

"After the close of Bartholomew Fair, this Patagonian was seen at that of Edmonton, exhibiting in a field behind the Bell Inn, immortalised by Cowper in his *Johnny Gilpin;* and so late as 1810, at Edinburgh, he was, during his exhibition in Valentine and Orson, soundly hissed for not handling his friend, the bear, at the time of her death, in an affectionate manner.

"Years rolled on, and the mountebank was forgotten. In 1820 a deep feeling of interest was created for a renowned Egyptian traveller, and then many persons recognised in Giovanni Battista Belzoni the poor Italian who made his first appearance in England at a booth in Bartholomew Fair!" It is lamentable to add that the fame of "the Great Egyptian Explorer" scarcely brought him pelf.

May Fair a Century Ago.

We find a curious picture of this west-end carnival by that painstaking antiquary, John Carter, who, writing in 1816, says: "Fifty years have passed away since this place of amusement was at its height of attraction: the spot where the Fair was held still retains the name of May Fair, and exists in much the same state as at the above period: for instance, Shepherd's Market, and houses surrounding it on the north and east sides; and White Horse Street, Shepherd's Court, Sun Court, and Market Court. Westward: an open space, extending to Tyburn (now Park) Lane, since built upon as Chapel Street, Shepherd Street, Market Street, Hertford Street, &c. Southward: the noted Ducking Pond, house, and gardens; in a large riding-school, Carrington Street, the residence of the noted Kitty Fisher (about 1779). The market-house consisted of two stories: first story, a long and cross aisle for butchers' shops, and, externally, other shops connected with culinary purposes; second story, used as a theatre at Fair-time for dramatic performances. My recollection serves to raise before me the representation of the *Revenge*, of which the only object left in remembrance is 'the black man' Zanga. Below, the butchers gave place to toymen and gingerbread-bakers. At present, the upper story is unfloored, the lower nearly deserted by the butchers, and their shops occupied by needy peddling dealers in small wares; in truth, a most deplorable contrast to what once was such a point of allurement. In the area encompassing the market building were booths for jugglers, prize-fighters both at cudgels and back-swords, boxing-matches, and wild beasts. The sports not under cover were mountebanks, fire-eaters, ass-racing, sausage-tables, dice-ditto, up-and-downs, merry-go-rounds, bull-baiting, grinning for a hat, running for a shift, hasty-pudding-eaters, eel-divers, and an infinite variety of other similar pastimes."

One of the marvels of May Fair, in its latest revival, was the performance of a strong woman, the wife of a Frenchman, exhibited in a house in Sun Court, Shepherd's Market. The following account is given by John Carter, and may be relied on, as Carter was born and passed his youthful days in Piccadilly [Carter's Statuary]. He tells us that a blacksmith's anvil being procured from White Horse Street, with three of the men, they brought it up, and placed it on the floor of the exhibition-room. The woman was short, but most beautifully and delicately formed, and of a most lovely countenance. She first let down her hair (a light auburn), of a length descending to her knees, which she twisted round the projecting part of the anvil, and then, with seeming ease, lifted the ponderous mass some inches from the floor. After this, a bed was placed in the middle of the room; when, reclining on her back, and uncovering her bosom, the husband ordered the smiths to place thereon the anvil, and *forge upon it a horse-shoe!* This they obeyed: by taking from the fire a red-hot piece of iron, and with their forging hammers completing the shoe with the same might and indifference as when in the shop at their constant labour. The prostrate fair one seemed to endure this with the greatest composure, talking and singing during the whole process: then, with an effort, which to the bystanders appeared supernatural, she cast the anvil from off her body, jumping up at the same moment with extreme gaiety, and without the least discomposure of her dress or person. That there was no trick or collusion was obvious from the evidence: the spectators stood about the room with Carter's family and friends; the smiths were strangers to the Frenchman, but known to Carter, the narrator. She next placed her naked feet on a red-hot salamander, without injury, the wonder of which was, however, understood even at that time.*

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* Mr Daniel, of Canonbury, thought the Strong Woman to have been Mrs Allchorne, who died in Drury Lane, in 1817, at a very advanced age. Madame performed at Bartholomew Fair in 1752. (See *Merrie England*, &c.)

Duck-hunting was a late May Fair sport, kept up by the butchers of Shepherd's Market. There was, within memory, partly on the site of Hertford Street, an old wooden public-house, one of the original signs of "The Dog and Duck," in the rear of which was a sheet of water, surrounded by a gravel walk, boarded up knee-high, and shaded all round with willows.

Men who Played Female Parts on the Stage.

It has been naturally asked what sort of men—in personal appearance, at least—were those who played the female characters in the drama before custom permitted lady-actors to appear upon the public stage? The question, however simple, is not easily answered, as we have neither painting nor written descriptions to guide us in the research; unless, indeed, we are to give credit to a well-painted youthful head, from which there is a print, inscribed *Richard Kynaston*; though, even admitting this to be authentic, it does but represent a lad, seemingly not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age; whilst we know that *Dick Kynaston*, as he was familiarly called, personated female characters in many stage plays after he became a man; otherwise Davenant, the manager, could not have assigned, as an excuse, as he did to King Charles II., when his Majesty expressed impatience for the drawing up of the curtain—"Sire, the scene will commence as soon as the queen is shaved." Kynaston that night was to play the queen. He performed Juliet to Betterton's Romeo. He first appeared as Desdemona. In the prologue written for this occasion were the following lines:—

> Our women are defective, and so sized
> You 'd think they were some of the Guard disguised;
> For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
> Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
> With bones so large, and nerve so uncompliant,
> When you call *Desdemona*—enter giant.

It has been supposed that these gentlemen-ladies were effeminate in appearance, and that their voices were naturally pitched in a high key; but there is no authority for these suppositions. It is not unreasonable, however, to imagine that they might, by practice, have obtained the faculty of speaking in *falsetto.*

Garrick and his friend Dr Arne were of opinion that these male actors of female parts were selected from amongst the counter-tenors, and even that they spoke in *falsetto;* as there is no physical reason for supposing that the fair sex did not then, as well as now, prattle an octave higher than our gruff progenitors.

Besides Kynaston, several other male performers personated female characters; as Burt, Clun, Hart, and Goffe, at the Blackfriars' Theatre; and Robert Stafford, Richard Godwin, John Wright, Richard Fouch, Arthur Savill, and Samuel Mannery, were part of the dramatic corps sanctioned by Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I. These persons performed in Marmyon's *Holland's Leaguer* at the Whitefriars' Theatre.

Some of these worthies, whatever they might have appeared in petticoats as "mimic players," acted noble and manly parts in that real tragedy, the Civil Wars of

Charles I., the friend and patron of the stage, for whom they loyally took up arms. Hart had a troop of horse in Prince Rupert's regiment. It is known that this was a fighting corps. Burt was a cornet in the same gallant troop, and exhibited uncommon bravery in the field. Shattersell, another player, served two or three campaigns in the capacity of quartermaster. Mohun, a celebrated performer, had a majority in one of the King's regiments, and fought gallantly. Davenant, the playwright, player, and subsequent manager of the Duke of York's Theatre, entered the service of his royal master, and was knighted for his bravery on the field. Allan, an actor also, and of high repute, was a major in the King's army, and quartermaster-general. Indeed, it is generally asserted that such was the reverence of the dramatic corps for the King, as a patron and protector of the arts, that not one of the players, high or low, was known to have joined the Parliamentarians.

It is from a patent granted to Sir William Davenant, soon after the Restoration, that we are to date the introduction of females as performers on the boards of the public theatres; the substance of the clause is as follows:—

> "That, whereas the women's parts have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave, for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women."

The advantage derived by the drama by this admission in favour of the ladies was great indeed, as might have been foreseen. An interest was thrown into scenes of tenderness which was pure and genuine, exciting in the audience feelings very different to what had been experienced before ; for, in some passages, the more the actor displayed his skill in the discrimination of the female character, the less was sometimes the applause ; and nothing short of the allowance of custom, nor even that at all times, could prevent the manly feelings and increasing good taste of an audience from occasionally revolting at the representation of scenes even of the purest sentiment, and of the strictest moral tendency. Who, amongst the play-goers in this age, can fully conceive the delight of the first audience at the performance of a dramatic piece, graced by the feminine attractions of delicacy and female beauty ?

It is a curious coincidence, that two of our greatest tragedians should happen to unite as husband and wife. Betterton, and his fair lady, who was one of the two female performers who first appeared on the stage, were acknowledged the greatest to the end of their days ; this lady, whose maiden name was Saunders, and Mrs Davenport. These were succeeded by other ladies of celebrity in the histrionic art, of the names of Davies, Long, Gibbs, Norris, Holden, and Jennings ; the celebrated Eleanor George, too, was one of the early performers, whose reputation was injurious to the profession of her compeers.

It is a circumstance not generally known that, about this period, some plays were performed entirely by women—one in particular, *The Parson's Wedding*, is said to have drawn large audiences.

Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., with the young ladies of the Court, are recorded to have performed characters and danced in the masques got up at the royal palaces. This gave great offence to the

Puritans, insomuch that William Prynne, the barrister, wrote a violent philippic against the Queen and her ladies for what he considered in them a gross violation of female decorum; and he abused them in such scandalous terms that he was tried in the Star Chamber for the offence, and most severely punished. He also made a strong attack upon some of the French actresses, who, in 1629, performed for a short season at the Blackfriars' Theatre, when, according to the custom on the Continent, the female parts were played by that sex. This is considered to have been the first attempt made to introduce female actors on our public stage. Prynne's animadversions, in a note to his *Histriomastix,* are:—"Some French-women, or monsters rather, on Michaelmas Term, 1629, attempted to act a French play, at the Play-house in Blackfriars; an impudent, shamefull, unwomannly, graceless attempt," &c.

Another moral reformer, Thomas Brand, attacked these actresses in an address, as is supposed, to Bishop Laud, condemning them as "certain vagrant French players" acting "an unchaste comedye, in the French tongue, at the Blackfryers;" the writer adds, "Glad I am to say they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so that I do not think they will soone be ready to trie the same againe." Prynne records it as a failure, saying, "there was no great resort" to the play.

Nancy Dawson.

NANCY DAWSON, the famous hornpipe-dancer of Covent Garden Theatre in the last century, when a girl, set up the skittles at a tavern in High Street, Marylebone. She next, according to Sir William Musgrove's Adversaria, in the British Museum, became the wife of a publican near Kelso, on the borders of Scotland. She became so popular a dancer that every verse of a song in praise of her declared the poet to be dying in love for Nancy Dawson; and its tune is as lively as that of Sir Roger de Coverley. In 1760, she transferred her services from Covent Garden Theatre to the other house. On the 23rd of September, in that year, the *Beggar's Opera* was performed at Drury Lane, when the playbill thus announced her: "In Act 3, a Hornpipe by Miss Dawson, her first appearance here." It seems that she was engaged to oppose Mrs Vernon in the same exhibition at the rival house, and there is a full-length print of her in the character. There is also a portrait of her in the Garrick Club collection.

Nancy died at Hampstead on the 27th of May 1767; she was buried behind the Foundling Hospital, in the ground belonging to St George the Martyr, where is a tombstone to her memory, simply inscribed, "Here lies Nancy Dawson."

Puffing on the Stage.

THIS practice appears to have been more common in the last century than in our time, when it has been mostly confined to pantomime scenes, where the trick has become stale.

Garrick did not hesitate to descend to *puff*, to serve a worthy man. John Hardham began his London life by writing a comedy, and thus got introduced to Garrick, who made him his "numberer" at Drury Lane Theatre. He commenced business in Fleet Street as tobacconist and snuff-maker; his shop was much frequented by dramatists and wits of the theatre, and even by Garrick himself. He next compounded the renowned "Hardham's No. 37" snuff, thought to be named from the number of qualities, growths, and descriptions of the fragrant weed introduced into the snuff, which Garrick helped into fashion by gagging, in one of his comedy characters, of "the celebrated 37 of John Hardham." The snuff-maker grew rich, and died bequeathing some £22,000 to his native parish, Chichester, and among some other legacies, ten guineas to Garrick.

Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, describes his visit to this "famous tobacco-shop"—Hardham's. "Now," says my friend, "we have a rare opportunity of replenishing our boxes with a pipe of fine tobacco; for the greatest retailer of that commodity in England lives on the other side the way; and if you dare run the hazard of crossing the kennel, we'll take a pipe in the shop, where we are likely enough to find something worth our observation. Accordingly, we entered the smoky premises of the famous fumigator, where a parcel of ancient worshippers of the wicked weed were seated, wrapped up in Irish blankets, to defend their carcases from the malicious winds that only blow upon old age and infirmity; every one having fortified the great gate of life with English guns, well charged with Indian gunpowder. There was no talking amongst them, but *Puff* was the period of every sentence; and what they said was as short as possible, for fear of losing the pleasure of a whiff: as, 'How d'ye do?' *Puff.* 'Thank ye.' *Puff.* 'Is the weed good?' *Puff.* 'Excellent.' *Puff.* 'It's fine weather.' *Puff.* 'God be thanked.' *Puff.* 'What's o'clock?' *Puff,* &c. Behind the counter stood a complacent spark, who, I observed, showed as much breeding in the sale of a pennyworth of tobacco and the change of a shilling, as a courteous footman when he meets his brother Skip in the middle of Covent Garden; and is so very dexterous in the discharge of his occupation, that he guesses from a pound of tobacco to an ounce, to the certainty of one single corn."

Cocker's *Arithmetic* has a curious history. Cocker was a noted writing engraver and schoolmaster. The *Arithmetic,* by which his name became famous, was not published until after his death, when John Hawkins, becoming possessed of Cocker's papers—at least, he said so—subsequently forged the famous *Arithmetic,* the proof of which is set forth in Mr De Morgan's *Arithmetical Books.* Among many other corroborative circumstances, the clumsy forger, after declaring that Cocker to his dying day resisted strong solicitation to publish his *Arithmetic,* makes him write in the preface:—

"I have been instrumental to the benefit of many, by virtue of those useful arts, writing and engraving; and do *now*, with the same *wonted alacrity*, cast this my arithmetical mite into the public treasury." The book itself is not comparable in merit to at least half-a-dozen others. How, then, comes Cocker to be the impersonation of Arithmetic? Unless some one can show proof which we have never found, that he was so before 1756, the matter is to be accounted for thus.

Arthur Murphy, the dramatist, was by taste a man of letters, and ended by being the translator of Tacitus; though many do not know that the two are one. His friends had tried to make him a man of business; and no doubt he had been well plied with commercial arithmetic. His first dramatic performance, the farce of *The Apprentice*, produced in 1756, is about an idle young man who must needs turn actor.

Two of the best known books of the day in arithmetic were those of Cocker and Wingate. Murphy chooses *Wingate* to be the name of an old merchant who delights in vulgar fractions, and *Cocker* to be his arithmetical catchword—"You read Shakspeare! get Cocker's *Arithmetic!* you may buy it for a shilling on any stall; best book that ever was wrote!" and so on. The farce became very popular, and, as we believe, was the means of elevating Cocker to his present pedestal, where Wingate would have been if his name had had the droller sound of the two to English ears. We find this anecdote in the *Athenæum*, 1862; without disputing its authenticity, we may observe that Cocker's *Arithmetic* was the first which entirely excluded all demonstrations and reasoning, and confined itself to commercial questions only, which is stated as the secret of its extreme circulation; its popularity is attained in the saying to denote accuracy, "according to Cocker." A copy of the edition of the *Arithmetic* of 1678 has been sold for £8, 10s. Cocker was buried, according to a sexton's evidence, in the church of St George the Martyr, in Southwark; near which lived his publisher, Hawkins.

Garrick's Acting.

GARRICK introduced on the stage altogether a new style of acting: its effect was electrical upon some, while others hesitated to give up their old favourites. Cumberland, who was then at Westminster School, afterwards became an acute critic; he says, of this period:

"I was once or twice allowed to go, under proper convoy, to the play, where, for the first time in my life, I was treated by the sight of Garrick in the character of Lothario. Quin played Horatio; Ryan, Altamont; Mrs Cibber, Calista; and Mrs Pritchard condescended to the humble part of Lavinia. I enjoyed a good view of the stage from the front row of the gallery, and my attention was riveted to the scene. I have the spectacle even now, as it were, before my eyes. Quin presented himself, upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes. With very little variation of cadence, and in a deep, full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Mrs Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitatived, Rowe's harmonious strain, something in the manner of the improvisatore's; it was so extremely wanting in contrast, that, though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it; when she had once recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one; it was like a long, old, legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming on the ear without variation or relief.

"Mrs Pritchard was an actress of a different cast, had more nature, and, of course, more change of tone, and variety both of action and expression: in my opinion the comparison was decidedly in her favour; but when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio—heavens, what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been swept over in the transition of a single scene; old things were done away and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation. This heaven-born actor was then struggling to emancipate his audience from the slavery they were resigned to; and though, at times, he succeeded in throwing in some gleams of new-born light upon them, yet, in general, they seemed to *love darkness better than light*, and, in the dialogue of altercation between Horatio and Lothario, bestowed far the greater *show of hands* upon the master of the old school than upon the founder of the new. I thank my stars, my feelings in those moments led me right; they were those of nature, and therefore could not err."

Garrick excelled in comedy as well as in tragedy, and in the lowest comedy too—in Abel Drugger as well as Hamlet. He followed the improvement in costume introduced by Macklin. West, the painter, once asked Garrick why he did not reform the stage in costume. Garrick said the spectators would not allow it: "they would throw a bottle at his head." He had a particular dislike to appearing in the Roman costume; probably, through a consciousness of his small person. There are engravings of him extant, in which his tragic characters are seen in coats and toupees. His appearance as Hotspur, in a laced frock, and Ramillies wig, was objected to, not as being unsuitable to the time, but as too insignificant for the character. There is a fine print, by V. Green, after Zoffany, of Garrick playing Macbeth, in a full court suit, embroidered with gold.

John Bannister's Acting.

On the 1st of October 1793, was produced, at the Little Haymarket Theatre, the piece, by Morton, of the *Children in the Wood,* in which Bannister played Walter, a carpenter, in love with Josephine. About two months after the piece had been produced, Horace Walpole went with Mrs Damer to the performance, as he says, in a letter to Miss Berry, "having heard so much of my favourite, young Bannister, in that new piece; which, by the way, is well arranged, and near being fine. He more than answered my expectation, and all I had heard of him. It was one of the most admirable performances I ever saw: his transports of despair and joy are incomparable, and his various countenances would be adequate to the pencil of Salvator Rosa. He made me shed as many tears as I suppose the original old ballad did when I was six years old. Bannister's merit was the more striking, as before the *Children in the Wood,* he had been playing the sailor in *No Song, No Supper*, with equal nature." This is high praise from so artistic a critic as Walpole.

Bannister appeared for the first time in public at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1778, as Dick, in the *Apprentice,* with great success. His greatest part was, however, Walter, which has had no adequate representation since Bannister quitted the stage: his nearest successor was Elliston. Charles Lamb, speaking of Bannister and Suett, says:—

"Jack Bannister and he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any other actor before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more *beloved* for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions; Dicky was more *liked* for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of Walter in the *Children in the Wood*—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakspeare says of Love, 'too young to know what conscience is.'"

Bannister retired from the stage after thirty-seven years' active service. He lived many years at No. 65 Gower Street, where he died November 7, 1836, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Ten years previously, Sir Walter Scott had written of him, in the *Quarterly Review*:—

"There is Jack Bannister, honest Jack, who, in private character, as upon the stage, formed so excellent a representation of the national character of Old England—Jack Bannister, whom even footpads could not find it in their hearts to injure. There he is with his noble locks, now as remarkable when covered with snow, as when their dark honours curled around his manly face, singing to his grandchildren the ditties which used to call down the rapture of crowded theatres in thunders of applause."

There is in the Garrick Club collection a good portrait of Bannister, by Russell, R.A.

A Partisan Actor.

GOODMAN was an early Drury Lane comedian, one of the Alexanders of his time, but not a great actor. He was a dashing, impudent fellow, who boasted of his having taken "an airing" on the road to recruit his purse. He was expelled Cambridge for cutting and defacing the portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, Chancellor of the University, but not loyal enough to his father to please Goodman. James II. pardoned the loyal highwayman, which Goodman (in Cibber's hearing) said "was doing him so particular an honour, that no man could wonder if his acknowledgment had carried him a little further than ordinary into the interest of that prince. But as he had lately been out of luck in backing his old master, he had now no way to get home the life he was out, upon his account, but by being under the same obligations to King William."

The meaning of this is understood to be, that Goodman offered to assassinate William, in consequence of his having had a pardon from James; but the plot not succeeding, he turned king's evidence against James in order to secure a pardon from William. This "pretty fellow" was latterly so easy in his circumstances, owing, it is supposed, to the delicate Cleveland, that he used to say he would never act Alexander the Great, but when he was certain that "his duchess" would be in the boxes to see him.—*Leigh Hunt.*

The Minister and the Player.

A GOOD story is told of the late T. P. Cooke, which reflects greatly to the credit of his friend and patron, the fourth Earl of Harrington—the Lord Petersham of his day—and to that of the distinguished statesman the fourth Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Harrington was ever attentive to those theatrical persons who had been on friendly terms with the Countess when on the stage, and among them the subject of this memoir ranked high. Cooke had been invited to dine at Harrington House on an evening when his attendance at the theatre was not required, and upon taking leave of his host and hostess, the former said, "We hope to see you this day fortnight;" the guest assented, and wished them good night. Nothing more occurred until the day named for the dinner, when, punctually at half-past seven, Cooke was at the door of his noble friend's house; he was ushered in, and found that two or three persons with whom he was unacquainted had already arrived. Lord and Lady Harrington had both been startled at the announcement of Mr Cooke's name, but were too highly bred to show the slightest difference in their manner, for the truth flashed across them both, that the day named for a snug little coterie was the one on which they invited a large political party to meet the Earl of Aberdeen. Few in the room, if any, recognised Mr Cooke, who wore his naval medal, as the representative of "Long Tom Coffin," and other nautical characters. Dinner was announced; it passed off well, and when the gentlemen were left to themselves, Cooke found himself next to the Premier. Lord Aberdeen, who was a high-bred, dignified man, commenced a conversation with his neighbour, who, we have already said, was decorée, which turned upon the Navy, and T. P., or Tippy (as he was called by his brethren), was very energetic upon the subject. He gave his Lordship so vivid a description of the engagement he had taken part in, of the ship in which he had served, and of the Captain he served under, that Lord Aberdeen became deeply interested in the subject, though still unconscious as to who his gallant friend on his right might be. After sundry fruitless diplomatic attempts to ascertain the fact, the dénouement was brought about by a random shot fired by the noble head of the Gordons.

"There is a wonderful change in the tar of the present day to that of Fielding's and Dibdin's times."

"I believe you."

Lord Aberdeen proceeded—"The use, or rather abuse, of tobacco and grog is greatly discontinued."

"And the dreadful oaths," chimed in the actor, "no longer disgrace the ship from the quarterdeck down to the cockpit."

"The punishment of the lash is less frequent," remarked my lord. "And midshipmen are not subject to a flogging in the Captain's cabin," interrupted Cooke, "or mast-headed for hours for the most trivial offence."

"The system is indeed improved," said the Premier, evidently deliberating over the subject, when he was startled from his momentary reverie by T. P. Cooke, who had been excited by the discussion, exclaiming, in a louder voice than hitherto, "But if your Lordship likes to see what a real tar was, and what a real tar ought to be, come across the water some night."

The nobleman looked surprised, not guessing what was coming, when Cooke proceeded, "and see me as William in 'Black-eyed Susan.'" *

Milkmaids on May-Day.

Of this gay festival, the Londoners of the present century have seen little. J. T. Smith, in his amusing *Book for a Rainy Day*, describes the carnival of nearly a century since, May 1771:—

"The gaiety during the merry month of May (says Smith) was to me most delightful; my feet, though I knew nothing of the positions, kept pace with those of the blooming milkmaids, who danced round their garlands of massive plate, hired from the silversmiths, to the amount of several hundreds of pounds, for the purpose of placing round an obelisk, covered with silk, fixed upon a chairman's horse. The most showy flowers of the season were arranged so as to fill up the openings between the dishes, plates, butter-boats, cream-jugs, and tankards. The obelisk was carried by two chairmen, in gold-laced hats, six or more handsome milkmaids in pink and blue gowns, drawn through the pocket-holes, for they had one on either side; yellow or scarlet petticoats, neatly quilted; high-heeled shoes; mob-caps, with lappets of lace resting on their shoulders; nosegays in their bosoms; and flat Woffington hats, covered with ribbons of every colour. A magnificent silver tea-urn surmounted the obelisk, the stand of which was profusely decorated with scarlet tulips. A smart, slender fellow of a fiddler, in a sky-blue coat, with his hat covered with ribbons, attended; and the master of the group was accompanied by a constable, to protect the plate from too close a pressure of the crowd, when the maids were dancing."

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* Communicated to the *Illustrated London News.*

One of Hayman's paintings in Vauxhall Gardens, was the Milkmaids on May-day: here the garland of plate was carried by a man on his head; the milkmaids, who danced to the music of a wooden-legged fiddler, were very elegant. They had ruffled cuffs; their hats were flat, but not Woffingtons, but more resembled those of the Billingsgate fishwomen. In Larcom's *Cries of London*, published by Tempest, there is "a Merry Milkmaid;" she is dancing with a small garland of plate upon her head; and her dress is of the latter part of King William the Third's reign, or the commencement of the reign of Queen Anne.

Sweeps' Holiday at Montague House.

AT the north-west angle of Portman Square is Montague House, built for Mrs Elizabeth Montague, authoress of the Vindication of Shakspeare against Voltaire. She had often been a guest at the second Lord Oxford's, the resort of Pope and his contemporaries; she was the intimate friend of Pulteney and Lyttleton; and she survived to entertain Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and Reynolds, to their respective deaths. Dr Beattie was among her visitors; and Mrs Carter, the translator of Epictetus, was her intimate friend, correspondent, and visitor. At Montague House, Mrs Montague had her blue stocking parties; and here she gave, on the 1st of May, "Sweeps' Holiday," which originated in the discovery among the fraternity of chimney-sweeps of the eccentric Edward Wortley Montague, "son of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montague, by her husband, Edward Wortley."

This hopeful boy was born at Wharncliffe Lodge, in Yorkshire, about the year 1714; he was sent to Westminster School, whence he ran away, and was more than a year apprentice to a fisherman at Blackwall; he was sent back to Westminster, again ran away, and bound himself to the master of an Oporto vessel, a Quaker, from whom he escaped immediately on landing. In one of these flights, he changed clothes with a chimney-sweep, and for some time followed that occupation. After a long and anxious search, he was discovered by his friends, and restored to his parents, on the 1st of May, at the family mansion in Portman Square.

He had also served an apprenticeship among a travelling troop of showmen, who were distinguished by their skill in horsemanship; then worked in the fields in Holland as a day-labourer; next hired himself as a postillion; he then assumed the attire of an abbot, and passed for one at Rome. He next passed for a Lutheran preacher at Hamburg, and was universally popular! He subsequently embraced the Mohammedan religion, and conformed to all the Turkish habits, even to chewing opium and sitting cross-legged on the floor! With the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Persian, and the Chaldaic, he was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He at one time returned to England, and acted more comformably to his rank, and was returned as a member in two successive Parliaments. At Paris, he was taken up with Mr Taafe, another member of Parliament, and imprisoned for cheating and robbing a Jew, with whom they had gamed. But Montague's profuse expenses soon compelled him to quit his native country, and he again assumed his wandering habits, and eventually died at Padua, at the age of sixty-two years.

Walpole describes him as the greatest miracle of his time. His father scarcely allowed him anything, yet he played, dressed, diamonded himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a foot, and "had more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with a hundred noses." But the most curious part of his dress, which he brought from Paris, was an iron wig. "You literally," says Walpole, "would not know it from hair. I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body."

To commemorate the restoration of the truant to his family, in the grounds attached to Montague House, his relative, Mrs Elizabeth Montague, for many years feasted the chimney-sweeps of London, on the 1st of May, with roast beef and plum-pudding, "so that they might enjoy one happy day in the year." And this special treat is said to have given rise to the general sweeps' holiday. Mrs Montague died in the year 1800, in her eightieth year.

Mermaid Hoax.

THE absurd notion, that there are "Mermen and Mermaids, half man or woman, and the remainder fish," has long been exploded; but, little more than forty years since (in 1822), thousands of dupes were attracted to the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, to see a pretended Mermaid, when three hundred or four hundred persons paid daily one shilling each for the indulgence of their credulity! The imposture was, however, too gross to last long; and it was ascertained to be the dried skin of the head and shoulders of a monkey, attached very neatly to the dried skin of a fish of the salmon kind, with the head cut off, the compound figure being stuffed and highly varnished, the better to deceive the eye. This grotesque object was taken by a Dutch vessel from on board a native Malacca boat; and, from the reverence shown to it by the sailors, it is supposed to have represented the incarnation of one of the idol-gods of the Molucca Islands.

This impudent hoax upon the good people of London was the work of a Japanese fisherman, who seems to having displayed ingenuity for the mere purpose of making money by his countrymen's passion for everything odd and strange. He contrived to unite the upper half of the monkey to the lower half of the fish so successfully as to defy ordinary inspection. He then gave out that he had caught the creature alive in his net, but that it had died shortly after being taken out of the water; and he derived considerable pecuniary profit from his cunning in more ways than one. The exhibition of the sea-monster to Japanese curiosity paid well; but yet more productive was the assertion that the half-human fish, having spoken during the few minutes it existed out of its native element, had predicted a certain number of years of wonderful fertility, and a fatal epidemic, the only remedy for which would be the possession of the marine prophet's likeness. The sale of these pictured mermaids was immense. Either the composite animal, or another, the offspring of the success of the first, was sold to the Dutch factory, and transmitted to Batavia, where it fell into the hands of a speculating American, who brought it to Europe, and here, in the years 1822–23, exhibited his purchase as a real mermaid in every capital, to the admiration of the ignorant, the perplexity of some affectedly learned, and the filling of his own purse.

It is but justice to state that Mr Jerdan, then editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was one of the first, if not the first, journalist to expose the fabrication of the mermaid of 1822, which other less sagacious observers were induced to regard as a natural wonder! *

Sir George Head ingeniously attempts to explain the comb and toilet-glass which the mermaid is said to have been seen using, by referring it to the seal, or sea-calf, which has a voice not dissimilar to a man; the claws of the seal, as well as the hand, are like a lady's back hair-comb; therefore, supposing the resemblance of sea-water streaming down its polished neck on a sun-shiny day the substitute for a looking-glass, we arrive at the fabulous history of the marine maiden, or mermaid, and the appendages of her toilet. Still, the creature must have been so unsightly as to reduce Dryden's definition of a mermaid—a fine woman ending in a fish's tail—to a witty fancy.

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* A pretended mermaid was exhibited in the metropolis in 1775; and in Broad Court, Long Acre, in 1794.

The Portland Vase.

THIS celebrated Vase, the property of the Portland family, has been deposited in the British Museum since 1810. The Vase was found about 1560 in a sarcophagus in a sepulchre under the Monte del Grano, 2½ miles from Rome. It was kept in the palace of the Barberini family until 1770, when it was purchased by Byres, the antiquary, and sold by him to Sir William Hamilton, of whom it was bought for 1800 guineas by the Duchess of Portland, at the sale of whose property it was *bought in* by the family for £1029. The Vase is 9¾ inches high and 7¼ inches in diameter, and has two handles. It is of glass; yet Breval considered it chalcedony; Bartoli, sardonyx; Count Tetzi, amethyst; and De la Chausse, agate. It is ornamented with white opaque figures upon a dark-blue semi-transparent ground, the whole having been originally covered with white enamel, out of which the figures have been cut, like a cameo. The glass foot is distinct, and is thought to have been cemented on after bones or ashes had been placed in the vase. The seven figures, each five inches high, are said by some to illustrate the fable of Thaddeus and Theseus; by Bertolli, Proserpine and Pluto; by Winckelmann, the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus; Darwin, an allegory of Life and Immortality; others, Orpheus and Eurydice; Fosbroke, a marriage, death, and second marriage; Tetzi, the birth of Alexander Severus, whose cinerary urn the vase is thought to be; while the late Thomas Windus, F.S.A., in a work published 1845, considers the scene as a love-sick lady consulting Galen. The Vase was engraved by Cipriani and Bartolozzi in 1786; copies of it were executed by Wedgwood, and sold at fifty guineas each, the model for which cost 500 guineas; there is a copy in the British and Mediæval Room at the British Museum.

The Portland Vase was exhibited in a small room of the old Museum buildings until Feb. 7, 1845, when it was wantonly dashed to pieces with a stone by one William Lloyd; but the pieces being gathered up, the Vase has been restored by Mr Doubleday so beautifully, that a blemish can scarcely be detected. The Vase is now kept in the Medal Room at the British Museum. A clever drawing of the fractured pieces is preserved. Through its fracture was discovered the mode of its manufacture, which had hitherto puzzled connoisseurs.

Unburied Ambassadors.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1784, it is remarked that "much has been said about the Spanish ambassadors in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey, who are said to have been kept above ground for debt; but this story also we have no doubt may be classed among the vulgar errors." It is certain that one ambassador was kept unburied from 1691 to 1708, the date of the *New View,* in which Hatton mentions that "in a feretory in the Duke of Richmond's little chapel, by his tomb, lieth visibly a coffin, covered with red leather, and unburied, wherein is the corpse of Don Pedro de Ronquillo, Conde de Grenado, Del Con. Sexo de Estado, &c., Ambassador Extraordinary from Spain to King James II. and to King William and Queen Mary, ob. 1691" (ii. 514). It is not improbable that there was some difficulty raised about the burial service by the friends of the departed ambassador.—*The Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, M.A., F.S.A.*

Watch-Face at Somerset House.

THERE is an odd traditionary story told of a watch at Somerset House. A little above the entrance-door to the Stamps and Taxes is a white watch-face—of which it is told, that when the wall was being built, a workman had the misfortune to fall from the scaffolding, and was only saved from destruction by the ribbon of his watch, which caught in a piece of projecting work. In thankful remembrance of his wonderful preservation, he is said to have inserted his watch into the face of the wall. Such is the popular belief, and hundreds of persons go to Somerset House to see this fancied memento, and hear the above tale. But the watch-face was placed in its present position many years ago by the Royal Society as a meridian mark for a portable transit instrument in one of the windows of the ante-room. Captain Smyth (Mr Weld informs us, in his *History of the Royal Society*) assisted in mounting the instrument, and perfectly recollects the watch-face placed against the opposite wall; and we have conversed with the bricklayer who executed the work.

Lord Stowell's Love of Sight-Seeing.

LORD STOWELL loved manly sports, and was not above being pleased with the most rude and simple diversions. He gloried in Punch and Judy—their fun stirred his mirth without, as in Goldsmith's case, provoking spleen. He made a boast on one occasion that there was not a puppet-show in London he had not visited, and when turned fourscore, was caught watching one at a distance with children of less growth in high glee. He has been known to make a party with Windham to visit Cribb's, and to have attended the "fives court" as a favourite resort. "There were curious characters," he observed, "to be seen at these places." He was the most indefatigable sight-seer in London. Whatever show could be visited for a shilling, or less, was visited by Lord Stowell. In the western end of London there was a room generally let for exhibitions. At the entrance, as it is said, Lord Stowell presented himself, eager to see "the green monster serpent," which had lately issued cards of invitation to the public. As he was pulling out his purse to pay for his admission, a sharp but honest north-country lad, whose business it was to take the money, recognised him as an old customer, and knowing his name, thus addressed him:—"We can't take your shilling, my lord; 'tis the old serpent which you have seen twice before in other colours; but ye shall go in and see her." He entered, saved his money, and enjoyed his third visit to the painted beauty. This love of "seeing sights" was, on another occasion, productive of a whimsical incident. Some forty years ago, an animal, called a "Bonassus," was exhibited in the Strand. On Lord Stowell's paying it a second visit, the keeper very courteously told his lordship that he was welcome to come, gratuitously, as often as he pleased. Within a day or two after this, however, there appeared, under the bills of the exhibition, in conspicuous characters, "Under the patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Stowell;" an announcement of which the noble and learned lord's friends availed themselves, by passing many a joke upon him; all which he took with the greatest good humour.*

The Bonassus, which we have just mentioned, proved a troublesome neighbour—a constant annoyance. The following letter was intended to have been sent to the "Annoyance Jury," by the occupier of the house in the Strand (nearly opposite Norfolk Street), adjoining that in which the "Bonassus" was exhibited:—

"March 28, 1822.

"Gentlemen,—I Am sorry to trouble you but I Am so Anoyd By next Door Neighbour the Bonassus and with Beasts, that I cannot live in my House—for the stench of the Beast is So Great And their is only A Slight petition Betwixt the houses and the Beast are continually Breaking through in to my Different Rooms And I am always loosing my lodgers in Consequence of the Beast first A Monkey made Its way in My Bedroom next the Jackall came in to the Yard and this last week the people in My Second floor have been Alarmed in the Dead of the Night By Monkey Breaking through into the Closet and are Going to leave in Consequence this being the third lodgers I have lost on account of

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* Townsend's *Lives of Twelve Judges*.

the Beast And I have been letting my Second Floor at Half the Rent—And those men of Mr James are Bawling the whole Day Against My Window—and continually taking peoples attention from My Window—And I am quite pestered with Rats and I Am Confident they came from the Exebition—And in Short the Ingury and Nuisance is So Great as almost Impossible to Describe But to be so Anoyd By such an Imposter I think is Very Hard—Gentlemen your Early inquiry will
oblige your Servant—T. W.——.

"*N.B.*—And if I mention anything to Mr James He ondly Abuses me with the most Uncouth Language."

Hogarth's "Industrious and Idle Apprentices."

Mr Thackeray, in his Lectures on the English Humourists, thus vividly paints the scenes of Hogarth's masterpieces; at the same time he very ingeniously contrasts the past with the present—one of the more immediate benefits of the Lecture: the past is generally interesting, but it chiefly becomes instructive when brought under the powerful focus of the present. His account of Hogarth's "Apprentices" is a masterpiece in this way:—

"Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of *Whittington* and the *London 'Prentice;* whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers *Moll Flanders*, and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church on a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery; while Tom lies on a tomb-stone outside playing at halfpenny-under-the-hat with street blackguards, and deservedly caned by the beadle. Frank is made overseer of the business; whilst Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership, and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his night-cap and gown, with the lovely Mrs Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the city bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; whilst idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or alderman devour; whilst poor Tom is taken up in a night cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his county, in the person of Mr Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognises his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, as the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it; whilst the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion House, in his gilt coach, with four footmen and a sword-bearer, whilst the companies of London march in the august procession, whilst the train-bands of the city fire their pieces and get drunk in his honour; and oh, crowning delight and glory of all, whilst his Majesty the King looks out of his royal balcony, with his ribbon on his breast, and his Queen and his star by his side at the corner house of St Paul's Churchyard, where the toyshop is now.

" How the times have changed! The new Post-office now not disadvantageously occupies that spot where the scaffolding is on the picture, where the tipsy trainband-man is lurching against the post, with his wig over one eye, and the 'prentice-boy is trying to kiss the pretty girl in the gallery. Past away 'prentice boy and pretty girl! Past away tipsy trainband-man with wig and bandolier! On the spot where Tom Idle (for whom I have an unaffected pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe, as he reclines on the gibbet, and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond—a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city—clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abodes of wealth and comfort—the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe!

" In that last plate of the *London Apprentices*, in which the apotheosis of the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild is drawn, a ragged fellow is represented in the corner of the simple kindly piece, offering for sale a broadside, purporting to contain an account of the appearance of the ghost of Tom Idle, executed at Tyburn. Could Tom's ghost have made its appearance in 1847, and not in 1747, what changes would have been remarked by that astonished escaped criminal! Over that road which the hangman used to travel constantly, and the Oxford stage twice a week, go ten thousand carriages every day; over yonder road, by which Dick Turpin fled to Windsor, and Squire Western journeyed into town, when he came to take up his quarters at the

Hercules Pillars on the outskirts of London, what a rush of civilisation and order flows now! What armies of gentlemen with umbrellas march to banks, and chambers, and counting-houses! What regiments of nursery-maids and pretty infantry; what peaceful processions of policemen, what light broughams and what gay carriages, what swarms of busy apprentices and artificers, riding on omnibus roofs, pass daily and hourly! Tom Idle's times are quite changed: many of the institutions gone into disuse which were admired in his day. There's more pity and kindness, and a better chance for poor Tom's successors now than at that simpler period, when Fielding hanged him, and Hogarth drew him."

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Zenith.

SIR JOSHUA is stated to have painted considerably above 2000 pictures; and never was a period so well painted as the generation covered by Reynolds's working life in London between 1753 and 1789; and with what a host of romantic incidents were his sitters made famous. "Not only was there Sir Joshua for the work, but Hudson, Ramsay, and Cotes for his earlier, Gainsborough and Romney for his later, contemporaries; and what a time it was for interest and varied distinction, covering the Seven Years' War, and the glories of Chatham's most glorious time; the battle of Bute and Wilkes, the struggles between prerogative and constitutional rights on the threshold of the reign of George III., the wars of the Parliamentary Titans—Burke and Fox, Townshend and Barré, Pitt and Sheridan, the triumphs or reverses of such soldiers and sailors as Granby and Amherst, Howe, Clinton, and Cornwallis, Keppel and Rodney, Duncan and Hood and Elliott; the era in literature of Grey and Percy, Johnson and Goldsmith, David Hume and Adam Smith, Sterne and Miss Burney, Robertson and Gibbon; in the drama of Foote and Colman, Quin and Macklin, Garrick, Henderson, and King, Weston and Shuter, Clive and Abington, Pritchard, Siddons, and Jordan; the days when Arne, Shield, and Jackson composed, and Linley, Billington, and Mara sang, and when Horace Walpole was writing his letters, and Mrs Montague entertaining the wits and blues; when the beautiful Gunnings were mobbed in park and drawing-room, and the meteoric Duchess of Devonshire canvassed the Westminster electors; the days of the generation which hooted Byng to the quarter-deck, broke Lord North's windows on Keppel's acquittal, and danced round the ruins of Newgate and the wreck of Lord Mansfield's town-house in the 'No Popery' riots; which opened its infant eyes on the *menus plaisirs* of the *Parc-aux-cerfs*, and was startled in its later manhood by the taking of the Bastille; the epoch which begins with Frederick the Great and closes with Napoleon. Reynolds, ever welcome in all societies, was able to appreciate a lower range of class and character than any other portrait-painter in the world. The statesmen, soldiers, sailors, discoverers, philosophers, and connoisseurs, good fellows and *virtuosi*, fine gentlemen and hard-working authors, bankers and beggars, lawyers and players, pure children and painted demireps, blues and kept mistresses, fine ladies and girl models picked up in Hedge Lane and New Place, all passed in succession into the mahogany chair of the Leicester Fields painting-room. If there be any *camera* of that time, it is the studio of Reynolds."—*Times* journal.

This is an admirable piece of figure-writing, which in minuteness equals the article which precedes it; but, in humour, is far in its rear.

Harlow's Picture of the "Trial of Queen Katherine."

THIS picture originated with Mr T. Welsh, the meritorious professor of music, who commissioned Harlow to paint for him a kit-cat size portrait of Mrs Siddons, in the character of *Queen Katherine*, in Shakspeare's play of "Henry VIII.," introducing a few scenic accessories in the distance. For this portrait Harlow was to receive twenty-five guineas; but the idea of representing the whole scene occurred to the artist, who, with Mr Welsh, prevailed upon most of the actors to sit for their portraits; in addition to these are introduced portraits of the friends of both parties, including the artist himself. The sum ultimately paid by Mr Welsh was one hundred guineas; and a like sum was paid by Mr Cribb, for Harlow's permission to engrave the well-known print. The panel upon which the picture is painted is stated to have cost the artist £15.

Knowles, in his *Life of Fuseli*, tells us that "in the performance of this work Harlow owed many obligations to Fuseli for his critical remarks; for, when he first saw the picture, chiefly in dead-colouring, he said, 'I do not disapprove of the general arrangement of your work, and I see you will give it a powerful effect of light and shadow; but you have here a composition of more than twenty figures, or, I should rather say, parts of figures, because you have not shown one leg or foot, which makes it very defective. Now, if you do not know how to draw legs and feet, I will show you'—and taking up a crayon, he drew two on the wainscot of the room. Harlow profited by these remarks: and the next time we saw the picture, the whole arrangement in the foreground was changed. Fuseli then said, 'So far you have done well; but now you have not introduced a back figure, to throw the eye of the spectator into the picture.' And then pointed out by what means he might improve it in this particular. Accordingly, Harlow introduced the two boys who are taking up the cushion."

It has been stated that the majority of the actors in the scene sat for their portraits in this picture. Mr Kemble, however, refused, when asked to do so by Mr Welsh, strengthening his refusal with emphasis profane. Harlow was not to be defeated, and he actually drew Mr Kemble's portrait in one of the stage-boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, while the great actor was playing his part on the stage. The vexation of such a *ruse* to a man of Mr Kemble's temperament can better be imagined than described; how it succeeded must be left to the judgment of the reader. Egerton, Pope, and Stephen Kemble were successively painted for Henry VIII., the artist retaining the latter. The head of Mr Charles Kemble was likewise twice painted—the first, which cost Mr C. Kemble many sittings, was considered by himself and others very successful. The artist thought otherwise; and, contrary to Mr Kemble's wish and remonstrance, he one morning painted out the approved head; in a day or two, however, entirely from recollection, Harlow re-painted the portrait with increased fidelity. Mrs Siddons held her uplifted arm frequently till she could hold it raised no longer, and the majestic limb was finished from the arm of Mrs Welsh.

The Lansdowne Family and Lansdowne House.

In 1805 died the second Marquis of Lansdowne, having by this time passed very much out of popular notice, and the principal cause of public regret for his demise was that only a fortnight before his death he had declared his knowledge of the Junius secret, and yet among his papers was to be found no indication that could lead to its discovery. He was succeeded by his eldest son, the Earl of Wycombe, whose first act on coming into possession was to sell almost all the literary and artistic treasures which his father had accumulated with so much love and labour. The greater part of these were dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, many of the pictures going to enrich the Grosvenor, the National, and other galleries; only the Lansdowne MSS. were kept together, being purchased by the British Museum; while the gallery of antique marbles was the sole portion of the collection for which the Marquis showed any appreciation — his opinion being expressed in the fact that he purchased it from his father's executors for £6000. If, however, this nobleman did not show much respect to his father's cultivated tastes, he was not without a certain ancestral pride; for he tried to build a vessel on the principle of Sir William Petty's double-bottomed ship that was to sail against wind and tide—a model of which was then, and is perhaps still, exhibited in the council-room of the Royal Society. Of nautical habits, he also built near the Southampton Water a marine villa, in which, from dining-hall and private bower to kitchen and scullery, all was utter Gothic, while the gardens belonging to the castle were laid out at Romsey, some ten or twelve miles distant, on a site which formed the original estate of the Petty family. Here, if not in his yacht voyaging to Ireland or the Continent, he spent most of his time. In London he was a marked man—remarkable for his disregard of dress, and for the pride which he took in appearing on the coldest days in winter without a greatcoat and without gloves. He died in November 1809, and was succeeded by his half-brother, the fourth Marquis, whose first care was to purchase the antique marbles from his sister-in-law, and there at Lansdowne House they may now be seen—some of them, as the youthful Hercules and the Mercury, justly considered the finest statues of the kind that have found their way to this country. As for the pictures, when the Marquis succeeded to the title, in 1809, there was not one in this splendid mansion, with the exception of a few family portraits; but Lord Lansdowne set himself to the formation of a gallery which now comprises nearly 200 pictures of rare interest and value, but miscellaneous in their character, no school nor master predominating unless it be Sir Joshua Reynolds. Some of the portraits in this collection are of great interest. There is the celebrated portrait of Pope by Jervas; Reynolds's wonderful portrait of Sterne; one of Franklin, by Gainsborough; a beautiful one of Peg Woffington, by Hogarth; Lady Hamilton appears twice—as a bacchante and a gipsy, from the pencil of Romney; Horner, the old college friend of Lord Lansdowne, is not forgotten; but, most interesting of all, there is the lovely portrait of Mrs Sheridan, as St Cecilia, painted by Reynolds.

It may recall with some vividness the fashion of those times if we record a little incident connected with this portrait. During the short-lived Ministry of "All the Talents," the Whig leaders celebrated their return to power by a continual round of festivities, in which Sheridan outvied all his colleagues. One Sunday (25th May 1806) he gave a grand dinner; on the Monday following a supper and ball, at which the dancing was prolonged to past eight o'clock next morning; on the Tuesday a christening, a masque, and another ball, the Prince being present on each occasion, and the Lord Chancellor Erskine and the young Chancellor of the Exchequer, Henry Petty being conspicuous among the dancers. On the occasion of the dinner, the portrait of Mrs Sheridan was redeemed for one night only from the pawnbroker's, and exhibited in its place in the dining-room; when poor Sheridan died, it was still in possession of the pawnbroker; it then fell into the hands of Sheridan's solicitor, and from him it was purchased for £600 by Lord Lansdowne. In this little incident we get some glimpses of that conviviality for which the Whigs were distinguished. "Le Whig est la femme de votre Gouvernement," says Balzac, and the truth of the remark is especially illustrated in that social influence which the Whigs have always cultivated more than the Tories.*

Lansdowne House was built by Robert Adam for the Marquis of Bute, when minister to George III., and sold by the Marquis before completion to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, for £22,000, which was supposed to be £3000 less than it cost. There is, also, a piece of political scandal—that Lansdowne House was constructed by one Peace (Lord Bute's, in 1762), and paid for by another (Lord Shelburne's, in 1783.)

An Astronomical Curiosity.

MANY years since, a dire quarrel arose from Sir James South's dissatisfaction at the manner in which Mr Troughton, the mathematical instrument maker, had mounted his telescope. It was arranged that certain alterations proposed by Mr Airy, Mr Sheepshanks, and others should be made, the expense of the changes to be defrayed by Sir James South, if they proved to be useful. The result was a lawsuit, in which Sir James was worsted—and it was followed by the circulation of the following amusing squib :—

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* From *The Times* journal.

OBSERVATORY,

Campden Hill, Kensington.

To Shy-cock Toy Makers—Smoke Jack Makers—
Mock Coin Makers—Dealers in Old Metals—
Collectors of and Dealers in Artificial Curiosities—
and to such Fellows of

THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY,

as at the meeting of that most learned and equally upright Body, on the 13th of May last, were enlightened by Mr Airy's (the Astronomer Royal's) profound exposé of the Mechanical Incapacity of English Astronomical Instrument Makers of the present day.

TO BE SOLD,

By hand, on the Premises, by

MR MACLELAND,

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 21st,

Between 11 and 12 in the Forenoon,

Several Hundredweight of Brass, Gun Metal, &c., &c.,

being the Metal of the

GREAT EQUATORIAL INSTRUMENT

Made for the Kensington Observatory,

BY MESSRS

TROUGHTON AND SIMMS,

The Wooden Polar Axis of which, by the same Artists, and its Botchings cobbled up by their Assistants,

Mr AIRY and the Rev. R. SHEEPSHANKS,

were, in consequence of public advertisement on the 8th of July 1839, purchased by divers Vendors of Old Clothes, Licensed Dealers in Dead Cows and Horses, &c., &c., with the exception of a fragment of Mahogany, specially reserved, at the request of several distinguished Philosophers, which, on account of the great anxiety expressed by Foreign Astronomers and Foreign Astronomical Instrument Makers, to possess, when converted into Snuff Boxes, as a *souvenir piquant* of the state of the Art of Astronomical Instrument Making in England during the 19th Century, will, at the conclusion of the Sale, be disposed of, at — per pound.

Downing Street.

THIS street has now disappeared. The clearance was begun so long ago as 1828, when was taken down the south of Downing Street: at the corner next King Street, was the noted "Cat and Bagpipes," where, in early life, George Rose, subsequently Secretary of the Treasury, used to eat his mutton-chop dinner. When Haydon painted for Earl Grey a whole-length portrait of his Lordship, seated in his private room at Downing Street, he paid special attention to the details of the apartment. Downing Street has a host of political associations and anecdotes of its celebrated occupants. When Sir Robert Walpole removed from his official residence here, he found an old account-book of his father's, wherein he set down all his expenses. In three months and ten days that he was in London one winter as member of Parliament, he spent sixty-four pounds, seven shillings, and fivepence! There are many entries for Nottingham ale, eighteenpences for dinners, five shillings to Bob (afterwards Earl of Orford), and one memorandum of six shillings given in exchange to Mr Williams for his wig; and yet this old man, Horace Walpole's grandfather, had two thousand pounds a-year, Norfolk, sterling! He little thought that what maintained him for a whole session would scarce serve one of his grandsons to buy a pair of fans for princesses at Florence.

When, in 1783, Lord North descended from the post of First Minister to Secretary of State, he jested on the change. His apartments at the Treasury being situated on the second floor, he experienced some fatigue in ascending so many steps. Frequently, from the effect of long habit, or from absence of mind, forgetting the change in his official situation, he went straight to the Treasury Chambers, on the first floor. These accidents, which would have distressed more irritable men, never externally discomposed good-humoured Lord North.

Prime Ministers have variously affected Downing Street. Pitt's laborious habits of work kept him much at his office. A curious piece of Parliamentary work in his administration—a genuine Downing Street record, —has turned up. When, in 1783, Mr Pitt introduced his bill for regulating fees, perquisites, and other emoluments in public offices, he pointed at one of the charges of previous administrations, specifying a sum of £340 paid to the Secretary of the Treasury for the article of *whipcord.* Some sort of explanation was given, which diverted more than it satisfied its hearers. (See Sir N. W. Wraxall's *Historical Memoirs,* vol. ii. p. 361.) Has not this *whipcord* charge something to do with the Treasury *whipper-in?*

Haydon once asked Lord Melbourne if he occupied Downing Street. He said "No," with hesitation; but he was fond of leisure, and, by keeping at his house in South Street, he was out of the way of bore till business hours. Lord Grey was always in it; and Haydon in his picture, has portrayed his Lordship ruminating by the fireside after a great Reform debate.

In the Colonial Office, No. 14 in the street, in a small waiting-room on the right hand on entering, the Duke of Wellington—then Sir Arthur Wellesley—and Lord Nelson, both waiting to see the Secretary of State, met,

—the only time in their lives. The Duke knew Nelson from his pictures; Lord Nelson did not know the Duke, but was so struck with his conversation, that he stept out of the room to inquire who he was. Mr Peter Cunningham relates this meeting, which has been painted and engraved.

Theodore Hook, in one of his later tales, says of Downing Street: "There is a fascination in the air of that little *cul-de-sac*: an hour's inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious boastfulness." And Theodore was right.

Curiosities of the Patent Office.

An indefinite title was formerly supposed to be some security against piracy during the long progress of a patent towards maturity; while at the same time patentees, thinking it no doubt a great hardship to have so costly a protection limited to only one invention, were in the habit of crowding as many distinct things as possible into their specifications. There are numberless instances of this to be found in the old specifications at the Patent Office, but the most amusing and most modern occurs in a patent granted a few years since, which, under the modest title of "improvements in cooking and culinary articles and methods of heating and suspending and fastening articles of domestic use, and similar purposes," embraces not less than fifty distinct inventions, classed under eleven different heads, and comprising the manufacture of fuel, machinery, cements, coffee and tea pots, ovens, pails, brackets, lamps, filters, walking-sticks, door-plates, *railways and nosebags for horses,* enamelled door-knobs, candlesticks, weights and scales, brushes and mops, egg-boilers, knife-sharpeners, locks, plate-warmers, decanter stoppers, frying-pans, and chimney flues, besides many other processes in chemical and manufacturing operations.

It was not until the 30,000 old specifications—all granted since the days of James I.—were indexed, that it was seen how men had patented the same hopeless inventions over and over again, without the least idea that hundreds had not only tried the same plans, but been ruined by them. All these inventions are now indexed under four heads, in as many volumes; and taking them all in all, they are, perhaps, the most wonderful records of human ingenuity, and sometimes, too, we must add, of human folly, that ever were gathered together. A mingled list of failures that have ruined the hopes of thousands, and of successes which have almost altered the destinies of half the human race, and realised the most colossal fortunes. The honour of heading this list and of receiving the first patent, granted on the 2nd of March 1617, belongs to Aaron Rapburne, gent., and Roger Burges, who are "graunted a priviledge for the terme of XXI yeares of the sole makeing, carveing, describeing, and graveing in copper, brass, or other metalle, alle suche and soe manie mappes, plottes, or descripcions of Lond., Westm., Bristolle, Norwiche, Canterbury, Bath, Oxford, and Cambridge, and the towne and castel of Windsor, and to imprint and sette forthe and selle the same." The next, given in the same month, is to Nicholas Hildeyarde, for drawing pictures of his Majesty James I. Many of the patents, though, of this time are mere monopolies. Some, however, are good, and we meet with one which evidently points to the use of steam in 1630—a patent granted to no less a person than our old friend David Ramseye, of whom Scott has left us such a picture in *The Fortunes of Nigel.* The wording of this is:—

"To our wel-beloved servants, David Ramseye, Esquire, and one of the Groomes of our Privie Chamber, that hee, by his greate paines, industry, and chardge, hath found out, invented, and perfected diverse new waies, meanes, and invencons; that is to say, 'To multiplie and make saltpeter in an open fielde in fower acres of ground sufficient to serve all our dominions; to raise water from Lowe-pitts by fire; to make any sort of mills to goe on standing waters by continuall mocon, without the help of winde, waite, or horse; to make all sorts of tapistrie without any weaving loome or way ever yet in vse in this kingdome; to make boates, shippes, and barges to goe against stronge winde and tyde; to make the earth firtile more then vsuall; to rayse water from low places and mynds and coalepitts by a new waie never yet in vse; to make hard iron soft, and likewise copper to bee tuffe and soft, which is not in vse within this kingdome, and to make yellow wax white verie speedily."

This is a fair amount for any man to accomplish; but the old clockmaker seems scarcely satisfied with even this allotment, since a few years later we find him, in conjunction with one Thomas Wildgoose (good name for a patentee), taking out another for—

"Thirty-one yeares to exercise and putt in use divers new apt forms of engines and other profitable (?) inventions, as well to plough grounds without horse or oxen, and to make firtile as well barren peats, salts, and sea lands as inland and upland grounds within the realms of the united kingdom; and also to raise waters and to make boats for carriages running upon the water as swift in calms and more safe in storms than boats full saile in great windes."

If this does not point to steam it must be sheer lunacy.

The old adage that there is nothing new under the sun is forcibly exemplified as we look down the pages of this index. The electric telegraph is clearly foreshadowed at the close of the seventeenth century, in a manner then almost as prophetical as the verse in Job, which says, "Send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee we are here."

In 1823, again, a gentleman, named Ronalds (yet living), took out a patent for an electric telegraph, and actually proved its feasibility by working through eight miles of wire. This inventor asks:—

"Why has no serious trial yet been made of the qualification of so diligent a courier? And if he should be proved competent to the task, why should not our Kings hold Councils at Brighton with their Ministers in London? Why should not our Government govern at Portsmouth almost as promptly as in Downing Street? Why should our defaulters escape by means of our foggy climate? Let us have electrical conversazione offices communicating with each other all over the kingdom if we can."

The reply of the Government of that day to the offer of this gentleman to construct an electric telegraph for them is worth recording as a grand instance of routine. It was briefly this :—

"Telegraphs of any kind were wholly unnecessary, and none other than the semaphores then in use would ever be adopted."

Up to 1852 there were 262 patents for improvements in firearms, shells, rockets, &c. Curiously enough, one of the earliest on the list is a breech-loading revolving cannon, by James Puckle, while the last is Colonel Colt's, applying the same principle to pistols. Puckle's specification is partly in rhyme, and entitled "A Defence:"—

Defending King George, your country, and laws,
Is defending yourselves and the Protestant cause.
For bridges, breaches, lines, and passes,
Ships, boats, houses, and other places.

This most curious weapon has different chambers; some for shooting round bullets against Christians, and for *square* bullets against Turks.

One gentleman has actually been insane enough to have a patent taken out for an extraordinary and most impossible invention, and as the patent is in the name of an unknown earldom, the patentee believes that such a specification under the Great Seal is the same as a patent of nobility, and has thenceforth signed himself "Earl Bedlam" accordingly. One cannot help smiling at some of the specifications, though it is almost alarming to see how fine is the line between lunatic and patentee. What a state of mind must the man be in who spends £500 in patenting a "Nocturnal remembrancer, by which every person of genius, business, or reflection, may secure all their night thoughts worth preserving, though totally in the dark."

Dibdin has a patent for teaching music by a very roundabout way, with letters instead of notes, a mode which, to judge from the state of the music trade at the present time, seems scarcely to have answered the expectations of the inventor. Benjamin O'Neale Stratford, Earl of Aldborough, of patent medicine fame, has whole folios of specifications devoted to improvements in "Aerial Navigation." Characteristically enough, "Aerial Navigation," and its improvement, seems to possess great charms for the inventors of the sister kingdom, for we find several such specifications at the Patent Office, each more outrageous than its predecessor, and each accompanied by the wildest diagrams it is possible to conceive. Rabelais' visit to Queen Whims has nothing in it so comical or so absurd as not to find a parallel in this curious record of wild ideas and impracticable plans —or plans which, if feasible and carried out, could be of no earthly good to anybody.*

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* Abridged from *The Times* journal.

Opera-House Speculation.

THE history of Edward Thomas Delafield, as related in the Court of Bankruptcy, furnishes as beautiful an illustration of the way in which inexperienced young men are ruined in London as any moralist could desire. Mr Delafield had an uncle, who died, leaving £100,000 to his nephew, then a child. In due time the wealthy minor went to Oxford. Having finished his studies, he embarked his £100,000 in the brewery of Combe, Delafield, and Co., about the latter end of 1845. His income during the two years he was a brewer would have been about £7500 a year, had he been content with what his capital produced in the shape of interest at 5 per cent., and profits to the extent of £2500 per annum. But this moderate amount was not sufficient for his liberal style of expenditure. The rent of his house in Belgrave Square, including what he paid for stables, was £1095; and, in good keeping with this, the wear and tear of horses, carriages, and harness amounted to £2873. The expenses in Brighton, in 1846, were £973; not to speak of keep of horses, wages of coachmen and grooms, £2303; apparel of servants and liveries, £1251; wages of butler, gardeners, and others, £1364; hotel expenses, £834; or the somewhat large item of £4368, which was set down in the balance-sheet as "private expenditure."

But the mere living in this expensive manner would not have swallowed up his large fortune quite as fast, had he not allowed himself to be drawn into the maelström of Opera-house management. While sitting in his box at the Italian Opera-house (Covent Garden), one evening, in the summer or 1847, Mr Beal joined him, and, after some conversation about the splendour of the scenery, the beauty of the actresses, and the charms of the dancers, informed him confidentially that the establishment was in difficulties; Persiani was gone, and money was required to pay the *artistes,* or the theatre must close. To avert so dire a catastrophe, Mr Delafield, whose wealth seemed boundless, was asked merely to give a promissory note for £3000. At this time he had no connection with the Opera-house; but from that hour he was gradually led on to become a partner in the management of its affairs. This took place in August 1848, nearly a year after he had retired from the brewery, taking all his capital with him. The terms on which he joined the management were, that he was not to incur any liability beyond £15,000; but before a year was over, he had lost four times that sum. His partners all contrived to shift the responsibility on his shoulders; and, as long as he could draw upon his bankers, he continued to pay the various *artistes*, at the following rates :—

Madame	Grisi,	£5156
„	Alboni,	4000
„	Viardot Garcia,	4313
„	Castellan,	1728
„	Persiani,	1140
Signor	Mario,	4580
„	Tamburini,	2805
„	Salvi,	2570
„	Marini,	1850
„	Roger,	1910

And a large number of lesser stars, at salaries varying from £50 to £697 each. During the same year he bought Willow-Bank House from General Conyers for £5000; but he had it pulled down and rebuilt at a cost of several thousand pounds. By the end of 1848 the credulous gentleman was completely ruined; but his credit was not entirely gone. When the fiat of bankruptcy was struck, it appeared that his debts amounted to £33,000, and that the only available assets were—good debts, £3, 14s. 6d.! In little more than three years his £100,000 had been swept away, together with £14,164 which he received as interest and profit on his capital while partner in the brewery.

Humours of Epsom Races.

EPSOM RACES, the Isthmian carnival of Londoners, date, by tradition, from more than two centuries back; but this is almost as uncertain as the time of the discovery of Epsom Wells. Both alike contributed to raise the place from an obscure village to a focus of gaiety, which reached its zenith in the last century. The railway has, however, severed the Downs from the town; and thousands of Londoners know Epsom but in association with Epsom Races. A century ago the journey from London to Epsom *occupied twelve or fourteen hours;* now it is a flight of a few minutes. In the olden time there were races on the Downs in the morning, the gentry returned into the town to dinner, and then went to the afternoon races; and within recollection, in "the race week," Epsom town was crowded with company.

However, both Races and Wells are stated to be coeval with the residence of James I. at the Palace of Nonsuch early in the seventeenth century. It was a favourite resort of Queen Elizabeth, and here she had her first tiff with the Earl of Essex. Nonsuch was settled upon Anne, Queen of James I., whose physicians, hearing of the spa, soon found it to contain what a few old-fashioned people call "Epsom salts." As the Court doctors discovered the spring, so the Court gallants got up the races. They were first held at irregular intervals; and curious it is to read in Clarendon's folio that, in 1648, a meeting of the Royalists was held on Bansted Downs (by which name the Epsom Downs is occasionally referred to in old documents), "under the pretence of a horse-race." But the reign of James I. was the starting-point of horse-racing, then conducted nearly in the same style as to essentials as in the present day, of which, among other evidence, we find etchings upon old silver tankards, then race-prizes. During the Civil Wars the races were suspended; but they were *restored* by Charles II., who substituted silver cups or bowls for the Royal gift of the ancient *bells.* Charles gave Nonsuch to his Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled down the extensive palace, the materials of which were mostly used in enlarging Epsom. In one of the mansions thus built, named Durdans, in 1662, Charles II. and his Queen, Prince Rupert, and the Court, dined with the Earl of Berkeley. John Evelyn was also a guest, and three years later he met here Bishop Wilkins, Sir William Petty, and Mr Hooke:—"Perhaps three such persons together were not to be found elsewhere in Europe for parts and ingenuity." At Durdans resided Frederick, Prince of

Wales, who often enjoyed hawking on Epsom Downs, where is a spot yet known as "The Hawkery."

Mention of Epsom occurs in the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys. Leigh Hunt, in his novel of *Sir Ralph Esher*, has some very picturesque writing of Epsom in Charles II.'s reign. Sir John Mennies, one of the wits of that day, wrote a poem on Epsom Wells; and Shadwell wrote a comedy called *Epsom Wells*, frequently acted at the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

Old Epsom has a host of notabilities. Upon the fine old mansion of Woodcote, Grinling Gibbons and Verrio wrought. About 1640, Epsom Spa brought flocks of visitors from France, Germany, and other parts of Europe; and the bilious citizens of London came here, the journey to the German Spa being too expensive. In 1684, there was a post daily to and fro betwixt London and Epsom during the season for drinking the waters. Lodging-houses and houses of entertainment were added; and here were the New Inn, reputed to be the largest in England; sedans and hackney-coaches; public breakfasts, dancing, and music every morning at the Wells; a ring, as in Hyde Park; on the Downs, horse-races daily; cudgel-playing, wrestling, and foot-races; assemblies and card-parties. Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, drank the waters at Epsom, when sixty coaches might be counted in the ring on a Sunday evening. About 1690 an apothecary set up a rival well to the Old Well. He built an assembly-room and gaming-rooms; shops for jewellers, milliners and toymen; planted a grove and laid out a bowling-green—in which were the New Wells; which, proving inefficacious, the schemer bought and locked up the Old

Well, and thus prevented a comparison between the genuine and spurious mineral water.

The South Sea speculators sent here "Alchemists, Dutchmen, Germans, Jews," &c., who brought with them gambling. Epsom then went out of fashion; but, upon the Old Well being re-opened, the gaiety revived with public breakfasts, music, dancing, and cards. The spring was then altogether neglected; but in 1822 and 1823 patients came here to drink the waters for scrofula and liver complaints. The Wells are now more remembered for their fashionable fame than for their health-giving properties.

Among the Epsom celebrities were Jonathan Boucher, the philologist; Parkhurst, of the celebrated Greek Lexicon; Attorney-General Northey, who gave from his park the first brood of rooks for the rookery in Temple Gardens, London; and at Pitt Place, near the church, Lord Littleton "saw the ghost." But we have omitted Mrs Mapp, the bone-setter or shape-mistress, who gained twenty guineas a day by her practice, and came twice a week from Epsom to London in her chariot and four horses to attend town patients. However, she married the footman of a mercer on Ludgate Hill—an unhappy match. She next removed to Pall Mall, then the highway of quackery. In less than a year, fame, fortune, and friends forsook her, and she died at Seven Dials, and was buried by the parish. She figures in Hogarth's print of "The Undertaker's Arms," between two fellow-empirics, Ward and Taylor. Mapp lost herself by leaving Epsom, the best "pitch" for her "bone-setting" business. To this archæological gossip we may add our reminiscence of the Epsom of fifty years since, when large old houses, galleried inns, and public-houses unusually numerous, were the remains of the older gaieties of the Wells and the Races.

The Four Indian Kings.

In King Street, Covent Garden, lived Arne, the upholsterer, the father of Dr Arne and Mrs Cibber. At old Arne's house sojourned the four "Indian Kings," as they were called, who came to this country in Queen Anne's time to ask her assistance against the French in Canada. "They were clothed and entertained," says a note in the *Tatler*, "at the public expense, being lodged, while they continued in London, in an handsome apartment;" perhaps in the house of Mr Arne, as may be inferred from the *Tatler*, No. 155, and note. Certainly, their landlord was an upholsterer in Covent Garden, in a new street, which seems at that time to have received the name of King Street, which it retains to this day, in common with many other streets, so called in honour of Charles II. The figures of these four Indian kings or chiefs are still preserved in the British Museum. The names and titles of their majesties are recorded there, and in the *Annals of Queen Anne*, but with the following differences from the account of them in this paper:—*Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Prow*, and *Sa Ga Yean Qua Prah Ion*, of the *Maquas; Elow Oh Kaom*, and *Oh Nee Yeath Ion No Prow*, of the river *Sachem*, and the *Ganajoh-hore Sachem.*

On the 18th of April 1710, according to Salmon, on the 19th according to Boyer, these four illustrious personages were conveyed in two of the Queen's coaches to St James's, by Sir Charles Cotterel, Master of the Ceremonies, and introduced to their public audience by the Duke of Shrewsbury, then Lord Chamberlain. They made a speech by an interpreter, which Major Pidgeon, an officer who came over with them from America, read in English to her Majesty:—

They had (they said) with one consent hung up the kettle and taken up the hatchet, in token of their friendship to their great queen and her children, and had been, on the other side of the great water, a strong wall of security to their great queen's children, even to the loss of their best men. For the truth of what they affirmed, and their written proposals, they referred to Colonel Scuyder and Colonel Nicholson, whom they called, in their language, Brother Queder, and Anadgargaux; and, speaking of Colonel Vetch, they named him Anadiasia. They said they always considered the French as men of falsehood, and rejoiced in the prospect of the reduction of Canada; after which they should have free hunting, and a great trade with their great queen's children; and as a token of the sincerity of the Six Nations, in the name of all, they presented their great queen with the belts of wampum. They concluded their speech with recommending their very hard case to their great queen's gracious consideration, expressing their hopes of her favour, and requesting the mission of more of her children to reinforce and to instruct, for they had got, as they said, since their alliance with her children, some knowledge of the Saviour of the world. The curious may see this speech at full length in the *Annals of Queen Anne.* On the same day, according to Boyer, a royal messenger of the Emperor of Morocco, Elhadge Guzman, was likewise introduced by the Duke of Shrewsbury to a private audience, and delivered letters to the Queen from Mula Ishmael, his master, the same emperor, probably, who sent an ambassador to our court in 1706, mentioned in the *Tatler*, No. 130.

The Indian Kings continued about a fortnight longer in London, during which they were hospitably entertained by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, by the Duke of Ormond, and several persons of distinction. They were carried to see Dr Flamstead's house and the mathematical instruments in Greenwich Park, and entertained with the sight of the principal curiosities in and about the metropolis, then conveyed to Portsmouth through Hampton Court and Windsor, and embarked with Colonel Nicholson, commander of the forces appointed to the American service, on board the *Dragon,* Captain Martin, Commodore, who, with about eighteen sail under his convoy, "sailed from Spithead on the 18th of May, and landed their majesties safe at Boston, in New England, July 15, 1710."

The St Margaret's Painted Window at Westminster.

THE history of the painted glass cinque-cento window, which, in 1758, was placed in the chancel, over the altar of St Margaret's Church, is truly romantic.

This beautiful window (said to have been executed at Gouda, in Holland, and to have occupied five years in the making) was originally intended by the magistrates of Dort as a present to Henry VII., by whom it was intended for his Chapel at Westminster; or, as some say, it was ordered by Ferdinand and Isabella on the occasion of Prince Arthur being affianced, in 1499, to the Princess Catherine of Arragon, their portraits being procured for the purpose.

The three middle compartments represent the Crucifixion, with the usual accompaniments of angels receiving in a chalice the blood which drops from the wounds of the Saviour. Over the good thief an angel is represented wafting his soul to Paradise; and over the wicked, the devil in the shape of a dragon carrying his soul to a place of punishment. In the six upper compartments are six angels holding the emblems of crucifixion: the cross, the sponge, the crown of thorns, the hammer, the rods and nails. In the right hand lower compartment is Arthur, Prince of Wales (eldest son of Henry VII.); and in the companion or left side, Catherine of Arragon, his bride (afterwards married to his brother Henry VIII., and divorced by him). Over the head of Prince Arthur is a full-length figure of St

George, with the red and white roses of England; and over Catherine of Arragon, a full-length figure of St Catherine, with the bursting pomegranate, the emblem of the kingdom of Granada.

Prince Arthur died before the window was finished; the King himself before it could be erected. Succeeding events—the marriage of Henry VIII. to the bride or widow of his brother, with the subsequent divorce of Catherine—rendered the window wholly unfit for the place for which it was intended. It was then given by the King to Waltham Abbey, in Essex, where it remained till the dissolution of religious houses, when Robert Fuller, the last Abbot, to preserve it, sent it to his private chapel at New Hall, in the same county; where, by a subsequent purchase, it became, by a curious coincidence, the property of the father of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. Queen Elizabeth gave it to Thomas Ratcliff, Earl of Sussex, who resided at New Hall, and from him it was purchased by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I. Oliver Cromwell was its next owner. He caused the window to be buried under ground, well knowing that if it fell into the hands of the Puritans, they would not fail to destroy it. At the Restoration, it reverted to the second Duke of Buckingham, who subsequently sold New Hall to General Monk, Duke of Albemarle. General Monk replaced it in his chapel at New Hall. Subsequent to his death, owing to his son, Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, dying without issue, this beautiful seat became the property of the Duchess, and fell into ruin and decay. Its next owner, John Olmius, Esq., demolished the chapel, but preserved the window, in the hope of selling it to some church. The window then lay for some time packed up in chests, until purchased by Mr Conyers, of Copt Hall, in Essex, for fifty guineas, to be placed in his chapel; and he paid Mr Price a large sum for repairing it. The window remained at Copt Hall until Mr John Conyers, son of the late owner, having built a new house at a distance from the old mansion, in 1758, sold the window to the churchwardens of St Margaret's, Westminster, who were then repairing and beautifying their very interesting old church. The sum paid for the window was 400 guineas, part of £4000 granted by Parliament for rebuilding the chancel, and in aid of the church reverted to by the House of Commons. In the following year, the church was re-opened, the window was erected, and a fine anthem performed, having been composed expressly for the occasion by Dr Boyce.

The painted glass was greatly admired, but scarcely had the beautiful work been appreciated, when a vexatious suit was instituted against the churchwardens for having put up this splendid addition to the church. An old dormant statute, 3 & 4 Edw. I. c. 10, was adduced, entitled "An Act for abolishing and putting away divers Books and Images;" the special ground of offence being the representation of the Crucifixion, which the promoters of the suit termed "a superstitious image or picture;" and it was further complained of that the churchwardens had not first obtained a faculty or license from the Ordinary. The suit was instituted by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, but upon mistaken premises, the Act upon which it was grounded being against actual images, not paintings or delineations upon walls, or in windows. However, the suit lasted seven long years; and the last we hear of it is in the *Annual Register*, as follows:—

> "An appeal came lately before the Court of Delegates, between the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, and the Parishioners of St Margaret's, concerning the Painted Window in the Church; the Bill was ordered to be dismissed, and each party to pay their own costs."

In commemoration of this successful issue of the trial, one of the churchwardens, who had continued in office during seven years of the suit, presented to the churchwardens a chaste silver gilt cup, weighing 93 oz. 15 dwt., which is the "Loving Cup" of St Margaret's, and the parochial feasts.

It is worth a walk to St Margaret's to see this window. The late Mr Winston, the great authority upon glass-painting, says of it:—

> "Though at present much begrimed with London smoke and soot, it may be cited as an example of the pictorial excellence attainable in a glass-painting without any violation of the fundamental rules and conditions of the art. The harmonious arrangement of the colouring is worthy of attention. It is the most beautiful work in this respect that I am acquainted with."

The church has been in our time, as it was centuries ago in Stow's time, "in danger of pulling down;" which, if carried into effect, would add another leaf to the history of the St Margaret's Painted Window.

Painted Window of "The Field of Cloth of Gold."

In the spring of 1830, there was exhibited, in a house at the east end of Oxford Street, a superb specimen of modern painting on glass, of almost stupendous size—18 by 24 feet. The term "window," however, is hardly applicable to this painting, for no framework was visible; but the entire picture consisted of upwards of 350 pieces, of irregular forms and sizes, fitted into metal astragals, so contrived as to fall with the shadows, and thus to assist the appearance of an uninterrupted and unique picture upon a sheet of glass.

The subject was "The Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in the plain of Ardres, near Calais; a scene of overwhelming gorgeousness, and, in the splendour of its appointments, well suited to the brilliant effects which are the peculiar characteristics of painting in enamel. The stage represented was the last tournay, on June 21, 1520. The field is minutely chronicled by Hall, whose details the painter had closely followed. There were artificial trees, with green damask leaves; and branches and boughs, and withered leaves, of cloth of gold; the trunks and arms being also covered with cloth-of-gold, and intermingled with fruits and flowers of Venice gold; so that "their beautie shewed farre." In the trees were hung shields emblazoned with "the Kynge of Englande's armes, within a gartier, the French

Kynge's within a collar of his order of Sainct Michael, with a close crowne, with a flower-de-lise in the toppe;" and around and above were the shields of the noblemen of the two courts. The two Queens were seated in a magnificent pavilion, and next to the Queen of England (Anne Boleyn) sat Wolsey. The judges were on stages, the heralds in their tabards were placed at suitable points, and around were gathered the flower of the French and English nobility to witness this closing glory of the last days of chivalry.

The *action* of the piece may be thus described:—The trumpets sounded, and the two Kings and their retinues entered the field; they then put down their visors and rode to the encounter valiantly; or, in the words of Hall, "the ii Kynges were ready, and either of them encomtered one man-of-armes; the French Kynge of England to Mounsire Florrenges, and broke his poldron, and him disarmed, when ye strokes were stricken, the battail was departed, and was much praised."

The picture contained upwards of one hundred figures, life-size, of which forty were portraits, after Holbein, and other contemporary authorities. The armour of the two Kings and the challengers was very successfully painted: their owners almost breathed chivalric fire; and the costumes and heraldic devices presented a blaze of dazzling splendour. Among the most striking portraits were those of the two Queens, Wolsey, and the Countess Chateaubriant; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; and Queen Mary, Dowager of France, with the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, whose hasty comment upon the extravagance of the Tournament proved his downfall. The elaborate richness of the costumes, sparkling with gold and jewels; the fleecy floating feathers of the champions; the burnished armour and glittering arms; the congregated glories of velvet, ermine, and cloth of gold, and the heraldic emblazonry amidst the emerald freshness of the foliage—all combined to form a scene of unparalleled sumptuousness and superb effect.

The painting was executed in glass by Mr Thomas Wilmshurst, a pupil of Mr Muss, from a sketch by Mr R. T. Bone; the horses by Mr Woodward. The work cost the artist nearly £3000. It was exhibited in the first-floor of No. 15 Oxford Street, and occupied one end of the apartment, which was painted for the occasion, with panelling and carving in the taste of the time of Henry VIII. The whole was very attractive as an exhibition: the visitors of rank were very numerous; the King (George IV.) expressed a wish to see the picture, but was prevented by illness, journeying from Windsor to the metropolis for that purpose. The sight was very popular, as may be judged by the sale of nearly 50,000 descriptive catalogues of the picture. Sad, then, to relate, in one unlucky night, Jan. 31, 1832, the house was destroyed in an accidental fire, and with it the picture, which, of course was fixed—built up at one end of the room—and could not possibly be removed: not even a sketch, or study was saved. The property was wholly uninsured. The writer of this account of the picture, when he first saw it completed, was led to exclaim—"In case of fire, this beautiful work must perish!" On the night of the conflagration, the crowd assembled in the street witnessed the destruction of the painting with sympathy and sorrow. As a work of art, it possessed great merit: the treatment was altogether original; the painters, in no instance, having borrowed from the contemporary picture of the same event, in the Hampton Court Collection.

Holbein is stated to have accompanied Henry VIII. to the meeting with Francis I. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Mr A. W. Franks, F.S.A., in the *Archæologia*, xxxix. p. 6, says:—

"I know not on what authority this statement is made; it may be based on a passage in the *Pittura scelte* of Catherine of Patin, who tells us that Francis I. gave Henry VIII. a picture of Leonardo da Vinci in return for some paintings by Holbein; she does not, however, mention the occasion. It is probable that Holbein was in the King's service in 1536, and a portrait by him of Jane Seymour, now at Vienna, bears that date."

Going to Fires.

Horace Walpole writes to one of his friends:—

"You know I can't resist going to a fire, for it is certainly the most horrid sight that is fine." "I am at present confined with a cold, which I caught by going to a fire in the middle of the night, and in the middle of the snow, two days ago. About five in the morning, Harry waked me with a candle in his hand, and cried, 'Pray, your honour, don't be frightened!' 'No, Harry, I am not; but what is it I am not to be frightened at?' 'There is a great fire here in St James's Street.' I rose, and indeed thought all St James's Street was on fire, but it proved to be in Bury Street. I slipped on my slippers and an embroidered suit that hung on the chair, and ran into Bury Street, and stepped into a pipe that was broken up for water. It would have made a picture—the horror of the flames, the snow, the day breaking with difficulty through so foul a night, and my figure, party per *pale*, mud and gold. It put me in mind of Lady Margaret Herbert's providence, who asked somebody for a pretty *pattern* for a nightcap. 'Lord,' said they, 'what signifies the pattern of a nightcap?' 'Oh! child,' said she, 'but you know, in case of fire.' There were two houses burnt, and a poor maid; an officer jumped out of the window, and is much hurt, and two young beauties were conveyed out the same way in their shifts."

In 1742, there was a destructive fire in Downing Street. Walpole tells us that, hearing of the fire, he hastened to Whitehall, but could not get to the end of the street in his chariot for the crowd. When he got out, the first thing he heard was a man enjoying himself: "Well, if it lasts two hours longer, Sir Robert Walpole's House will be burnt to the ground." This was a very comfortable hearing; but Horace found the fire was on the opposite side of the way, and at a good distance.

The first White's Club-house, in St James's Street, was destroyed by fire April 27, 1733, at which time the house was kept by a person of the name of Arthur. Young Mr Arthur's wife leaped out of a window two pair of stairs upon a feather bed without much hurt. A fine collection of paintings belonging to Sir Andrew

Fountaine, valued at £3000 at least, was entirely destroyed. His Majesty (George II.) and the Prince of Wales were present above an hour, and encouraged the firemen and people to work at the engines—a guard being ordered from St James's to keep off the populace. His Majesty ordered 20 guineas among the firemen and others that worked the engines, and 5 guineas to the guard; and the Prince ordered the firemen 10 guineas. The incident of the fire was made use of by Hogarth in Plate 6 of the "Rake's Progress," representing a room at White's. The total abstraction of the Gamblers is well expressed by their utter inattention to the alarm of fire given by watchmen who are bursting open the doors. To indicate the Club more fully, Hogarth has inserted the name of Black's.

In 1726, there was a great fire in Spring Gardens: the Prince of Wales went to assist—the King was in Hanover. Rowe wrote upon the incident the following epigram:—

> Thy guardian, blest Britannia, scorns to sleep
> When the sad subjects of his father weep;
> Weak princes by their fears increase distress,
> He faces danger, and so makes it less:
> Tyrants on blazing towers may smile with joy;
> He knows to save is greater than destroy.

On January 14, 1792, the Pantheon, in Oxford Street, which had only been completed twenty-one years, was burned to the ground. The fire originated in the painter's room, and spread so rapidly through the building, that not a single article could be saved. The brilliant light from the dried materials illuminated the western quarter of the metropolis; and when the roof fell in, the flames rose in a lofty column, and formed a terrific spectacle. The value of property destroyed was £80,000. Happily, the thickness and height of the walls prevented the conflagration from spreading to the contiguous houses. Michael Kelly walked with Sheridan into Oxford Street, to view the conflagration. While Sheridan was observing how very high the flames were, he said, "Is it possible to extinguish them?" An Irish fireman, who was close by, and heard the question, said, "For the love of Heaven, Mr Sheridan, don't make yourself uneasy, sir; by the powers, it will soon be down; sure enough, they won't have another drop of water in five minutes." This was said in the natural warmth of heart, for the Irishman imagined that the burning of the Pantheon Theatre must have been gratifying to Mr Sheridan as the proprietor of Drury Lane.

At the destruction of Savile House,* Leicester

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* Savile House occupied nearly the centre of the north side of Leicester Square. It was sometimes confounded with Leicester House, which mansion, however, stood to the north-east, and was successively the *pouting-place* of two Princes of Wales, father and son. To this mansion was added Savile House, a communication being made between the two houses for the children of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Savile House was likewise called Ailesbury House, and here Thomas, third Earl of Ailesbury, entertained Peter the Great when he visited England in 1698; and here, in all probability, the Czar enjoyed his pet tipple, "hot pepper and brandy," with his boon companion, the Marquis of Carmarthen. The house passed into the Savile family through the marriage of Lord Ailesbury's son and successor, Charles, third and last Earl of Ailesbury of that creation, who married Lady Anne Savile, eldest daughter and coheir of Sir William Savile, Bart., second Marquis of Halifax. At any rate, Sir George Savile, Bart., M.P., who had Savile House in 1780, was the male heir of the Saviles and the Marquis of Halifax, and the inheritor of the baronetcy. The house, in the Gordon Riots, was stripped of its

Square, on Feb. 28, 1865, when the flames where at their height, the Prince of Wales, Viscount Amberly, and the Duke of Sutherland were among the spectators; and the report adds that the Prince borrowed a fireman's helmet, and thus attired inspected the conflagration from different points of view.

valuable furniture, books, and pictures, which the rioters burnt in Leicester Fields; and the iron rails were torn from the front of the house and used by the mob as weapons. The house was rebuilt early in the present century, and soon became a sort of "Noah's Ark" for exhibition purposes. Here Miss Linwood exhibited her needlework from 1800 until her death in 1845. Here the National Political Union held its Reform meetings, recalling the storms of the previous century. Then came a succession of prodigies of nature and art: amongst the latter were a large moving panorama of the Mississippi River, and a series of views of New Zealand; concerts and balls; and exhibitions of too questionable a shape for us to detail. Through some sixty years of the showman's art, flaring by night and by day, Savile House lasted unharmed until the catastrophe of 1865, when the royal baby-house and the cheap pleasure haunt were burnt in the short space of two hours.

Strange Adventures and Catastrophes.

A Memorable Explosion.

AMONG the remarkable displacement and destruction narrated of gunpowder is the following, which occurred in the precinct of Alhallows, Barking, towards the east end of Tower Street. Over against the wall of Barking churchyard was the house of a ship-chandler, who, upon the 4th of January 1649, about 7 o'clock at night, being busy in his shop barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye, blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house never (at that time of night) but full of company; and that day the parish dinner was at that house. And in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, and half bodies, miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, not so much as their clothes singed.

In the course of this accident, says the narrator (Mr Leybourne, in Strype), "I will instance two; the one a dead, the other a living monument. In the digging (as I said before) they found the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling cross one upon another. This is one.

Another is this:—The next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church, a young child lying in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor the cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it as a memorial; for, in the year 1666, I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, where he was drinking at a tavern with some other company then present. And he told us she was the child so found in the cradle upon the church leads as aforesaid."

According to a tablet which hangs beneath the organ gallery of the church, the quantity of gunpowder exploded in this catastrophe was twenty-seven barrels.

Earthquakes in London.

TWO of the most memorable shocks of the earth felt in the metropolis were those of 1580 and 1750. The first of these took place on the evening of Easter Wednesday (April 6), 1580. The great clock-bell at Westminster struck at the shock, and the bells of the various churches were set jangling; the people rushed out of the theatres in consternation, and the gentlemen of the Temple, leaving their supper, ran out of the hall with their knives in their hands. Part of the Temple Church was cast down, some stones fell from St Paul's, and two apprentices were killed at Christ Church by the fall of a stone during sermon-time. This earthquake was felt pretty generally throughout the kingdom, and was the cause of much damage in Kent, where many castles and other buildings where injured; and at Dover, a portion of a cliff fell, carrying with it part of the castle wall. So alarmed were all classes, that Queen Elizabeth thought it advisable to cause a form of prayer to be used by all householders with their whole family, every evening before going to bed.

On the 8th of September 1692, the merchants were driven from 'Change and the people from their houses by a shock; and the streets of the metropolis were thronged with a panic-stricken crowd, some swooning, some aghast with wonder and amazement. This earthquake was felt in most of the home counties. Evelyn, writing from Sayes Court to Bishop Tenison, says:—"As to our late earthquake here, I do not find it has left any considerable marks. In London, and particularly in Dover Street, they were greatly affrighted."

The year 1750 is, however, the most memorable year of English earthquakes. It opened with most unseasonable weather, the heat being, according to Walpole, "beyond what was ever known in any other country;" and on the 8th of February, a shock was felt, followed exactly a month afterwards by a second and severer one, when the bells of the church-clocks struck against the chiming-hammers, dogs howled, and fish jumped high out of the water.

Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, narrates the catastrophe, commencing with

> Portents and prodigies have grown so frequent,
> That they have lost their name.

"My text is not literally true; but, as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain springing up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted nearly half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done. There has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much earthenware. The bells rang in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord, one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was in the Ridotto, at which, being the following morning, there were but 400 people. A parson who came into White's the morning after earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said, 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe, if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment!' The excitement grew intense: following the example of Bishops Secker and Sherlock, the clergy showered down sermons and exhortations, and a country quack sold pills 'as good against an earthquake.' A crazy Lifeguardsman predicted a third and more fatal earthquake at the end of four weeks after the second; and a frantic terror prevailed as the time drew near.

"On the evening preceding the 5th of April, the roads out of London were crowded with vehicles, spite of an advertisement in the papers threatening the publication 'of an exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left or shall leave this place through fear of another earthquake.' 'Earthquake gowns'—warm gowns to wear while sitting out of doors all night—were in great request with women. Many people sat in coaches all night in Hyde Park, passing away the time with the aid of cards and candles;" and Walpole asks his correspondent, "What will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play brag till four o'clock in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?" The prophet of all this was a trooper of Lord Delawar's, who was sent to Bedlam.

The second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it was believed there would be a third in another month, which was to swallow up London; and Walpole advised several who were going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark* for it, as they were so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House, one night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!"

The great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755 agitated the waters of the United Kingdom, and even affected Peerless Pool, in the City Road.

In 1842, an absurd report gained credence among the weak-minded, that London would be destroyed by earthquake on the 17th of March, St Patrick's Day. This rumour was founded on certain doggerel prophecies; one pretended to be pronounced in the year 1203, and contained in the Harleian Collection (British Museum), 800 b. folio 319; the other by Dr Dee, the astrologer (1598, MS. in the British Museum). The rhymes, with these "authorities," inserted in the newspapers, actually excited some alarm, and a great number of timid persons left the metropolis before the 17th. Upon reference to the British Museum, the "prophecies" were not, however, to be found; and their forger has confessed them to have been an experiment upon public credulity.

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* "I remember," says Addison, in the 240th *Tatler*, "when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, that there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were very good against an earthquake."

The New Zealander Visiting the Ruins of London.

THIS oft-repeated illustration of the rise and fall of nations—of a New Zealander sitting, like a hundredth-century Marius, on the mouldering arches of London Bridge, contemplating the colossal ruins of St Paul's, is used by Lord Macaulay no less than four times—in the articles on *Wellingtonia* and Mitford's *Greece,* published in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in the year 1824; again in 1829, in his first paper on Mill; and in 1840, in his review of Austin's *Ranke.* The simile, to use the editor's words, was the subject of allusion two or three times a week, in speeches and leading articles, and still does occasional duty. It is, after all, but a paraphrase of Marius among the ruins of Carthage.

Now, it so happens that in December 1819, five years before Macaulay's article on Mitford appeared, the poet Shelley wrote as follows, in the dedicatory letter of his poem, *Peter Bell the Third* to Tom Brown (Moore):—

"In the firm expectation," says he, speaking of the longevity of the poem in question, "when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh, when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic traveller will weigh everything in the scales of some new system of criticism, and the merits of the present work be recognised."

But we must look even earlier than Shelley for its application. Volney, in the second chapter of his *Ruins of Empires*, has an analogous passage.

"Who knows," he writes, "but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations—who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and mourn a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?"

Even Henry Kirke White was inspired by the idea of this probable contingency, and, in his fragmentary poem on "Time," descants upon the desolation of Great Britain:—

On her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods silence; and the cry
Of the lone curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, break alone the void;
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitals, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds.

The conception is a beautiful one, or it would not have been so extensively employed. In one of Walpole's lively letters to Sir H. Mann, he says:—"At last some curious native of Lima will visit London, and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St Paul's."

Dangerous Classes in the Last Century.

SIR JOHN FIELDING, in his well-filled duodecimo *Description of London and Westminster*, published in 1776, gives a supplement of "Proper Cautions to the Merchants, Tradesmen, and Shopkeepers; Journeymen, Apprentices, Porters, Errand Boys, Bookkeepers, and Inn-keepers; also very necessary for every person going to London either on business or pleasure." The information is of a really practical kind, while it contains little pictures of the metropolitan rogues and frauds of the period, which the well-informed Justice of the Peace renders agreeable as well as serviceable to the reader. Here are three specimens:—

Sky Farmers are described as a set of cheats, who make a dupe of the heart, and impose on the benevolence and compassion of the charitable. These ingenious *sky farmers* execute their schemes in the following manner:—

One of them dresses himself extremely genteel, and takes upon himself either the character of a private gentleman or respectable tradesman. He is attended by two men in the character of country farmers, with clumsy boots, horsemen's coats, &c. The objects pitched upon for imposition are good charitable old ladies, to whom the sky farmer tells a dreadful story of losses by fire, inundation, &c., to the utter ruin of these two poor farmers and all their families; their wives are with child, their children down in the small-pox, &c. A book is then produced by the sky farmer, who undertakes this disagreeable office purely out of good nature, knowing the story to be true. In this book are the names of the nobility and gentry set down by himself, who have contributed to this charity; and by setting out with false names, they at length get real ones, which are of great service to them in carrying on their fraud; and well-disposed persons are daily imposed upon by false appearances of distress. There are persons in this town who get a very good livelihood by writing letters and petitions of this stamp, with which those noblemen and gentlemen who are distinguished for their generosity and benevolence are constantly tormented; and these wretches often obtain relief for their false distresses, whilst the really miserable suffer, from their modesty, the asserted afflictions. A woman stuffed so large as if she was ready to lie in, with two or three borrowed children, and a letter giving an account of her husband's falling off a scaffold, and breaking his limbs, or being drowned at sea, &c., is an irresistible object.

Swindling.—The highest rank of cheats who attack the understanding (says Sir John Fielding), have made use of the following stratagems:—

One of the gang, who is happiest in his person, and has the best address, is pitched upon to take a house, which, by means of the extreme good character given of him by his comrade to the landlord, is soon accomplished. The next consideration is to furnish it, when Mr ——, a young ironmonger, just set up, is pitched upon to provide the squire's grates, who, glad of so fine an order, soon ornaments his chimneys with those of the newest fashion. This being done, Mr ——, the upholsterer, is immediately applied to for other furniture, and is brought to the house, in order that he may see the grates, which he no sooner beholds than he tells his honour that he could have furnished him likewise with grates of the best kind, at the most reasonable rates, to which Squire Gambler replies, that he intends taking some little villa in the country, where Mr —— shall furnish everything he can.

The house being now completely furnished, the squire dresses himself in his morning gown, velvet cap, and red morocco slippers, puts one or more of his comrades into livery, then sends for the tailor, linendraper, silversmith, jeweller, &c., takes upon him the character of a merchant, and by getting credit of one, by pawning the goods the moment he has got them, he is enabled to pay ready money to others; by which means he extends his credit and increases his orders till he is detected, which sometimes does not happen till he has defrauded tradesmen to a very considerable value. Nay, they have been known to carry their scheme so far as to fix one of their comrades at some rendezvous in Wapping, in the character of the captain of a vessel lying at such stairs, and bound to some of the American plantations, by which means the aforesaid merchant procures goods to be sent abroad; and, as his credit advances, he makes use of drafts, which are constantly accepted by his comrades, who have constantly changed their lodgings when the said drafts have become due.

"There is a set of sharpers who have lately purchased several estates without money, in the following manner:—

"They make a bargain with the seller, or his agent, for the estate, in consequence of which they draw articles of agreement, by which they oblige themselves to pay the purchase-money at such a time, and give a bond for the performance of covenants; they then immediately go to the tenant, to show him the articles of agreement, and tell him that he will soon have a new landlord; upon which the former begins to complain of the old one, and hopes his honour will repair this, rebuild that, and alter something else, which the landlord promises to do. Credit being thus gained with the tenant, the new landlord falls in love, perhaps, with the farmer's daughter, or with a fine horse, or else borrows money of him, and gives him a draught upon his banker in town, who seldom has any cash in hand, and often is not to be found."

Ring-dropping.—This old fraud is described by Sir John Fielding as practised by fellows who find a paper full of "gold rings," which they take care to pick up in the sight of a proper object, whose opinion they ask. These rings appear of little value, which gives the finder an opportunity for saying that he had rather have found a good piece of bread-and-cheese, for he had not broke his fast for a whole day ; then wishes the gentleman would give him something for the rings, that he might buy himself a pair of shoes, a coat, &c. He will immediately bite, and thinking to make a cheap purchase of an ignorant fellow, gives him 20s. for four or five brass rings washed over. Or, what is more frequent, and yet more successful, is the picking up of a shilling or a half-crown before the face of a countryman, whose opinion of it is immediately asked, whether it be silver or not, and he is invited to share the finder's good luck in a glass of wine or a pot of ale. The harmless countryman, pleased at such an invitation in a strange place, is carried to an ale-house, where the sharper's friends are waiting for him, and where cutting or playing at cards is soon proposed, and the countryman most certainly tricked out of all his money, watch, and everything valuable he has about him.

The sky farmers appear to be admirably shown up by Sheridan in *The Critic.*

York Buildings, a Site of Mischance.

THE low-lying tract of ground near the south-west termination of the Strand has, for nearly two centuries past, been a focus of speculation, which has scarcely a parallel. Here, through generations, failure has followed failure; the speculators seeming to imitate desperate gamblers in following ill-luck. A sort of fatality has long hovered over the spot; the much-abused and much-defended Francis Bacon was born here, at York House, and here the Great Seal was taken from him. Next, George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, the ill-fated favourite of two sovereigns, and stabbed by Felton at Portsmouth, having got possession of York House, had the old mansion taken down and rebuilt, towards which James I. contributed 2000 tons of Portland, at the cost of £1800. Yet, within fifty years, the house was taken down, the gardens were cleared, and upon the site were erected York Buildings. Sir Richard Steele had one of the many schemes of this site; here he fitted up a sort of nursery for the stage. On one occasion, he gave to some 200 guests a sumptuous entertainment, with dramatic recitations. Addison assisted, and wrote an epilogue for the occasion, in which occur these lines of quiet humour:—

> The sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known
> To watch the public weal, though not his own.

Here Steele was outwitted by his stage-carpenter refusing to drive another nail until he was paid; when Steele said his friend's elocution was perfect, though he didn't like his subject much.

Here, in 1691, was erected a veritable steam-engine, or "fire-engine," for supplying the western quarter of London with water. The works are described in the *Foreigner's Guide to London*, 1720; but the Company took to purchasing estates, granting annuities, and assuring lives, and proved one of the bubbles of that year of wild speculation. The fire-engine ceased to be worked in 1731; but it was afterwards shown for several years as a curiosity.

"Its working by sea-coal," says the *London Daily Post*, 1741, "was attended with so much smoke, that it not only must pollute the air thereabouts, but spoil the furniture."

The confused affairs of the Company, and the consequent disputes and lawsuits with its creditors and debtors, gave rise to a host of pamphlets, and even a political novel. The last of the property was sold in 1783. However, the spirit of the York Buildings speculations lingered here until our time; for, in Buckingham Street, in 1818, were "the Sea-water Baths," which were supplied by a vessel with water from below Southend.

Adjoining York Buildings was the mansion of the Hungerfords, which was in 1650 partly converted into tenements and a market, which, baulked at first, proved a sorry failure. The market had dwindled to a single row of stalls and shops, the hall had been let as stables, and the place was principally used as a thoroughfare to and from Hungerford Stairs, when a Company raised, in £100 shares, some £200,000, purchased the estate and some adjoining ground, and thereon, within two years, was erected a new market, which was publicly opened July 2, 1833, but proved as unprofitable as the original Hungerford scheme. The opening was signalised by the ascent of a balloon: one of the aeronauts, being inexperienced, not long after lost his reason. A large exhibition-hall and bazaar were built in 1851, when Mr Bouton produced here his dioramic views of Fribourg and Venice; the premises and the pictures were destroyed by fire, March 31, 1854.

The river-front became the great focus of the upper Thames steam navigation, there being here a million of embarkations and landings annually. A foot suspension bridge, constructed by the younger Brunel, from Hungerford Market, across the Thames, to Belvedere Road, Lambeth, and opened April 18, 1845, added to the failures; the bridge cost £110,000, and was sold for £226,000; but only the first instalment was paid, and the purchase was thus void: however, the bridge was taken down in 1863.

Old Mr Mathews, the bookseller, of the Strand, used to relate that he remembered Napoleon Bonaparte residing in London for five weeks in 1791 or 1792; that he lodged in a house in George Street, one of the streets of York Buildings; that he occasionally took his cup of chocolate at the Northumberland Coffee-House, opposite Northumberland House; that he there read much, and preserved a provoking taciturnity towards the frequenters of the coffee-room; though his manner was stern, his deportment was that of a gentleman. Near his lodgings in the Adelphi was a place much resorted to by another ruler of France, Louis

Philippe, who, between 1848 and 1850, was a frequent visitor at the Lowther Bazaar, in the Strand.

In Craven Street lived Mr Denis O'Brien, who wrote in the *Morning Post* the impassioned appeal in behalf of his distressed friend, Sheridan, then upon his death-bed—ending with "Life and succour against Westminster Abbey and a splendid funeral." O'Brien held a colonial appointment, and was employed in secret political service; but fell into the common fate of secret-service men, and was, at length, deserted by the party whom he had actively served: he died in great distress.

The Burning of Montague House.

THIS noble mansion, situated on the north side of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, was first built about 1674, by Ralph Montague, Esq., afterwards Baron Montague of Boughton, and Duke of Montague, Keeper of the Wardrobe to Charles II., and who was subsequently in high favour with King William and Queen Anne. The house was erected in the manner of a French palace, from the design of Robert Hooke, the celebrated mathematician, and the inventor of spring-clocks and pocket-watches, and much employed in the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire; he was also Curator of the Royal Society in the year 1678. This assertion has often been contradicted; but it is corroborated by John Evelyn, who went to see the house on the 5th of November 1679:—

"To see Mr Montague's new palace, neere Bloomsbery, built by our curator, Mr Hooke, somewhat after the French: it was most nobly furnish'd, and a fine, but too much expos'd, garden."

He went to see it again on the 10th of October 1683, and commends the labours of Verrio on the ceilings in the highest terms. Foreign artists were chiefly employed in its completion, by Lord Montague's desire, and, amongst them, Signor Verrio, for the decorations; and, when finished, it was considered the most magnificent and complete building for a private residence at that time known in London.

Within ten years this superb mansion was burnt down by accident, or, rather, by the carelessness of a servant. John Evelyn records in his *Diary*:—

"Jan. 19, 1686:—This night was burnt to the ground my Lord Montague's palace in Bloomsbery, than which, for paintings and furniture, there was nothing more glorious in England. This happened by the neglect of a servant airing, as they call it, some goods by the fire, in a moist season; indeed, so wet and mild a season has scarce been seen in man's memory."

There is another account of this calamitous fire, rendered interesting by the pen of Lady Rachel Russell, in her *Letters:* it is part of a letter addressed to Dr Fitzwilliam, and is dated January 22, 1686:—

"If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us.

"About one o'clock in the night, I heard a great noise in the square, so little ordinary; I called up a servant, and sent her down to hear the occasion; she brought up a very sad one—that Montague House was on fire; and it was so indeed; it burnt with so great violence, the house was consumed by five o'clock.

"The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awoke, and was almost suffocated with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and was so satisfied without fear; and took a strange bedfellow very willingly, Lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapt up in a blanket. Thus we see what a day brings forth, and how momentary the things are we set our hearts upon."

The house was at this time in the occupation of the Earl of Devonshire, to whom Lord Montague had let it, for the sum of 500 guineas by the year. Of its destruction we find another entry:—

"Whitehall, the 21st Jan. 1685-6.

"On Wednesday, at one in the morning, a sad fire happened at Montague House, in Bloomsbury, occasioned by the steward's airing some hangings, &c., in expectation of my Lord Montague's return home; and sending afterwards a woman to see that the fire-pans with charcoal were removed, which she told me she had done, though she never came there. The loss that my Lord Montague has sustained by this accident is estimated at £40,000, besides £6000 in plate; and my

Lord Devonshire's loss in pictures, hangings, and other furniture is very considerable."*

Lord Montague's large income was again placed in requisition for the reconstruction of his palace; and though executed by French artists, the plan (that of the hotels of the nobility at Paris) was the same, the new structure being raised upon the foundations and burnt walls of the old one. The architect now employed was one Peter Poughet, a native of Marseilles, who was assisted in the decoration by Charles de la Fosse, Jaques Rousseau, and Jean Baptiste Monoyer. La Fosse painted the ceilings, Rousseau the landscapes and architecture, and Monoyer the flowers. Rousseau also assisted as clerk of the works to the building. This exclusive employment of French artists in the new house gave rise to the popular but improbable tale, that Montague House was rebuilt at the expense of Louis XIV., to whose court Lord Montague had twice been sent as ambassador.

The second Montague House was finished about 1687; and the eccentric but munificent owner, who, in 1705, was created Marquis of Monthermer and Duke of Montague, resided in it till his death, which took place March 9, 1709. He was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son John, second Duke of Montague, who quitted the vicinity of St Giles's for the more courtly region of Whitehall. While a new mansion was being erected for him there, he, however, continued to reside in one of the wings of Montague House. After his removal to Whitehall, the house in Great Russell Street remained unoccupied, until it was purchased, by

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* Ellis's *Letters, Second Series,* iv. 89.

Act of Parliament, of Lord Halifax, for £10,250, in the spring of 1754, for "the British Museum."

The building must have been in a very dilapidated condition, for the repairs cost more than the purchase, and, with furniture, &c., amounted to the large sum of £29,736, 10s. 10d.

In plan, the old Museum resembled a French hotel of the first class; consisting of a large and lofty pile, with two sides built for offices, and a high front wall, with an arched doorway, and above it an octangular turret, surmounted by a cupola and vane; this was the principal entrance, and was known as "Montague Great Gate;" and at each extremity of the wall was a square turret.

To the original building additions were made from time to time, as the collection increased, until 1820, when the rebuilding of the Museum was commenced; the plan bordering three sides of the spacious area formerly occupied by the gardens of Montague House, behind the original mansion. By this means, the collection was removed from the old into the new building, as the latter progressed, without any inconvenience to the public. In like manner, the principal front took the place of the old Montague House *facade*, which was removed piecemeal; and strange it was to see the lofty pitched roof, balustraded attic, and large windowed front of "the French manner," giving way to the Grecian architecture of Sir Robert Smirke's new design. The octangular and not unpicturesque apartment over the great gateway lingered for some time after, and was the last to disappear of old Montague House The materials were sold by auction; and curious was it to see such pieces of the painted walls and ceilings as could be removed entire, bringing a few shillings—one of La Fosse's deities for half-a-crown, or a bunch of Monoyer's flowers for 1s. 6d.

The sentinels who keep guard over the national treasures are mentioned, by the way, where few readers would look for them—in Mr Hallam's *Constitutional History of England;* the learned historian remarking that nothing could be more uncongenial to the feelings, or more alien to the objects of the institution, than to see sentinels stationed at the entrance to the British Museum, and to our exhibitions of pictures. When this was noticed in Parliament, Sir Robert Peel good-humouredly observed in reply, that as to the sentinels being stationed at the British Museum, he had not seen Mr Hallam shudder since he had been appointed a trustee.

Sir Thomas Gresham's Shop in Lombard Street.

GRESHAM, like all other bankers and merchants living in that street, kept a shop. It stood on the site now occupied by the banking house of Messrs Stone, Martin, and Co., and over his door was his crest, a grasshopper, by way of sign. This was no uncommon practice even at a later period; for we are told that the sign of the house in Bread Street where Milton's father resided, and where Milton was born, was *the spread eagle*—an heraldic symbol which appears in the family arms. The original sign of Gresham's shop was seen by Pennant, and continued in existence as lately as the year 1795, when, on the erection of the present building, it disappeared from the station which it had so long occupied over the door; its metallic value having probably aroused the cupidity of some of the labourers. But the term *banker*, when applied to a former age, is so likely to produce misconception, that before proceeding further, it seems advisable to explain it. A banker in early times pursued a very different trade from that which occupies the attention of the opulent and influential class so called at the present day. It is well known that the latter derive their profits from the employment of fluctuating sums of money deposited in their hands for convenience and safety by the public; and for the security of which, the respectability of the banker is a sufficient guarantee. But this is a refinement of comparatively recent introduction, with which our forefathers were wholly unacquainted. As late as the time of Swift, bankers gave and took a bond on receiving or lending money; and made their profit by obtaining a higher rate of interest, or usury, as it was called, on the latter operation than they allowed on the former. Ten or twelve per cent. was the customary rate of interest during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; at which period, we mean no disrespect to the banker when we say, that he united in his person the trades of the usurer, the pawnbroker, the money-scrivener, the goldsmith, and the dealer in bullion. A German traveller who visited England in 1593, says, that he saw in Lombard Street "All sorts of gold and silver vessels exposed to sale, as well as ancient and modern coins, in such quantities as must surprise a man the first time he sees and considers them." At the period of Gresham's death, a considerable portion of his wealth consisted of gold chains.* The German traveller was Hentzner.

The Bursting of the South Sea Bubble.

THE word "bubble," as applied to any ruinous speculation, was first applied to the transactions of the South Sea Company, in the disastrous year 1720. It originated in the exaggerated representations of the sudden riches to be realised by the opening of new branches of trade to the South Sea, the monopoly of which was to be secured to the South Sea Company, upon their pretext of paying off the National Debt. The Company was to become the richest the world ever saw, and each hundred pounds of their stock would produce hundreds per annum to the holder. By this means the stock was raised to near 400; it then fluctuated, and settled at 330.

Exchange Alley was the seat of the gambling fever;† it was blocked up every day by crowds, as were Cornhill and Lombard Street with carriages. In the words of the ballads of the day:—

> There is a gulf where thousands fell,
> There all the bold adventurers came;
> A narrow sound, though deep as hell,
> 'Change Alley is the dreadful name.—*Swift.*

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* Burgon's *Life of Gresham,* 1839.

† Mr E. M. Ward, R.A., has painted, with wonderful effect, "'Change Alley during the South Sea Bubble," a picture very properly placed in our National Gallery.

Then stars and garters did appear
Among the meaner rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
The greatest ladies thither came,
And plied in chariots daily,
Or pawned their jewels for a sum
To venture in the Alley.

On the day the Bill was passed by Parliament, the shares were at 310; next day they fell to 290. Within five days after, the directors opened their books for a subscription of a million, at the rate of £300 for every £100 capital; and this first subscription soon exceeded two millions of original stock. In a few days the stock advanced to 340, and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment. Then the directors announced a Midsummer dividend of ten per cent. upon all subscriptions. A second subscription of a million at 400 per cent. was then opened, and in a few hours a million and a half was subscribed for.

Innumerable bubble companies soon started up, by which one million and a half sterling was won and lost in a very short time. The absurdity of the schemes was monstrous; one was "a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know where it is." In all these bubbles, persons of both sexes alike engaged; the men meeting their brokers at taverns and coffee-houses, and the ladies at the shops of milliners and haberdashers; and in Exchange Alley, shares in the same bubble were sold, at the same instant, ten per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than the other. Meanwhile, the Minister warned the nation, and the King declared such projects unlawful, and trafficking brokers were liable to £5000 penalty. The companies were dissolved, but others as soon sprung up. The folly was satirised in caricatures and "stock-jobbing cards." When Sir Isaac Newton was asked about the continuance of the rising of the South Sea Stock, he answered that he could not calculate the madness of the people; and Pope sung:—

What made directors cheat in South Sea year?
To live on venison when it sold so dear—

when the price of a haunch of venison was from £3 to £5, a high price at that time.

Yet the South Sea Stock was quoted at 550, and in four days it rose to 890, then fell to 600; but was finally raised to 1000 per cent., and then fell to 700. The alarm now increased, and in a few days the price fell to 400. Among the victims was Gay, the poet, who, having had some South Sea Stock presented to him, supposed himself to be the master of £20,000: his friends importuned him to sell, but he refused, and profit and principal were lost. The Ministers grew more alarmed, the directors were insulted in the streets, and riots were apprehended; a run commenced upon the most eminent goldsmiths and bankers, some of whom absconded. This occasioned a great run upon the Bank, which was saved by the intervention of a holiday. But the South Sea Company was wrecked, and its stock fell to 150.

The Government were now implored to punish the directors; though the Ministers were far from blameless, and the nation was as culpable as the Company. It was gravely recommended in Parliament that the people, having no law to punish the directors, should treat them like Roman parricides—tie them in sacks and throw them into the Thames! A Bill was brought in to restrain the directors, governor, and other officers, from leaving the kingdom for a twelvemonth; and for discovering their estates and effects, and preventing them from transporting or alienating the same.

The cry out-of-doors for justice was equally loud: Mr Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr Craggs, were openly accused; five directors, including Mr Edward Gibbon, the grandfather of the celebrated historian, were ordered to the custody of the Black Rod. Meanwhile, Knight, the treasurer of the Company, taking with him the books and documents and secrets of the directors, escaped disguised in a boat on the Thames, and was conveyed thence to Calais, in a vessel hired for the purpose. Two thousand pounds' reward was, by royal proclamation, offered for his apprehension. The doors of the House of Commons were locked, the keys were placed upon the table, and the inquiry proceeded. The South Sea directors and officers were secured; their papers were seized, and such as were Members of Parliament were expelled the House, and taken into custody.

The Committee of Secrecy reported to Parliament the results of their inquiry, showing how false and fictitious entries had been made in the books, erasures and alterations made, and leaves torn out; and some of the most important books had been destroyed altogether. The properties of many thousands of persons, amounting to many millions of money, had been made away with. Fictitious stock had been distributed among members of the Government, by way of bribe, to facilitate the passing of the Bill. One of the Secretaries to the Treasury had received £250,000, as the difference in the price of some stock, and the account of the Chancellor of the Exchequer showed £794,451. He proved the greatest criminal, and was expelled the House, all his estate seized, and he was committed a close prisoner to the Tower of London. Next day Sir George Caswall, of a firm of jobbers who had been implicated in the business, was expelled the House, committed to the Tower, and ordered to refund £250,000. Mr Craggs the elder died the day before his examination was to have come on. He left a fortune of a million and a half, which was confiscated for the benefit of the sufferers. Every director was mulcted, and two millions and fourteen thousand pounds were confiscated, each director being allowed a small residue to begin the world anew. The characters of the directors were marked with ignominy, and exorbitant securities were imposed for their appearance. The South Sea Company was proved to have profited £13,500,000 by the national delusion. Upwards of eight millions were divided among the proprietors and subscribers, making a dividend of about £33, 6s. 8d. per cent. Upon eleven millions, lent by the Company when prices were unnaturally raised, the borrowers were to pay 10 per cent. and then be free.

The history of the Bubble and other speculations contemporaneously with the South Sea scheme is well narrated in Charles Mackay's *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, vol. i. pp. 45–84. Lord Macaulay has left the following life-like picture of this *ignis fatuus* of our monetary history, and the delusions which preceded it:—

"It was about the year 1688 that the word 'stock-jobber' was first heard in London. In the short space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence: the Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl Fishery Company, the Glass Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Swordblade Company. There was a Tapestry Company, which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlours of the middle class, and for all the bed-chambers of the higher. There was the Copper Company, proposed to explore the mines of England, and held out a hope that they would prove not less valuable than those of Potosi. There was a Diving Company, which undertook to bring up precious effects from shipwrecked vessels, and which announced that it had laid in a stock of wonderful machines resembling complete suits of armour. In front of the helmet was a huge glass eye like that of a cyclop; and out of the crest went a pipe through which the air was to be admitted. The whole process was exhibited on the Thames. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies were invited to the show, were hospitably regaled, and were delighted by seeing the divers in their panoply descend into the river and return laden with old iron and ship's tackle. There was a Greenland Fishing Company, which could not fail to drive the Dutch whalers and herring-busses out of the Northern Ocean. There was a Tanning Company, which promised to furnish leather superior to the best that was brought from Turkey or Russia. There was a Society which undertook the office of giving gentlemen a liberal education on low terms, and which assumed the sounding name of the Royal Academies Company. In a pompous advertisement it was announced that the Directors of the Royal Academies Company had engaged the best masters in every branch of knowledge, and were about to issue twenty thousand tickets at twenty shillings each. There was to be a lottery, two thousand prizes were to be drawn, and the fortunate holders of the prizes were to be taught, at the charge of the company, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, conic sections, trigonometry, heraldry, japanning, fortification, bookkeeping, and the art of playing the theorbo. Some of these companies took large mansions, and printed their advertisements in gilded letters. Others, less ostentatious, were content with ink, and met at coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange. Jonathan's and Garraway's were in a constant ferment with brokers, buyers, sellers, meetings of directors, meetings of proprietors. Time-bargains soon came into fashion. Extensive combinations were formed, and monstrous fables were circulated, for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of shares.

"Our country witnessed for the first time those phenomena for which a long experience has made us familiar—a mania, of which the symptoms were essentially the same with those of the mania of 1721, of the mania of 1825, of the mania of 1845, seized the public mind. An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience, and thrift, spread through society. The spirit of the cogging dicers of Whitefriars took possession of the grave senators of the City, wardens of trades, deputies, aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus, announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of 20 per cent., and to part with £5000 of this imaginary wealth for ten thousand solid guineas, than to load a ship with a well-chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day a new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst, and was forgotten."

Runs upon the Bank of England.

THERE is an abundance of interest in the chronicles of the *runs* upon the Bank, and the expedients by which it has been saved—in 1745, for instance, by the corporation retaining its specie, and employing agents to enter with notes, who, to gain time, were paid in sixpences; and as those who came first were entitled to priority of payment, the agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back by another, so that the *bonâ fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them. We may as well here, though it be out of date, give the explanation of the issue of one-pound notes during the panic of 1825. The incidental mention to one of the directors that there was a box of one-pound notes ready for issue, turned the attention of the authorities to the propriety of attempting to circulate them; and the declaration of Mr Henry Thornton, in 1797, probably occurred, that it was the want of small change, not a necessity for gold, that was felt; and that as the pressure on the country banks arose from the holders of the small notes, it was suggested to the Government that the public might, perhaps, receive one-pound notes in place of sovereigns. The Government approved of the idea, and the panic was at its height, when on Saturday, the 17th of December, the Bank closed its doors with only £1,027,000 in its cellars. (In the pamphlet published by Lord Ashburton is the following remarkable paragraph:—After saying, "I was called into counsel with the late Lord Liverpool, Mr Huskisson, and the Governor of the Bank," his Lordship proceeds: "The gold of the Bank was drained to within a very few thousand pounds; for although the published returns showed a result rather less scandalous, a certain Saturday night closed with nothing worth mentioning remaining.")

"It has been stated, that by accident the box of one-pound notes was discovered. But such was not the case. A witness stated that 'he did not recollect that there were any one-pound notes; they were put by; it was the casual observation that there were such things in the house, which suggested to the directors that it would be possible to use them.' Application was made to Government for permission to issue them; and this was granted, subject to certain stipulations."*

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* Francis's *History of the Bank of England.*

Theodore, King of Corsica.

THIS ill-fated monarch—Theodore von Neuhoff, ex-King of Corsica—is chiefly remembered by his misfortunes in England in the last century, by his imprisonment here for debt; but *debt* seems to have been his weak point throughout his career, royal or unkingship. Theodore was the son of a Westphalian gentleman of good family, and was born in Metz about 1696; he entered the French army, but appears soon to have quitted it, and rambled as an adventurer over the greater part of Europe. At last, he was thrown into prison for debt at Leghorn, and, on emerging from this confinement, he made the acquaintance of several leaders among the Corsican insurgents, then endeavouring to effect the independence of their country by shaking off the yoke of Genoa. Neuhoff accepted their proffer of the sovereignty of Corsica in return for assistance to be furnished by himself, and he accordingly, in March 1736, made his appearance on the Corsican coast with a supply of ammunition and money which he had succeeded in obtaining from the Bey of Tunis, by holding out to the latter the promise of an exclusive trade with Corsica, and permission to have a station there for his pirate-ships. Eagerly welcomed at first by the Corsicans, Neuhoff was, in the following month of April, elected king by their general assembly, and, at the same time, swore to observe the tenor of a constitution which was then proclaimed. For some months he exercised all the acts of an independent sovereign, coining money, distributing patents of nobility, and instituting an order of knighthood. Among other military enterprises, he undertook successfully the capture of Porto Vecchio from the Genoese, but was foiled in an attempt on Bastia. His popularity ere long diminished, and finding his position both an arduous and insecure one, he made arrangements for conducting the government in his absence, and quitted the island with the intention, as he asserted, of obtaining fresh succour. But his sovereignty of Corsica was never to be resumed. After visiting successively Italy, France, and Holland, he was at last arrested for debt at Amsterdam. Some Jews and foreign merchants, settled in that city, procured his release, and also furnished him with means to equip an armament for the recovery of his dominions. With this he appeared off Corsica in 1738, but was unable to land in consequence of the depression of the insurgents' cause through the assistance furnished to the Genoese by the French. A similar unsuccessful attempt was made by him in 1742.*

Theodore now proceeded to England, and, on his arrival in London, met with great kindness and sympathy as an exiled monarch. Horace Walpole, who had taken considerable interest in Theodore's former fortunes, received him kindly; he oddly describes him as "a comely, middle-sized man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity." This was in 1749, March 23, when Walpole writes :—"King Theodore [of Corsica] is here : I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow at Lady Schaub's. I have curiosity to see him, though I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up." What exquisite satire! Additional mishaps, however, befell Theodore here, and he was obliged, in consequence of money which he had borrowed, to endure an imprisonment of some years' duration in the King's Bench Prison. Here, it is said, he used to affect a miserable display of regal state, sitting under a tattered canopy, and receiving visitors with great ceremony. Smollett has introduced a description of him in prison in his novel of *Ferdinand Count Fathom.* However, Walpole did not desert the ex-king. He wrote a paper in *The World* to promote a subscription for King Theodore in prison; but he proved refractory and ungrateful.

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* Chambers's *Book of Days*.

"His Majesty's character," says Walpole, "is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name—take notice, too, that he had accepted the money! Dodsley (the publisher) laughed at the lawyer; but that did not lessen the dirty knavery. It would, indeed (continues Walpole), have made an excellent suit!—a printer prosecuted, suppose, for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country!—but I have done with countenancing kings!"

However, the money proved of service, and enabled Theodore to obtain his release from prison, as we shall presently see by the record of the Lord of Strawberry.

The advertisement in the papers of the day announcing the opening of the subscription for the ex-sovereign, was headed by the words in which, as is alleged, the great general of Justinian used, in his old age, to solicit alms: "*Date obolum Belisario.*"

Theodore did not long survive his liberation; he died on the 11th of December 1756.

"Your old royal guest, King Theodore (writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann), is gone to the place which, it is said, levels kings and beggars; an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from one to the other: I think he died somewhere in the liberties of the Fleet."

In a letter of Jan. 17, Walpole continues:—

"In my last I told you the death of a monarch, for whom, in our time, you and I have interested ourselves—King Theodore! He had just taken the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and went to the Old Bailey for that purpose: in order to it, the person applying gives up all his effects to his creditors: his Majesty was asked what effects he had? He replied nothing but the Kingdom of Corsica—and it is actually registered for the benefit of the creditors. You may get it intimated to the Pretender, that if he has a mind to heap titles upon the two or three medals that he coins, he has nothing to do but pay King Theodore's debts, and he may have very good pretensions to Corsica."

Walpole then describes how the ex-king died.

"As soon as Theodore was at liberty, he took a chair and went to the Portuguese Minister, but did not find him at home: not having sixpence to pay, he prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a tailor he knew in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day, and died in three more." The friend who gave shelter to this unfortunate monarch, whom nobles could praise when praise could not reach his ear, and who refused to succour him in his miseries, was himself so poor as to be unable to defray the cost of his funeral. His remains were, therefore, about to be interred as a parish pauper, when one John Wright, an oilman in Compton Street, declared that *he for once would pay the funeral expenses of a king*, which he did, in the Churchyard of St Anne's, Soho.

Walpole, although he had been disgusted with the ex-king's conduct, paid the last honours. He writes to Sir Horace Mann, Sept. 29, 1757:—

"I am putting up a stone, in St Anne's Churchyard, for your old friend, King Theodore: in short, his history is too remarkable to let perish. You will laugh to hear that when I sent the inscription to the vestry for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they would suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily, they have acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown exactly copied from his coin:—

NEAR THIS PLACE IS INTERRED
THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,
WHO DIED IN THIS PARISH, DECEMBER 11, 1756,
IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAVING
THE KING'S BENCH PRISON,
BY THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT OF INSOLVENCY;
IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH
HE REGISTERED THE KINGDOM OF CORSICA
FOR THE USE OF HIS CREDITORS.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this moral learned ere dead:
Fate poured its lessons on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread.

I think that at least it cannot be said of me as it was of the Duke of Buckingham* entombing Dryden:—

And help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

I would have served him, if a king, even in a gaol, could he have been an honest man."

Theodore left a son, Colonel Frederick, who came to a sad end. The old man walked from the coffee-house at Storey's Gate to the porch at Westminster Abbey, and there shot himself. He had long been familiar to the inhabitants of London, and was distinguished by his eccentricities and gentlemanlike bearing. He had fulfilled many employments, and witnessed many strange incidents. One strange passage in his life was his dining at Dolly's, with Count Poniatowski, when neither the son of the late King of Corsica, nor he who was afterwards King of Poland, had wherewith to settle the bill. Distress drove the Colonel to commit suicide, and his remains rest by those of his father, in St Anne's Churchyard, Soho. The Colonel's daughter married a Mr Clarke, of the Dartmouth Custom-house. Four children were the issue of this marriage. One of them, a daughter, was established in London at the beginning of the present century, earning a modest livelihood as an authoress and artist. The following is a copy of the card of this industrious lady:—

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* This is a mistake. Pope's accusation is not against Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, but against Montague, Earl of Halifax.

Miss Clark,

Granddaughter of the late Colonel Frederick, Son of Theodore, King of Corsica,

PAINTS LIKENESSES IN MINIATURE, FROM TWO TO THREE GUINEAS,
NO. 116 NEW BOND STREET.

Hours of Attendance from Twelve in the Morning until Four.

(See Dr Doran's entertaining volume, *Monarchs Retired from Business.*)

Worth of a Queen Anne's Farthing.

THE old notion that there were only three farthings struck of Queen Anne has led to many strange mistakes. The fact is, only one type of the farthing was in circulation; but the several pattern pieces are much valued by coin collectors, and bring high prices, which led to the mistake as to the value of the farthing itself. Certainly, some hundreds of Anne's farthings were struck and circulated: each, if very finely preserved, may be worth a guinea, but Dr Dibdin states under five shillings. Mr Edward Hawkins, of the British Museum, has seen a hundred letters from different individuals, in each of which it is stated that the Museum has two of the three reputed farthings, and the writer has the third; and in some instances asks if he is entitled to a reward of £1000 or £2000. Every collector has three or four specimens; the Museum has four in gold, four in silver, and eight in copper.

One of the current stories is, that a lady in the north of England, having lost a farthing of Queen Anne, which she much prized as the bequest of a deceased friend, offered in the newspapers a large reward for its recovery; and any farthing of that monarch was ever after supposed to be of great value. Then, it is related that when only three farthings had been struck, it was perceived that a flaw existed in the die, which was destroyed, and another made, from which are the farthings which have circulated. Of the *three* one is said to have been kept by Queen Anne, and to have descended to George III., who gave it to the British Museum. The second was long in the possession of the Derby family, and thence passed into the Museum; and the third is said to have been given by Queen Anne to one of her maids of honour, and is now in the possession of her descendant, Major Fothergill. Each of these farthings has a flaw in Anne's portrait. (See *Illustrated London News*, Oct. 7, 1854.)

The romantic disappointments of the possessors of "Queen Anne's farthings" would fill a volume. In the *Times*, Sept. 28, 1826, a magistrate related that a poor man came to London from Bedfordshire, with a real, but common farthing of Queen Anne, hoping to make his fortune by it. Mr Till relates that a poor man came from York, and a man and his wife from Ireland, in the same vain hope. Dr Dibdin, when on his Northern Tour, was shown a Queen Anne's farthing by a father as a £500 legacy for his son.

Ireland's Shakspeare Forgeries.

TOWARDS the middle of the last century there lived Mr Samuel Ireland, originally a silk merchant in Spitalfields, who was led by his taste for literary antiquities to abandon trade for those pursuits, and published several illustrated tours. One of these consisted of an excursion upon the river Avon, during which he visited, with great enthusiasm, every locality associated with Shakspeare. He was accompanied by his son, a youth of sixteen, who imbibed a portion of his father's Shakspearian mania. The youth, perceiving the importance which his father attached to every relic of the poet, and the eagerness with which he sought for any of his MS. remains, conceived that it would not be difficult to gratify his parent by some productions of his own, in the language and manner of Shakspeare's times. The idea possessed his mind for a certain period; and, in 1793, being then in his eighteenth year, young William Henry Ireland produced some manuscripts which he declared were the handwriting of Shakspeare, which he said had been given to him by a gentleman who possessed many other old papers.

The young man, being articled to a conveyancer in New Inn, easily fabricated, in the first instance, a deed of mortgage from Shakspeare to Michael Frazer. The ecstasy expressed by his father urged him to the fabrication of other documents, described to come from the same quarter. Emboldened by his success, he ventured upon higher compositions in prose and verse, and at length announced the discovery of an original drama, under the title of *Vortigern*, which he produced, act by act, within the period of two months. Having provided himself with some paper of the period (fly-leaves of old books), and with ink prepared by a bookbinder, no suspicion was entertained of the deception. The father, who was a maniac upon such subjects, gave such *éclat* to the supposed discovery, that the attention of the literary world and all England was drawn to it; insomuch that the son, who had announced other papers, found it impossible to retreat, and was goaded into the production of the series which he had promised.

The house of Mr Ireland, sen., in Norfolk Street, Strand, was daily crowded to excess by persons of high rank, as well as by the most celebrated men of letters. The manuscripts being mostly allowed to be genuine, were considered to be of inestimable worth. Some conceited amateurs in literature at length sounded an alarm, which was echoed by certain newspapers and literary journals; notwithstanding which, Mr Sheridan, who was then proprietor of the Drury Lane Theatre, agreed to give £300, and a moiety of the profits for the first sixty nights, for permission to play *Vortigern*. So crowded a house was scarcely ever seen as on the night of the performance; a vast number of persons could not obtain admission. The predetermined malcontents, however, began an opposition from the outset; some ill-cast characters converted grave scenes into ridicule, and there ensued between the believers and sceptics a contest which endangered the property. The piece was accordingly withdrawn. Sheridan tells us that he was not without his misgivings during the perusal of the manuscripts, though the standard at which he ruled the genius of Shakspeare was not so high as to inspire him with a very fastidious judgment; and though Ireland, who made this statement, can scarcely be trusted, it receives some confirmation from the testimony of Mr Boaden, who records that John Kemble "frequently expressed to him his wonder that Sheridan should trouble himself so *little* about Shakspeare."

Vortigern was produced at Drury Lane on the 2d of April 1796, and hissed from the stage, partly through the exertions of Malone, who warned the audience in a handbill that the whole of the pretended documents were forgeries; and partly through the sullen resolution of John Kemble, who played the chief character, to effect the destruction of the piece by showing that he held the same opinion. The performance ended in uproar, which was scarcely appeased by pretty Mrs Jordan speaking a sprightly but dangerous epilogue. Mr Sheridan was indignant at Kemble's conduct, and told him, in the green-room, that his private opinion had nothing to do with his business as an actor; that he appeared there as the servant of the theatre, and that it was his duty to exert himself to ensure the success of plays, and not to damn them.

The young forger was now so beset for information that he found it necessary to abscond from his father's house; and then, to put an end to the wonderful ferment which his ingenuity had created, he published a pamphlet wherein he *confessed* the entire fabrication. Besides *Vortigern*, young Ireland also produced a play, *Henry II.*; and, although there were both in this play and *Vortigern* such incongruities as were not consistent with Shakspeare's age, both dramas contain passages of considerable beauty and originality.

The admissions of the son did not, however, screen the father from obloquy, and the reaction of public opinion affected his fortunes and his health. Mr Ireland was the dupe of his son upon such subjects; and the son, at the outset, never contemplated the unfortunate effect. Such was the enthusiasm of certain admirers of Shakspeare, among whom were Dr Parr and Dr Warton, that they fell upon their knees before the manuscripts, and by their idolatry inspired hundreds of others with similar enthusiasm. Dr Parr drew up and signed an attestation of the authenticity of the manuscripts, which, it is worthy of remark, Sheridan refused to sign. The young author was filled with astonishment and alarm at the devotees who flocked to Norfolk Street, but, at this stage, he could not check the excitement.

Dr Parr was laughed at as a dupe. In the catalogue of his library at Hatton (*Bibliotheca Parriana*), we find the following attempted explanation by the doctor:—

"Ireland's (Samuel) great and impudent forgery, called 'Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments, under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare, folio

1796.' I am almost ashamed to insert this worthless and infamously trickish book. It is said to include the tragedy of *King Lear*, and a fragment of *Hamlet*. Ireland told a lie when he imputed to *me* the words which Joseph Wharton used, the very morning I called on Ireland, and was inclined to admit the possibility of genuineness in his papers. In my subsequent conversation, I told him my change of opinion. But I thought it not worth while to dispute in print with a diluted impostor.—S. P."

Mr Ireland died in July 1800. His son, William Henry, long survived him; but the forgeries blighted his literary reputation for ever, and he died in straitened circumstances. He fabricated several sets of the Shakspeare MSS. The *Papers* were published in 1796, in a noble folio volume, issued by subscription, at four guineas. A copy of Part II. afterwards brought as much as £46, 5s. Lowndes says: "There are only 138 copies extant."

The history of these forgeries has been minutely traced and recorded. In *Fraser's Magazine* for August 1860, most of the details were carefully examined; and in the *London Review*, October 6, 13, and 20, the story was completed in a short series of papers, touching chiefly on certain portions of the narrative which had not been sufficiently explored. It appears that one Montague Talbot detected the forger at his extraordinary labours in his chambers at New Inn. There is allowed to be an amount of cleverness in design and execution in these forgeries, of which it is impossible not to regret the misapplication. It is, however, surprising that the critics who examined the forged papers failed to detect the fraud. Several of the autographs bear no resemblance whatever to the authentic signatures of the parties; that of Lord Southampton Ireland had never seen. He tells us that he was led to forge a correspondence between Shakspeare and Lord Southampton, by having heard of the bounty of the latter to the poet; but, on inquiry, he could not learn that any signature of his Lordship's was in existence.

"I accordingly," he adds, "formed his mode of writing merely from myself, and, the better to disguise it from Shakspeare's, I wrote the whole with my left hand; this was done to give more authenticity to the story."

One of the great difficulties he had to encounter, in the first instance (says the *London Review*), was to obtain paper fit for his purpose. Being ignorant of the watermarks of the age of Elizabeth, and well aware of the risk of detection he would have incurred from the use of a modern watermark, he was extremely careful in the beginning to use only such sheets of paper as had no mark whatever. Having afterwards learned, however, that the "Jugg," as he spells it in his *Authentic Account*,* was the most prominent watermark of Shakspeare's day, he got sheets wherever he could, bearing that impression upon them. But the fabricator did not limit himself to this single watermark. He collected other old ones (probably without much exactitude as to their precise dates), with a view, in all likelihood, to confound his critics. Thus Ireland, the father, lets us know that in the paper on which his MS.

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* In the late Mr Daniel's copy is written, "Very scarce, having been rigidly suppressed."

copy of *King Lear* was written, there were no less than twenty different watermarks.

The handwriting of the body of the lease was carefully imitated from a law paper of the time of James I., and the forms were adopted from a mortgage deed, which had been actually executed by Shakspeare, and which young Ireland chanced to discover in Steevens's Shakspeare; the fabricated lease was full of errors and redundancies, which nobody seems to have detected until Malone pointed out some of them. It was curious, however, that the close wording of the lease, after the covenants of the mortgage, escaped all the investigators, including Malone himself, who had published the original not long before, with a facsimile of the signature. Another point was the ink, which, although it looked old on ordinary paper, presented the appearance upon parchment of common ink diluted with water. Persons who ought to have known better, admitted the authenticity of these papers, and with great warmth supported it. All this might have passed off with a laugh at those who were deceived; but a subscription set on foot at three guineas, to enable the Irelands to print the papers, gave the forgeries an importance they would not otherwise have attained.

Lotteries in London.

It is now some fifty years since the licensed moral evil of State Lotteries was established in England, by which the Government lost a revenue of about a quarter of a million annually.

The invention of lotteries is ascribed to the Romans, by whom they were not resorted to for purposes of revenue, but rather as a means of amusing and gratifying the people. The earliest English lottery of which there is any record occurred in 1569. The greatest prize was estimated at £5000, of which £3000 was to be paid in cash, £700 in plate, and the remainder in "good tapestry meet for hangings, and other covertures, and certain sorts of good linen cloth." All the prizes were to be seen at the house of Mr Dericke, the Queen's goldsmith, in Cheapside; and a woodcut was appended to the original proclamation, in which a tempting display of gold and silver plate is profusely delineated. The lots, amounting in number to 400,000, appear to have been somewhat tardily disposed of, and the drawing did not take place until January 1568-69. On the 11th of that month, it began in a building erected for the purpose at the west door of St Paul's Cathedral, and continued, day and night, until the 6th of the following May. The price of the lots was 10s. each, and they were occasionally subdivided into halves and quarters; and these were again subdivided for "convenience of poorer classes." The objects ostensibly propounded as an excuse to the Government for founding this lottery, were the repair of the harbours and fortifications of the kingdom, and other public works. The Society of Antiquaries have still in their possession at Somerset House the original scheme, as it was then printed; from which it appears that the name lottery was at that time in use.

In the year following, a lottery "for marvellous rich and beautiful armour" was conducted for three days at the same place. In 1612, King James I., "in special favour for the plantation of the English colonies in Virginia, granted a lottery to be held at the west end of St Paul's; whereof one Thomas Sharplys, a tailor of London, had the chief prize, which was 4000 crowns in fair plate." In 1619, another lottery was held ostensibly for the same purpose. Charles I. projected one in 1630, to defray the expenses of conveying water to London, after the fashion of the New River. During the Commonwealth, one was held in Grocers' Hall by the committee for lands in Ireland. After the Restoration, several lotteries were started under pretence of aiding the poor adherents of the Crown who had suffered in the Civil Wars. Gifts of plate were supposed to be made by the Crown, and thus disposed of "on the behalf of the truly loyal indigent officers." This popular scheme speedily became a patent monopoly, was farmed by various speculators, and the lotteries were drawn in the theatres. "The Royal Oak Lottery" was that which came forth with greatest *éclat*, and was continued to the end of the century; it was, however, unsparingly treated by the satirists of the day. In 1699 a lottery was proposed with a capital prize of a thousand pounds, which sum was to be won at the risk of one penny; for that was to be the price of each share, and only one share to win.

The South Sea Bubble was favourable to all kinds of lottery speculations; hence there were "great goes" in whole tickets, and "little goes" in their subdivisions; speculators were protected by insurance offices; and fortune-tellers were consulted about lucky numbers. Thus a writer in the *Spectator* tells us:—

> "I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleased to risk his good fortune upon the number 1711, because it is the year of our Lord. I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter, who, being a great enemy to Popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 against any other number; because, he says, it is the number of the beast."

Guildhall was a scene of great excitement during the time of the drawing of the prizes there; and it is recorded that poor medical practitioners used constantly to attend, to be ready to let blood in cases when the sudden proclaiming of the fate of tickets had an overpowering effect.

The theory of "Lucky Numbers" was credited in these days of lotteries. At the drawing, papers were put into a hollow wheel, inscribed with as many different numbers as there were shares or tickets; one of these was drawn out (usually by a Blue-coat boy, who had a holiday and a present on such occasions), and the number audibly announced; another Blue-coat boy then drew out of another wheel a paper denoting either "blank" or a "prize" for a certain sum of money; and the purchaser of that particular number was awarded a blank or a prize accordingly. With a view to lucky numbers, one man would select his own age, or the age of his wife; another would select the date of the year; another a row of odd or even numbers. Persons who went to rest with their thoughts full of lottery tickets were very likely to dream of some one or more numbers, and such dreams had a fearful influence on the wakers on the following morning. One lady, in 1790, bought No. 17,090, because she thought it was the nearest *in sound* to 1790, which was already sold to some other applicant. On one occasion a tradesman bought four tickets, consecutive in numbers; he thought it foolish to have them so close together, and took one back to the office to be exchanged; the one thus taken back turned up a twenty thousand pounds prize!

Again, men who did not possess tickets nevertheless lost or won by the failure or success of particular numbers, through a species of insurance which was in effect gambling. The matter was reduced almost to a mathematical science, or to an application of the theory of probabilities. Treatises and Essays, Tables and Calculations, were published for the benefit of the speculators.*

In 1714 and 1718, there were two great lotteries; for the former one a million and a half of money was subscribed. Lotteries were then usually drawn in Mercers' Hall, as represented in a fan-mount, printed in colours upon vellum. In this representation, a dignified person, in black robes, is presiding; over his head is an escutcheon of St George's cross; above are the royal arms, with the initials of Queen Anne. Many officials are in attendance, including three clerks curiously accommodated in a pit in front of the president. There is a platform, with side-boxes conveniently arranged for gay gallants and fashionable ladies in the full costume of the period. The tickets are in the course of being drawn by Blue-coat boys. On one side is the wheel for blanks; on the other, that for prizes—the valve coverings being marked respectively B. P. These wheels, when not in use, appear to have been locked up in cases that separated into two portions when removed from the drawing apparatus, and bore the queen's initials. A precisely similar scene to that here described, is given in the contemporary engraving, by N. Parr, in six compartments, entitled *Les Divertissements de la Loterie.* It was designed by J. Marchant, drawn by H. Gravelot, and published by Ryland, Ave Maria Lane. Gambling in private lotteries was so prevalent about this time that they were suppressed by Act of Parliament.

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* See Chambers's *Book of Days.*

Henry Fielding, the novelist, ridiculed the public mania in a farce produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1731, the scene being laid in a lottery-office, and the action of the drama descriptive of the wiles of office-keepers, and the credulity of their victims. A whimsical pamphlet was also published about the same time, purporting to be a prospectus of "a lottery for ladies;" by which they were to obtain, as chief prize, a husband and coach-and-six for five pounds; such being the price of each share. Sometimes lotteries were turned to purposes of public utility. In 1736, an Act was passed for building a bridge at Westminster by lottery, consisting of 125,000 tickets at £5 each. This scheme was so far successful, that Parliament sanctioned others in succession until Westminster Bridge was completed.

A strange incident is related of the State Lottery, the drawing of which was finished on January 5, 1744, when No. 11,053, which came up as a prize of £100, was also, as being the last drawn ticket, declared to be entitled to £1000 more. But, the wheels having been carried from Guildhall to Whitehall, and there opened, a ticket, No. 72,148, was found in the wheel A, and being the next drawn ticket after all the prizes were drawn, was declared as entitled to the £1000, as the last drawn ticket, which led to considerable contention.

In 1774, the brothers Adam, builders of the Adelphi Terrace and surrounding streets in the Strand, disposed of these and other premises in a lottery containing 110 prizes; the first drawn ticket entitling the holder to a prize of the value of £5000; the last drawn, to one of £25,000.

By the Act of 1753, the sum of £300,000 was raised by lottery for the purchase of the collections for the commencement of the British Museum.

One particular year was marked by a singular incident. A lottery-ticket was given to a child unborn, and was drawn a prize of £1000 the day after its birth. In 1767, a lady residing in Holborn had a lottery-ticket presented to her by her husband; and on the Sunday preceding the drawing, her success was prayed for in this form:—"The prayers of this congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking."

Cornhill has ever been noted for its lottery-offices.

The house in which Guy, the bookseller, lived, subsequently became "Pidding's Lucky Corner." It is related that Don Thomas Isturitz was one day walking near the Royal Exchange during the drawing of the lottery in 1815, and feeling an inclination to sport £20, went into the office of Martin & Co., Cornhill, where, referring to his pocket-book, he counted the number of days that had elapsed from that of his providential escape from Madrid; he found them amount to 261, and then demanded to buy *that* ticket, but it was nearly half-an-hour before it could be obtained, and only after a strict search amongst the lottery offices in the city. At length, a half ticket of No. 261 was procured at two o'clock, and at five it was drawn a prize of £40,000, the only one ever exhibited to that amount in England. The lucky Don lay down that night £20,000 richer than he had risen. Eleven years later, on the 18th of October 1826, the last State Lottery was drawn in England, in Cooper's Hall, Basinghall Street.

Collections of valuable property have been disposed of by lottery: for Cox's jewellery, in 1774; for the Poet's Gallery of Pictures, 1798. Alderman Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery of Pictures by Reynolds, West, Northcote, and others, was dispersed by lottery in 1804. The last of this class was Tomkins's Picture Lottery.

The Leverian Museum, a magnificent collection of natural history and other curiosities, formed by Sir Arthur Lever, was, in 1784, disposed of by lottery, in one prize, determined by the first drawn number in the next State Lottery, and was won by Mr Parkinson; the collection, sold in 1806, in 7194 lots, produced about £5000, scarcely a tenth part of the cost of the museum.

The Pigot Diamond was permitted to be disposed of by lottery, January 2, 1801; it was afterwards sold at Christie's auction on May 10, 1802, for 9500 guineas. The next notice of this gem, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1804, states that the Pigot Diamond has been purchased for a part of Madame Bonaparte's necklace. Mawe, in his *Treatise on Diamonds*, edition 1823, describes the Pigot as of great surface, both in table and girdle, but not of sufficient depth. Its weight is forty-nine carats.

"This gem is valued at £40,000, and was about twenty years ago made the subject of a public lottery. It became the property of a young man, who sold it at a low price. It was again disposed of, and afterwards passed into the possession of a jeweller in the City, and is said to have been lately sold to the Pacha of Egypt for £30,000. It may justly be called a diamond of the first water, and ranks among the finest in Europe."

The gaining of prizes in lotteries has lured the winners to sad reverses of fortune. At the corner of Old Street, in the City Road, are some extensive vinegar works, whose former proprietor, Mr James Calvert, won the first £20,000 prize ever drawn in an English lottery, and in a subsequent lottery gained £5000; yet he died in extreme poverty, February 26, 1799.

In 1809, Mr Christopher Bartholomew died in a garret in Angel Court, Windmill Street. He had been proprietor of White Conduit House, which owed much of its celebrity to the taste he displayed in laying out the gardens. He had inherited a good fortune from his parents: the above tavern and the Angel Inn, Islington, were his freeholds; he rented £2000 per annum in the neighbourhood of Holloway, and was remarkable for having the greatest number of haystacks of any grower in the neighbourhood of London. Not content with these possessions, he fell a victim to the lottery mania, by which he was known to lose £1000 a-day. This practice soon reduced him to beggary, and for the last thirteen years of his life he subsisted on the charity of those who had known him in better days. However, in August 1807, he had a thirty-second share of a £20,000 prize, with which, by the advice of his friends, he purchased an annuity of £60; yet, still fatally addicted to the lottery, he disposed even of that income, and lost his all.

The "Morocco men," so called from the red morocco pocket-books which they carried, were remarkable features in the lottery system half a century ago. They began their lives as pigeons; they closed them as rooks. They had lost their own fortunes in their youth; they lost those of others in their age. Generally educated, and of bland manners, a mixture of the gentleman and the debauchee, they easily penetrated into the society they sought to destroy. They were seen in the deepest alleys of St Giles's, and were met in the fairest scenes of England. In the old hall of the country gentleman, in the mansion of the city merchant, in the buttery of the rural squire, in the homestead of the farmer, among the reapers as they worked on the hill side, with the peasant as he rested from his daily toil, addressing all with specious promises, and telling lies like truth, were the "Morocco men" found treading alike the finest and the foulest scenes of society. They whispered temptation to the innocent; they hinted at fraud to the novice; they lured the youthful; they excited the aged; and no place was so pure, and no spot so degraded, but, for love of 7½ per cent., did the "Morocco men" mark it with their pestilential presence. No valley was so lonely, but what it found some victim; no hill so remote, but what it offered some chance; and so enticing were their manners, that their presence was sought and their appearance welcomed with all the eagerness of avarice. And little were they who dealt with these persons aware of the characters with whom they trafficked. Of bland behaviour, but gross habits, the nature of their influence upon the unpolluted minds with which they had to deal, may be judged from the fact that some of the "Morocco men" ended their days at Tyburn, that transportation was the doom of others, and that the pillory was the frequent occupation of many. To such men as these were the morals of the people exposed through the lottery. Nor, if the opinion of a member of the senate can be trusted, was the lottery-office keeper much better.

"I know of no class of persons in the country," said Mr Littleton, "excepting hangmen and informers, on whom I should be less disposed to bestow one word of commendation." *

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* Francis's *Chronicles of the Stock Exchange.*

Fashion for Flowers.

One of the most singular phenomena in the horticultural world is the fashion for certain flowers which suddenly comes in and gradually works itself up into a perfect "rage," or mania. The passion of the ancient Romans for roses, and that of the Dutch for tulips, is matter of general history, and there is no saying whether our own times may not supply similar instances of enthusiasm. During the last hundred years, however, the feeling has not taken an extreme form. We have paid £200 for an orchid, but what is that in comparison to the thousands once willingly given for a single tulip? The modern fashion for any kind of flower is very fickle. At the utmost it lasts a few years, and then turns to a new favourite.

About sixty years ago, auricolas, picotees, carnations, and pinks were generally grown. Balsams were also greatly in vogue. About 1819, pansies were coming into fashion. The first of the red geraniums was raised about 1822 by Mr Davy, in Chelsea, and the other geraniums became fashionable about sixteen or eighteen years ago. The red variety of the Indian azalea was brought into notice about 1825. The fuchsia is said to have been introduced by a Capt. Frith, in 1788; but there is a sentimental story connected with it which enabled Messrs Lee, of Hammersmith, to bring the plant prominently before the public. Dahlias began to attract attention in 1821, but the fine double varieties did not come up until 1830. The scarlet verbenas were becoming general about 1836. Cape-heaths, proteas and bulbs, Australian plants, and American cactuses, all have had their day. Then came fine "leaf-plants."

This phyllomania can be traced directly to Japan, where plants distinguished for their elegant or remarkable foliage have for ages been great favourites. The Dutch acquired it from the Japanese, and gradually imparted it to the Continental nations, and ultimately to ourselves. The ferns, of which about 1000 species are cultivated in our gardens, owe part of their popularity to their elegant foliage.—*From the Athenæum.*

Flooding of the Thames Tunnel.

THIS stupendous work had considerably advanced by May 1827, when the bed of the river being examined by a diving-bell, the soil was found to be extremely loose; and on the 18th of May, as the tide rose, the ground seemed as though it were alive. The water was pressing in at all points, and it was not long in entering. Occasional bursts of diluted silt were followed by an overwhelming flood of slush and water, which drove all before it. The men, forced out of the shield, fled towards the bottom of the shaft. The water came on in a great wave, threatening to sweep them back under the arch by its recoil against the circular wall of the shaft. The lowest flight of steps was reached, and the recoil wave surged under the men's feet. They hurried up the stairs of the shaft, and it was thought that all of them had come in, when the cry was raised, "A rope! a rope! Save him! save him!" Some unfortunate workman had been left behind, and was seen struggling in the water. Young Brunel, seizing a rope, slid down one of the iron ties of the shaft, reached the water, passed the rope round the man's body, and he was immediately drawn up. It proved to be old Tillett, the engine-man. The roll was then called, and every man answered to his name; but the Tunnel works were, for the time, completely drowned.

On examination of the bed of the river from the diving-bell, a large hole was found extending from the centre of the Tunnel excavation to a considerable distance eastwards. Measures were taken to fill up the opening with bags of clay, laid so as to form an arch in the bed of the river immediately over the work. More bags of clay were then sunk; and after about thirty thousand cubic feet of clay had been thrown into the hole, the pumping was resumed, and the state of the work could be examined from the inside in a boat. On the 10th of November following, the Tunnel had again been so far cleared of water, that young Brunel determined to give a dinner in one of the arches to about fifty friends of the undertaking; while above a hundred of the leading workmen were similarly regaled in the adjoining arch. The band of the Coldstream Guards enlivened the scene, and the proceedings went off with great *éclat.* The celebration had, however, been premature; and the young engineer had been "hallooing before he was out of the"—water; for in two months the Thames again burst in, owing in some measure to the incautiousness of young Brunel himself, and the river held possession of the Tunnel for several years.

The circumstances connected with this second flooding are well told by Mr Beamish, in his *Memoirs of the Brunels*:—

"On the morning of Saturday, the 12th of January, I came on duty at six o'clock, but was detained aboveground in writing out orders for the men, and had scarcely completed the last order, when a strange confused sound of voices seemed to issue from the shaft, and immediately the watchman rushed in, exclaiming, 'The water is in—the Tunnel is full!' My head felt as though it would burst—I rushed to the workmen's staircase; it was blocked by the men; with a crowbar I knocked in the side-door of the visitors' staircase; but I had not taken many steps down when I received Isambard Brunel in my arms. The great wave of water had thrown him to the surface, and he was providentially preserved from the fate which had already overwhelmed his companions. 'Ball! Ball!—Collins! Collins!' were the only words he could for some time utter; but the well-known voices answered not—they were for ever silent.

"In the earnest desire to make progress, some of the precautions which experience had shown to be so important were unfortunately omitted; and Isambard Brunel, calculating upon the tried skill, courage, and physical power of some of the men coming on in the morning shift (particularly Ball and Collins), ventured at high water, or while the tide was still rising, to open the ground at No. 1. According to his own account, given to me that day, upon the removal of the side-shoring the ground began to swell, and in a few moments a column of solid ground, about eight or ten inches in diameter, forced itself in. This was immediately followed by the overwhelming torrent. Collins was forced out of the box, and all the unflinching efforts of Ball to timber the back proved unavailing. So rapid was the influx of water, that had the three not quitted the stage immediately they must have been swept off. A rush of air suddenly extinguished the gas-lights, and they were left to struggle in utter darkness. Scarcely had they proceeded twenty feet from the stage when they were thrown down by the timber, now in violent agitation, for already had the water nearly reached as high as Isambard's waist. With great difficulty he extricated his right leg from something heavy which had fallen upon it, and made his way into the east arch. There he paused for a moment to call for Ball and Collins, but, receiving no answer, and the water continuing to rise, he was compelled to consult his own safety by flight. Arrived at the shaft, he found the workmen's staircase, which opened into the east arch, crowded. The morning shift had not all come down; the night shift had not all come up; added to which, those who had succeeded in placing themselves out of danger, forgetful of their less fortunate companions, stopped and blocked up the passage. Unable to make his way into the west arch and to the visitors' staircase, which was quite clear, owing to the rapidity with which the water rose, Isambard Brunel had no alternative but to abandon himself to the tremendous wave, which, in a few seconds, bore him on its seething and angry surface to the top of the shaft. With such force, indeed, did the water rise, that it jumped over the curb at the workmen's entrance. Three men who, finding the staircase choked, endeavoured to ascend a long ladder which lay against the shaft, were swept under the arch by the recoil of the wave. The ladder and the lower flight of the staircase were broken to pieces. We had then to mourn the loss of Ball, Collins, Long, G. Evans, J. Cook, and Seaton. . . . Isambard Brunel was found to have received internal injury, as well as severe abrasion in the knee-joint, and was confined to his bed for months."

The funds of the Tunnel Company were by this time exhausted; and it was determined to make an appeal to the country for the means of finishing it. A subscription-list was opened, and £18,500 promised; but this sum was a mere "flea-bite," and the works remained suspended. The Government at length consented to make a loan of £246,000 for the purpose of enabling the Tunnel to be completed, and the first instalment was advanced in December 1834. The water was then pumped out of the Tunnel, and the works were recommenced, after having been at a standstill for a period of seven years. A new shield, of excellent construction, was supplied by the Messrs Rennie, which was satisfactorily placed in position by the 1st of March 1836. But the difficulties of the undertaking were not yet entirely overcome; the river broke in again and again—three times in twenty weeks, within a distance of only twenty-six feet; but by perseverance and skill the water was ultimately mastered, and the work was at last brought to a completion, and opened to the public on the 25th of March 1843.

Thomas Hood thus humorously quizzed the Tunnel irruptions:—

> Other great speculations have been nursed,
>   Till want of proceeds laid them on the shelf;
> But thy concern was at the worst,
>   When it began to *liquidate* itself.
>
> —*Ode to Brunel.*

Burning of the Houses of Parliament.

THIS vast conflagration was attended with some singular circumstances of mysterious interest. Sir John Soane is known to have uttered a prevision of the catastrophe: speaking of certain old buildings of timber covered with plaster, which were altered in the year 1800, Soane remarked:—

"In such an extensive assemblage of combustible materials, should a fire happen, what would become of the Painted Chamber, the House of Commons, and Westminster Hall? Where would the progress of the fire be arrested? The want of security from fire, the narrow, gloomy, and unhealthy passages, and the insufficiency of accommodation in this building, are important objects, which call loudly for revision and speedy amendment."

Sixteen years after this admonition, the conflagration took place: through the favourable direction of the wind, Soane's Parliamentary buildings, his Law Courts, and the Great Hall, were preserved; had the volumes of flame and flakes of fire been wafted towards the vast timber roof of the Hall, it must have been destroyed, with every building immediately connected with it.

On the evening of the 16th of October 1834, when the wind blew briskly from the south-west, an accidental fire broke out in the House of Lords, near Black Rod's Box. It was first discovered by the wife of a doorkeeper, who, seeing the glittering of a great light under one of the doors, suspected the cause, and communicated it to the deputy-housekeeper, by the exclamation, "Oh, good God, the House of Lords is on fire!" This was at six o'clock; but, although several persons employed about the building were quickly drawn together by this alarm, no effectual resistance could be opposed to the progress of the flames for a considerable time, in consequence of the rapidity with which they spread through the numerous passages, lobbies, staircases, &c., which had been constructed at various periods, for the convenience of a ready communication between the two Houses, and their appertaining committee-rooms and offices. The fire continued to rage throughout the night, and was not extinguished for several days. The Houses and offices were destroyed, except the bare walls. The fire originated from two cart-loads of wooden Exchequer tallies having been burnt in the furnaces or stoves connected with the flues passing beneath the flooring of the House of Lords becoming red-hot, and thus rapidly igniting the dry timber about them. In the afternoon, an almost suffocating heat near Black Rod's Box, where the flues came up, was noticed by a gentleman who went to see the House of Lords; he felt the heat through his boots, and the smoke was so great that he could not see the throne from the bar, or distinguish above a foot square of the tapestry, even when near it.

Vague suspicions were at first entertained that the conflagration had been caused by political incendiaries. Among the strange stories circulated in support of this notion was that of Mr Cooper, an ironmonger, of Drury Lane, who, having gone down to Dudley, in Worcestershire, on the day of the evening on which the fire happened, had heard, as he alleged, a report of the circumstance at Dudley (119 miles from London), about three hours after the fire broke out. But, from an examination of that gentleman, and several other persons, before the Privy Council, it was concluded that he laboured under some misconception as to the time when the news in question first reached Dudley; and that it was not actually known in that town until Friday morning, when the intelligence was communicated by means of an entry on the way-bill of a mail-coach. Nevertheless, nothing could be more direct than Mr Cooper's evidence that he was told of the fire, as he sat at the Bush Inn, at Dudley, on Thursday night. The evidence before the Privy Council was given in a clever parody upon "The House that Jack Built," which appeared in the *Spectator* newspaper.

Hudson, "The Railway King."

THE career of George Hudson, ridiculously styled "the Railway King," was one of the *ignes fatui* of the Railway mania of 1844-5. He was born in a lowly house in College Street, York, in 1800; here he served his apprenticeship to a linen-draper, and subsequently carried on the business as principal, amassing considerable wealth. His fortune was next increased by a bequest from a distant relative, which sum he invested in North-Midland Railway shares.

Mr Smiles describes Hudson as a man of some local repute when the line between Leeds and York was projected. His views as to railways were then extremely moderate, and his main object in joining the undertaking was to secure for York the advantages of the best railway communication.

. . . .

"The grand test by which the shareholders judged him was the dividends that he paid; although subsequent events proved that these dividends were in many cases delusive; intended only 'to make things pleasant.' The policy, however, had its effect. The shares in all the lines of which he was chairman went to a premium; and then arose the temptation to create new shares in branch and extension lines, often worthless, which were issued at a premium also. Thus he shortly found himself chairman of nearly 600 miles of railways, extending from Rugby to Newcastle, and at the head of numerous new projects, by means of which paper wealth could be created, as it were, at pleasure. He held in his own hands almost the entire administrative power of the companies over which he presided: he was chairman, board, manager, and all. Mr Hudson was voted praises, testimonials, and surplus shares, alike liberally; and scarcely a word against him could find a hearing.

"The Hudson testimonial was a taking thing; for Mr Hudson had it in his power to allot shares (selling at a premium) to the subscribers to his testimonial. With this fund he bought of Mr Thomas Cubitt, for £15,000, the lofty house on the east of Albert Gate, Hyde Park. Here he lived sumptuously, and went his rounds of visits among the peerage.

"Mr Hudson's brief reign soon drew to a close. The speculation of 1845 was followed by a sudden reaction. Shares went down faster than they had gone up: the holders of them hastened to sell in order to avoid payment of the calls; and many found themselves ruined. Then came repentance, and a sudden return to virtue. The golden calf was found to be of brass, and hurled down; Hudson's own toadies and sycophants eagerly joining in the chorus of popular indignation; and the bubbles having burst, the railway mania came to a sudden and ignominious end."

Remarkable Persons.

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Sir William Petty and the Lansdowne Family.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY is commonly described as "the founder of the house of Lansdowne," a statement which is not sufficiently exact for all readers.

The story of William Petty, from May 1623, when he was born at Romsey, in Hampshire, to the time of his interment in the Norman church of that town, in 1687, is one of those lessons of life which can scarcely be too often repeated. Aubrey, the antiquary, who was intimate with Petty, was the first to tell the tale. Petty was the son of a clothier in humble circumstances, was sent to Romsey Grammar School, and determined next to study at the University of Caen, in Normandy. Thither he sped, supporting himself by the way with "a little stock of merchandise," as a pedlar. He returned to England, and apprenticed himself to a sea captain, who, however, "drubbed him with a rope's end for the badness of his sight." This ill-treatment disgusted him with the navy; he took to the study of medicine, and while at Paris for that purpose, became so poor as to subsist for two or three weeks entirely on walnuts; but, by help of the pedlar trade, he came back to England with money in his pocket. Here he exercised his liking for mechanics by inventing a letter-copying machine, or, as he called it, "an instrument for the art of double writing," which he patented, for seventeen years, in 1648; and this very instrument is the prototype of the manifold letter-writers of our times. Petty likewise practised chemistry and physic; and at his lodgings in Oxford were held the first meetings to form the Royal Society. At Oxford Petty acted as deputy to the anatomical professor there: he lodged at an apothecary's house, "because of the convenience of inspecting drugs." In 1652 Petty was appointed Physician-General to the Army in Ireland. In 1664 he undertook the survey of Ireland; and in 1666 (aided by his friend, Thomas Taylour, Esq., ancestor of the Marquis of Headfort), he had completed the measurement of two million and eight thousand acres of forfeited lands, for which, by contract, he was to receive one penny per acre. Sir William Petty is better known in our day as a writer upon trade and commerce and political arithmetic.

Sir William, however, made one unfortunate miscalculation as to the population of London. In his *Political Arithmetic*, printed in 1683, after much study of statistical returns and bills of mortality, he demonstrates that the growth of the metropolis must stop of its own accord before the year of grace 1800; at which period the population would, by his computation, have arrived at exactly 5,359,000. Nay, more, were it not for this halt, he shows that the increase would double in forty years, with a slightly accelerating increment, as he gives the amount of human beings in the city for

1840 at 10,718,880! The identical year 1800, the commencement of a truly important century, found London still enlarging: brickfields and scaffolding were invading all its outskirts, but the inhabitants, who had increased in a reasonably rapid rate, numbered only 830,000.

Among Sir W. Petty's inventions was "a double-bottomed ship, to sail against wind and tide." He wrote on dyeing and on woollen cloth manufacture; he speculated in ironworks, lead-mines, a pilchard fishery, and timber trade; and all this time took an active part in the discussions of the Royal Society. He also built Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury, on the site of the Earl of Arundel's house and garden; and he held property in the yard at the time of the Great Fire. His will, made in 1661, details his birth, boyhood, education, adventures, studies, attainments, and promotions in life, commencing "with three-score pounds at the age of twenty," and being in the receipt of £15,000 per annum a short time before his death, at which time he was residing in the corner house on the east side of Sackville Street, Piccadilly, opposite St James's Church. The widow of Sir William Petty was created Baroness Shelburn. He left two sons and a daughter. The eldest son succeeded to the title; but, dying without issue, it was revived in Henry, the second son, great uncle of the first Marquis of Lansdowne.

The remains of Sir William Petty rest in Romsey Church, where, on the south side of the choir, a plain slab bore the inscription, "Here Layes Sir William Petty;" but a more fitting memorial of his celebrated lineal ancestor was, in 1862, erected by the late Marquis of Lansdowne.

Praise-God Barebones.

In troublous times, when the worship was changed to "the Presbyteriall way," lived, in the parish of St Dunstan's, Fleet Street, the notable person called by the quaint and forbidding name of Mr Praise-God Barebones.

"To say that he was a Puritan is not defining his character very accurately, for that class of men were composed of great varieties of character and principles. He was a leather-seller in Fleet Street, and possessed a house near Crane Court, known by the name of the Lock and Key: we first hear of him as preaching in a conventicle in Fetter Lane, in the year 1641, along with Mr Green, a felt-maker. What was the subject of his discourse we do not know, but he probably held forth against the faithlessness of the King and his party, and against prelatical domination in the Church.

"In the year 1648 the vestry voted that all who had served the office of constable of the parish and upwards should belong to the vestry, except such as were scandalous in their lives and conversation. At the succeeding vestry meeting Mr Praise-God Barebones is named as constable, and he afterwards appears in the following year, 1649, as common councilman. At this time the title of Saint, as applied to St Dunstan, was dropped, being thought to savour of idolatry, and the parish is called for a few years by the name of the Parish of Dunstan's. Our friend Barebones' opinion gained strength and influence in the vestry, and we may see this indicated in the following language used in the records of that time:—In 1650, it is ordered that 'six pounds shall be paid to Mr Strong, the lecturer, for his extraordinary paynes in preaching in the afternoon.'

"In 1653, Oliver Cromwell, with the well-known scene in the House of Commons, dissolved the Long Parliament, and in their stead he called a new kind of Parliament of his own, issuing summons 'for divers persons fearing God and of approved fidelity and honesty.' About 120 of them came together on July 4, 1653, and sat continuously till December 12 in the same year, This Parliament has been called Barebones' Parliament, because this worthy parishioner of St Dunstan's was a member of it. It has been the fashion to cry it down as an assembly of hypocritical and fanatical men, but if we look at what was attempted and passed by them, though it was afterwards repealed, we see nothing to justify such censure, but rather the contrary. They were hasty, enthusiastic, and too little acquainted with the art of legislating, but they only desired to bring about reforms, many of which we are anxiously endeavouring to achieve at present—such as reforms in law, the registration and performance of marriages at a registrar's, and such like. As Carlyle says, 'It was the first and last attempt at bringing religion heart and soul into the management of politics, and it did not fail in itself, but in not satisfying the expectations of those who set it up in order to knock it down.'

"Barebones often spoke in this Parliament, and was evidently an active member of it, although I should certainly have had a better opinion of him had he not so often been connected with sequestrations and spoliations. He seems to have been a thoroughgoing Puritan, but much more consistent as such than those who, as Blake and George Monk, were joined with him as members of that Parliament. It was dissolved at the end of the year 1653, and we do not hear of Barebones till 1659, when we find him appointed Comptroller of Sequestrations at a salary of £300 a-year. This office, however, he did not hold long, for the tide was on the turn, the word 'Saint' reappears in the registers as applied to St Dunstan, and Charles II. was preparing to return.

"Barebones made one last effort to prevent it, and raised the feeling of the people to such a pitch of excitement, that Monk, who was already planning the King's return, trembled for the success of his measures, and used all the means in his power to frustrate the opposition of the staunch Republican. Nothing daunted, Barebones appeared before Parliament with a petition, desiring that no one should be admitted to any public office who should favour the return of the rule of Charles Stuart, or of any *one* person, and prayed for the passing of a law declaring that to entertain the wish for this should be a crime of high treason. But the tide had now fairly turned against Barebones, both in the Parliament and in the City, through the presence of Monk's army; and if we suppose ourselves walking down from Whitehall with Samuel Pepys on the night of the 11th of February 1660, we shall see all Fleet Street in a blaze of fire, from the bonfires lighted to celebrate the success of the soldiers in getting the better of the Parliament; there were no fewer than fourteen bonfires between Temple Bar and St Dunstan's; and on looking into Pepys' Diary of the day after, we find that the boys of that time were like the boys of this, and had their share, and probably a large one, in the disturbance; for we read, 'The boys had last night broke Barebones's windows;' and this was repeated on the 21st, for we read in the journal of the 22d, 'I observed this day how abominably Barebones's windows were broken last night.' And yet this was simply because our friend kept to his point and remained the same, while others altered. If he had been the troublesome and unprincipled fanatic which Hume, Clarendon, Macaulay, and others represent him to have been, he would have been afterwards molested or turned out of the country, but he continued peaceably in St Dunstan's, attending the vestry for a year after the Restoration, and only ceasing to be found there when vestrymen were elected by a different rule. The last occasion on which we hear of him is, when he appeared on an appeal before Mr Justice Hale and other judges, who sat in the Hall of Clifford's Inn to hear and settle complaints as to the boundaries and rights of property destroyed by the calamitous fire of London, which had consumed his house in Crane Court."*

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* From *The Worthies of St Dunstan's;* an able Lecture, by the Rev. A. B. Suter.

Marlborough House and Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.

LITTLE can be said, architecturally, of Marlborough House, notwithstanding it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, who was employed, not because he was preferred, but that Vanbrugh might be vexed. Respecting Marlborough House, Pennant says: "To the east of St James's Palace, in the reign of Queen Anne, was built Marlborough House, at the expense of the public. It appears by one of the views of St James's, published before the existence of this house, that it was built in part of the Royal Gardens, granted for that purpose by her Majesty. The present Duke [Pennant writes in 1793] added an upper story, and improved the ground floor, which originally wanted a great room. This national compliment cost no less than £40,000."

As regards the site, Pennant's account is corroborated by other authorities, who say that the mansion of the famous John Churchill was built on ground "which had been used for keeping pheasants, guinea-hens, partridges, and other fowl, and on that piece of ground taken out of St James's Park, then in possession of Henry Boyle, one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State." But, as regards the building of the house, the Duchess of Marlborough gives an account very different from Pennant. She says: "The next grant of which, by my Lord Godolphin's means, I obtained the premises of the Queen [Anne], after the Queen Dowager's death [Catherine, Queen of Charles II.], was the ground in St James's Park, upon which my house stands. This has been valued by my enemies at £10,000—how justly, let any one determine who will consider that a certain rent is paid for it to the Exchequer, that the grant was at first but for fifty years, and that the building has cost between £40,000 and £50,000, of which the Queen never paid one shilling, though many people have been made to believe otherwise."

The Duchess both experienced and caused great mortifications here. She used to speak of the King in the adjacent palace as her "neighbour George." The entrance to the House from Pall Mall was, as it still is, a crooked and inconvenient one. To remedy this defect, she intended to purchase some houses "in the Priory," as the locality was called, for the purpose of pulling them down and constructing a more commodious entry to the mansion; but Sir Robert Walpole, with no more dignified motive than mere spite, secured the houses and ground, and erected buildings on the latter, which, as now, completely blocked in the front of the Duchess's mansion. She was subjected to a more temporary, but as inconvenient blockade, when the preparations for the wedding of the imperious Princess Anne and her ugly husband, the Prince of Orange, were going on. Among other preparations, a boarded gallery, through which the nuptial procession was to pass, was built up close against the Duchess's windows, completely darkening her rooms. As the boards remained there during the postponement of the ceremony, the Duchess used to look at them with the remark, "I wish the Princess would oblige me by taking away her 'orange chest!'"*

The blocked-up archway of the intended opening faces the principal entrance to the house, and serves as a sort of screen to the parlours in Pall Mall. The old buildings between Marlborough House and St James's Palace were removed in 1748. The finest portion of Marlborough House is the vestibule, which is large and stately, and painted with the Battles of Hochstet and Blenheim, and the taking of Marshal Tallard prisoner; upon the ceiling are allegories of the Arts and Sciences.

The great Duke of Marlborough died here in 1722, and a pompous funereal procession issued from the plain ill-fashioned gateway. Afterwards the Duchess, in bed as usual, received the Mayor and Corporation of London, when they came to thank her for the present of a fat buck. On such occasions the rather querulous lady loved to talk of her neighbour George the King, at St James's Palace.

Of the character of the old Duchess we find the following illustrations in a conversation which is entered in a diary, and printed in the *Memoirs of Mrs Delany*, edited by Lady Llanover:—

"The conversation turned upon the famous Duchess of Marlborough; among others, one striking anecdote, that though she appeared affected in highest degree at the death of her granddaughter, the Duchess of Bedford, she sent the day after she died for the jewels she had given her, saying 'she had *only lent them;*' the answer was that she 'had said she would never demand those jewels again except she *danced at court;'* her answer was, 'then she would be —— if she would not dance at court,' &c. She behaved in the most extravagant manner, her grief notwithstanding most *violent* in *appearance.* She was found one day lying prostrate upon the ground, and a lady who went to see her (who told this to the Duchess of Portland) had like to have fallen over her, the room being dark. The Duke of Marlborough said she was praying, and that she lay thus upon the ground, being too wicked to kneel. When her son died, who was a fine promising youth at the university, her grief was unbounded; her vanity was wounded, the future hope of an ambitious mind was destroyed. She used, by way of mortification and a mark of affliction, to dress herself like a beggar, and sit with some miserable wretches in the cloisters at Westminster Abbey. The Duchess of Portland said that the Duke (her husband) had often *seen her* during this mourning of hers when he was a boy at Westminster School. She used to say that she was very certain she should go to heaven, and as her ambition went even beyond the grave, that she knew she should have one of the highest seats. Many other anecdotes were told, and the Duchess showed us some original letters written to her grandfather, Mr Harley, in the reign of Queen Anne, by the famous Lord Bolingbroke and the Duchess of Marlborough. Those of Lord Bolingbroke were *witty* and *impious,* and full of the most flattering encomiums, &c. Mrs Delany said *she* remembered Lord Bolingbroke's person—that he was handsome, had a fine address, but he was a great drinker, and swore terribly. She remembered his coming once to her uncle, Sir John Stanley, at Northend, his being very drunk, and going to the greenhouse, where he threw himself upon a couch; a message arrived to say he was *waited for* at the Council; he roused himself, snatched up his green bag of paper, and flew to business."

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* Dr Doran's *Queens of England—House of Hanover.*

A few of the Duchess's eccentricities and extravagancies have been put together somewhat in the humorous manner of our early story-books, as follows:—

"This is the woman who wrote the characters of her contemporaries with a pen dipped in gall and wormwood. This is the Duchess who gave £10,000 to Mr Pitt for his noble defence of the constitution of his country! This is the woman who said of King James II. that he had lost three kingdoms, for no other reason than that he might see his subjects dance attendance upon him in another! This is the Duchess who, in her old age, used to feign asleep after dinner, and say bitter things at table pat and appropriate, but as if she was not aware of what was going on! This is the lady who drew that beautiful distinction that it was wrong to wish Sir Robert Walpole dead, but only common justice to wish him well hanged. This is the Duchess who tumbled her thoughts out as they arose, and wrote like the wife of the great Duke of Marlborough. This is the lady who quarrelled with a wit upon paper (Sir John Vanbrugh), and actually got the better of him in the long run; who shut out the architect of Blenheim from seeing his own edifice, and made him dangle his time away at an inn, while his friends were shown the house of the eccentric Sarah. This is the lady who laid out her money in land, in full expectation of a sponge being applied to the Government securities.

"This is the Duchess who, ever proud and ever malignant, was persuaded to offer her favourite granddaughter, Lady Diana Spencer, afterwards Duchess of Bedford, to the Prince of Wales, with a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds. He accepted the proposal, and the day was fixed for their being secretly married at the Duchess's Lodge, in the Great Park, at Windsor. Sir Robert Walpole got intelligence of the project, prevented it, and the secret was buried in silence.

"This is the Duchess—

> The wisest fool much time has ever made—

who refused the proffered hand of the proud Duke of Somerset, for the sole and sufficient reason that no one should share her heart with the great Duke of Marlborough.

"This is the woman who refused to lend to the Duchess of Buckingham the funeral car that carried her husband, because no one could deserve so great an honour. This is that 'wicked woman of Marlborough,' as Vanbrugh calls her, whose heart was made up, in the language of Swift, 'of sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage.' 'A woman of little knowledge,' as described by Burnet, 'but of a clear apprehension and a true judgment.' This is the woman who left £1000 by will between two poets, to write the life of her illustrious husband—leaving it conditionally, however, 'that no part of the said history may be in verse.' This is the illustrious lady who superintended the building of Blenheim, examined contracts and tenders, talked with carpenters and masons, and thinking sevenpence-halfpenny a bushel for lime too much by a farthing, waged a war to the knife on so small a matter. This is the Duchess who felt in her old age, as many have since felt, the stern reality of Dryden's celebrated lines :—

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit—
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day,
Lies more, and when it says we shall be blest
With some new joy, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what still remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the fresh sprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd of waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

"This is the celebrated Sarah, who, at the age of eighty-four, when she was told she must either submit to be blistered or to die, exclaimed in anger, and with a start in bed, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die!'"

The Duchess died, notwithstanding what she said, at Marlborough House, in 1774.

Gulliver's Travels.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has well observed :—

"The character of the imaginary traveller Gulliver, is exactly that of Dampier, or any other sturdy nautical wanderer of the period, endowed with courage and common sense, who sailed through distant seas without losing a single English prejudice which he had brought from Portsmouth or Plymouth, and on his return gave a grave and simple narrative of what he had seen or heard in foreign countries. The character is perhaps strictly English, and can be hardly relished by a foreigner. The reflections and observations of Gulliver are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchantman, or surgeon in the Old Jewry ; and there was such a reality given to his person, that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. (Gulliver, so Swift tells us, was long an inhabitant of the place. 'It was as true as if Mr Gulliver had spoken it,' was a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff.) It is the contrast between the natural ease and simplicity of such a style, and the marvels which the volume contains, that forms one great charm of this memorable satire on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind."

The secret of the authorship of *Gulliver* was kept up by Swift by alluding to a book sent to him, called

Gulliver's Travels. "A bishop here," he adds, "said that the book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it."

Arbuthnot writes him:—

"Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told us that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver, but that the printer had mistaken; that he lived in Wapping, not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who immediately went to his map to search for Lilliput."

It is obvious how much all this must have amused the Dean and his friends in connection with the unexampled sale of the volume.

The Duke of Newcastle's Eccentricities.

THERE is scarcely any public man in our history of whose manners and conversation so many particulars have been preserved, as of the Duke of Newcastle, the well-known leader in the Pelham Administration under George II. Single stories may be unfounded or exaggerated. But all the stories about him, whether told by people who were perpetually seeing him in Parliament, and attending his levées in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or by Grub Street writers who had never more than a glimpse of his star through the windows of his gilded coach, are of the same character. Horace Walpole and Smollett differed in their tastes and opinions as much as two human beings could differ. They kept quite different society. Walpole played at cards with countesses, and corresponded with ambassadors. Smollett passed his life surrounded by printers' devils and famished scribblers. Yet Walpole's Duke and Smollett's Duke are as like as if they were both from one hand. Smollett's Newcastle runs out of his dressing-room, with his face covered with soap-suds, to embrace the Moorish envoy. Walpole's Newcastle pushes his way into the Duke of Grafton's sick-room to kiss the old nobleman's plasters. No man was so unmercifully satirised. But, in truth, he was himself a satire ready made. All that the art of the satirist does for other men, nature had done for him. Whatever was absurd about him, stood out with grotesque prominence from the rest of the character. He was a living, moving, talking caricature. His gait was a shuffling trot; his utterance a rapid stutter; he was always in a hurry; he was never in time; he abounded in fulsome caresses and hysterical tears. His oratory resembled that of Justice Shallow. It was nonsense effervescent with animal spirits and impertinence. Of his ignorance many anecdotes remain, some well authenticated, some probably invented at coffee-houses, but all exquisitely characteristic:—

> "Oh—yes—yes—to be sure—Annapolis must be defended—troops must be sent to Annapolis—pray where is Annapolis?"
>
> "Cape Breton an island!—wonderful!—show it me in the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King that Great Britain is an island."

And this man was, during near thirty years, Secretary of State, and during near ten years, First Lord of the Treasury! His large fortune, his strong hereditary connections, his great parliamentary interest, will not alone explain this extraordinary fact. His success is a signal instance of what may be effected by a man who devotes his whole heart and soul, without reserve, to one object. He was eaten up by ambition. He was greedy after power with a greediness all his own. He was jealous of all his colleagues, and even of his own brother. Under the disguise of levity, he was false beyond all example of political falsehood. All the able men of his time ridiculed him as a dunce, a driveller, a child who never knew his own mind for an hour together; and he overreached them all round.—*Lord Macaulay, on Walpole's Letters.*

Celebrated Physicians.

THE medical celebrities of the last century numbered several eccentric persons; in short, it would appear that *eccentricity* was a living feature in the doctors of other days. Among these seventeenth-century notabilities were—Woodward, the story of whose duel with Mead has been maliciously preserved to us by Ward, in his engraved frontispiece to his *History of the Gresham Professors*—Dr James Yonge, the navy-surgeon in Charles II.'s time—Addenbrooke, the founder of Addenbrooke's Hospital in Cambridge—Arbuthnot, the beloved of Pope and Swift—Mead, whose museum and magnificent hospitality in Ormond

Street were important features of London life in the earlier half of the eighteenth century—Bishop Atterbury's Jacobite physician, Freind, the author of *The History of Physick from the Time of Galen to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century*, whose tomb may be found in Westminster Abbey—Sir Edward Hulse, the lover of fees—Jurin, the mathematician—Stukeley, the antiquary, whose proficiency in Druidical history earned for him amongst his friends the name of the "Archdruid"—Dover, the inventor of the combination of opium and ipecacuanha known as "Dover's Powder," who began life as a buccaneer, and ended it as a London physician—Messenger Monsey, the benevolent misanthrope and valued friend of Sir Robert Walpole—Dr Meyer Low Schomberg, the unscrupulous practitioner who raised himself to notoriety and lucrative practice by entertaining at "a great dinner" once a week all the young surgeons of London—Isaac Schomberg, son of the foregoing, memorable for his contest with the College of Physicians—Dr William Chambers, of Hull, whose custom it was to return to his patients a part of whatever fees they gave him—Sir William Browne, the eccentric—the not less eccentric Dr Batty, lashed by Moses Mendez, Paul Whitehead, and Dr Schomberg, in "The Battiad"—the gentle Quaker, Fothergill, indebted to his connection with "the Friends" for his professional income of £7000 a year, and his noble garden at Upton, near Stratford, in Essex—the veneral Heberden—Akenside, the poet—Brocklesby, the friend of Dr Johnson and the benefactor of Burke—Dr William Hunter—Dr Addington, the favourite physician of George III., and father of Lord

Sidmouth—"well-dressed" Henry Revell Reynolds, the last of the "silk-coated" physicians—Dr Warren, who, from the time of the Regency till his death in Dover Street, on the 22d of June 1797, made £9000 per annum—Dr Daniel Bridges, the inventor of the Hull spermaceti candles, which at one time illuminated nearly every drawing-room in the kingdom—the humane physician, and worldly Quaker, John Coakley Lettsom—the half-insane Sir Richard Jebb, who told an invalid lady that "she must have a —— vitiated appetite" because she did not like boiled turnips.—*From the Athenæum.*

A Quack Oculist.

Sir William Read, originally a tailor or a cobbler, became progressively a mountebank and a quack doctor, and gained, in his case, the equivocal honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. He is said to have practised by "the light of nature;" and though he could not read, he could ride in his own chariot, and treat his company with good punch out of a golden bowl. He had an uncommon share of impudence; a few scraps of Latin in his bills made the ignorant suppose him to be wonderfully learned. He did not seek his reputation in small places, but practised at that high seat of learning, Oxford; and in one of his addresses he called upon the Vice-Chancellor, University, and the City, to vouch for his cures—as, indeed, he did upon the people of the three kingdoms. Blindness vanished before him, and he even deigned to practise in other distempers ; but he defied all competition as an oculist.

Queen Anne and George I. honoured Read with the care of their eyes ; from which one would have thought the rulers, like the ruled, as dark intellectually as Taylor's (his brother quack) coach-horses were corporeally, of which it was said five were blind in consequence of their master having exercised his skill upon them.

Dr Radcliffe mentions this worthy as "Read, the mountebank, who has assurance enough to come to our table up-stairs at Garraway's, swears he'll stake his coach and six horses, his two blacks, and as many silver trumpets, against a dinner at Pontack's."

Read died at Rochester, May 24, 1715. After Queen Anne had knighted him and Dr Hannes, there appeared the following lines :—

The Queen, like Heaven, shines equally on all,
Her favours now without distinction fall ;
Great Read and slender Hannes, both knighted, show
That none their honours shall to merit owe.
That Popish doctrine is exploded quite,
Or Ralph* had been no duke, and Read no knight.

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* Ralph, first Duke of Montague.

Voltaire in London.

VOLTAIRE lodged at the sign of the White Peruke, a fashionable French perruquier's, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. In Swift's *Works* (vol. xx. of the duodecimo edition, p. 294), there is a letter to him, in English, by Voltaire, and dated from this house. The English seems a little too perfect. There is another following it which looks more authentic. But there is no doubt that Voltaire, while in England, made himself such a master of the language, as to be able to write in it with singular correctness for a foreigner. He was then young. He had been imprisoned in the Bastile for a libel; came over here on his release; procured many subscriptions for the *Henriade;* published in English *An Essay on Epic Poetry*, and remained some years, during which he became acquainted with the principal men of letters — Pope, Congreve, and Young. He is said to have talked so indecently at Pope's table (probably no more than was thought decent by the belles in France), that the good old lady, the poet's mother, was obliged to retire. Objecting at Lord Chesterfield's table to the allegories of Milton, Young is said to have accosted him in the well-known couplet:—

Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin.

But this story has been doubted. Voltaire left England with such a mass of subscriptions for his *Henriade* as laid the foundation of his fortunes, and with great admiration of English talent and genius, particularly that of Newton and Locke, which, with all his insinuations against our poetry, he took warm pains to extend, and never gave up. He was fond to the last of showing he had not forgotten his English. Somebody telling him that Johnson had spoken well of his talents, he said, in English, "He is a clever fellow;" but the gentleman observing that the doctor did not think well of his religion, he added, "a superstitious dog."

During his residence in Maiden Lane, there is a story of Voltaire's having been beset, in one of his walks, by the people, who ridiculed him as a Frenchman. He got upon the steps of a doorway and harangued them in their own language in praise of English liberty and the nation; upon which, the story adds, they hailed him as a fine fellow, and carried him to his lodgings on their shoulders.—*Leigh Hunt's "Town."*

A Scene in Middle Temple Hall.

THE celebrated Sir John Davies, who was of the Middle Temple—on February 12, 1597–8, while the masters of the bench and the other members of the Society were sitting quietly at dinner, came into the hall with his hat on his head, and attended by two persons armed with swords, and going up to the barristers' table, where Richard Martin was sitting, he pulled out from under his gown a cudgel, and struck him over the head repeatedly, and with so much violence that the bastinado was shivered into many pieces. Then retiring to the bottom of the hall, Davies drew one of his attendants' swords and flourished it over his head, turning his face towards Martin, and then hurrying away down the water-steps of the Temple, threw himself into a boat. For this outrageous act, Sir John Davies was immediately disbarred and expelled the house, and deprived for ever of all authority to speak or consult in law. After nearly four years' retirement, he petitioned the bench for his restoration, which they, knowing his merits and believing in his penitence, accorded on October 30, 1601, upon his making a public submission in the hall, and asking pardon of Mr Martin, who at once generously forgave him.

Mr Foss cites *Archæologia*, vol. xxi. p. 107, where, in a communication from Lord Stowell, further details are given from the Middle Temple records. He then proceeds :—

"The offence, which is unrecorded, was probably some witty sarcasm by Martin or Davies. Both had been notorious for the lightness of their early lives ; yet both lived to hold considerable stations in the world. Martin became Recorder of London and a member of Parliament ; and Davies not only filled the office of Attorney-General of Ireland and Speaker of the Irish Parliament, but, having been knighted in 1607, advanced so high in reputation as to be designated in 1626 Lord Chief-Justice of England on the very day of his death. He had disported himself with the Muses, and composed a long poem on the Immortality of the Soul, which he expressly dedicated to Queen Elizabeth :—

> To that dear Majesty, which in the North,
>   Doth, like another Sun, in glory rise ;
> Which standeth fixed, yet spreads her heavenly worth,
>   Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes !"

Nat Lee's Madness.

According to Oldys, it was "in returning from the Bear and Harrow in Butcher Row, through Clare Market to his lodgings in Duke Street, that Lee, the dramatic poet, overladen with wine, fell down (on the ground, as some say—according to others, on a bulk), and was killed, or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish church of St Clement Danes, aged about thirty-five years." "He was a very handsome as well as ingenious man," says Oldys, "but given to debauchery, which necessitated a milk diet. When some of his university comrades visited him, he fell to drinking out of all measure, which, flying up into his head, caused his face to break out into those carbuncles which were afterwards observed there; and also touched his brain, occasioning that madness so much lamented in so rare a genius. Tom Brown says he wrote, while he was in Bedlam, a play of twenty-five acts; and Mr Bowman tells me that, going once to visit him there, Lee showed him a scene, 'in which,' says he, 'I have done a miracle for you.' 'What's that?' said Bowman. 'I have made you a good priest.'"

Oldys mentions another of his mad sayings, but does not tell us with whom it passed :—

I 've seen an unscrewed spider spin a thought,
And walk away upon the wings of angels !

"What say you to that, doctor?" "Ah, marry, Mr

Lee, that's superfine indeed. The thought of a winged spider may catch sublime readers of poetry sooner than his web, but it will need a commentary in prose to render it intelligible to the vulgar."

Lee's madness does not appear to have been melancholy, otherwise these anecdotes would not bear repeating. There are various stories of the origin of it; but, most probably, he had an over-sanguine constitution which he exasperated by intemperance. Though he died so young, the author of *A Satyr on the Poets* gives us to understand that he was corpulent.

> Pembroke loved tragedy, and did provide
> For the butchers' dogs, and for the whole Bank-side:
> The bear was fed; but dedicating Lee
> Was thought to have a greater paunch than he.

This Pembroke, who loved a bear-garden, was the seventh earl of that title. His daughter married the son of Jefferies. Lee, on a visit to the earl at Wilton, is said to have drunk so hard, that "the butler feared he would empty the cellar." The madness of Lee is almost visible in his swelling and overladen dramas; in which, however, there is a good deal of true poetic fire, and a vein of tenderness that makes us heartily pity the author.—*Leigh Hunt's " Town."*

Dirty Dick, of Leadenhall Street.

Early in the present century there was living in Leadenhall Street an eccentric person named Nathaniel Bentley, who, by reason of his disregard for appearances, obtained the unenviable name of "Dirty Dick." He kept a large emporium for all sorts of wares: the number of the house was 46, now divided into two tenements. Bentley's shop was one of the curiosities of the town, whither strangers flocked "less to buy than to stare," and it was usually confessed,

> Though the dirt was so frightful,
> The dirty man's manners were truly delightful.

In his early days he was called "the Beau of Leadenhall Street," and might be seen at public places of resort, dressed as a man of fashion. He not only spoke French and Italian fluently, but, as the rhyme implies, his demeanour was that of a polished gentleman. Whence the cause of his decadence into dirt? As the story goes, our young tradesman had made proposals of marriage to the daughter of a wealthy citizen, and had been accepted; but the lady died suddenly, and Bentley's hopes were wrecked. Time passed on, and our fashionable beau became the inveterate enemy of soap and towels; and hence "Dirty Dick." His house was equally neglected. That wonderful room, whose inside no mortal might brag to have viewed, and the circumstances in which it became so, are described in *The*

Dirty Old Man, a Lay of Leadenhall, by William Allingham, who notes that the verses accord with the accepted accounts of the man and his house:—

That room—forty years since folks settled and deck'd it,
The luncheon 's prepared, and the guests are expected;
The handsome young host he is gallant and gay,
For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their best;
Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since, turned the key in that door;
'Tis a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's uproar.

. . . .

Cup and platter are mask'd in thick layers of dust;
The flow'rs fall'n to powder, the wines swath'd in crust;
A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

In February 1804, Bentley finally quitted his warehouse in Leadenhall Street, in which for forty years he had conducted business, among cobwebs and dust. He then took a house in Jewry Street, Aldgate, where he lived for three years; but his landlord refusing to renew the lease, he removed to Leonard Street, Shoreditch, taking with him a stock of spoiled goods, to the amount of £10,000. Here he was robbed of a considerable sum by a woman with whom he was imprudent enough to associate in his old age. To divert his mind, after this misfortune, he travelled for a time until he reached Haddington, in Scotland. Almost penniless, and suffering severely from ill-health, he took up his abode at the Crown Inn, where he died about the close of the year 1809, and was buried in the churchyard of that town.

The Crossing Sweeper.

THE Rev. Samuel Bache, Minister of the New Meeting House, Birmingham, received the following very remarkable story from a venerable friend, one of the principal members of his congregation, some five-and-twenty years since.

The late Mr Simcox, of Harbourne, near Birmingham, who was largely engaged in the nail trade, in one of his visits to London, on business, was suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, from which he sought shelter under an archway: the rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he was, consequently, obliged to remain in his place of shelter. He was soon agreeably surprised by the opening of the door of a handsome house opposite, and a footman approaching with an umbrella, with his master's compliments, and that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway, that he feared he might take cold, and therefore would be glad if he would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr Simcox gladly accepted. He was ushered into a drawing-room, where the master of the house was sitting, and he received from him a very friendly welcome.

Scarcely, however, had Mr Simcox set eyes on his host, than he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before; but where, or under what circumstances, he was altogether unable to call to mind. His inquiring glances at last conveyed to his host what was passing in his mind. "You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before." Mr Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion. "You are right, sir," said the old gentleman; "and if you will pledge your word as a man of honour to keep my secret, and not to disclose to any one what I am now going to tell you until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have known me."

"In St James's Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day an old man, who sweeps a crossing there, and whose begging is attended by this strange peculiarity—that whatever be the amount of the alms bestowed on him, he will retain only a halfpenny, and scrupulously return to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding naturally excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and any one who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, 'Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him sixpence, he will be sure to give you fivepence-halfpenny back again.' Of course, his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and as crowds of people are constantly passing, there are numbers of persons every day who make the same trial; and thus the old man gets many a halfpenny from the curiosity of the passers-by, in addition to what he obtains from their compassion.

"I, sir," continued the old gentleman, "am that beggar. Many years ago, I first hit upon the expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities; for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme answer beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investment, realised a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that, though I am no longer under any necessity for continuing this plan, I find myself quite unable to give it up; and, accordingly, every morning I leave home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room, where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the park till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner, as you see me this day."

Mr Simcox, as a gentleman and a man of honour, scrupulously fulfilled his pledge; but having seen in the London papers the announcement of the beggar's death, he then communicated this strange story. The name of this eccentric person is not known; but the incidents are recollected by more than one narrator. (See *Notes and Queries*, 2d S. ix.)

The produce of a street crossing in London is sometimes considerable. At an inquest held on the body of a crossing sweeper, who had died suddenly, Mr Wakley, the coroner, said that the sweeper of a crossing sold his interest in it for £40. A juror observed that crossings were freehold, by which many proprietors amassed, in former days, sums of £500, £1000, £4000. Another juror alluded to the sweeper of the crossing at Bridge Street, Blackfriars, who bequeathed a large sum to Miss Waithman (daughter of the alderman) in gratitude for her benevolence in giving him his dinner every Sunday; and another gentleman said that the sweeper of a crossing near Hyde Park bequeathed £1000 to a gentleman who was in the habit of giving him 6d. whenever he passed his crossing.

A Mock Prince.

WHEN the anti-slavery agitation was at fever-heat, in 1815, there came to London one Prince Sanders, a complete negro, who was said to be an agent from Christophe, King of Hayti, and who had obtained access to, and the patronage of, the Duke of Sussex, Mr Wilberforce, and other persons of note. This was a passport even to Freemasons and to fashionable society. The "Prince" became popular, was lionised in the metropolis, lived in a gay style, told artists and authors that he was commissioned by "his royal master" to engage several of both classes to emigrate and settle in Hayti, where the King would confer fortune and fame on them. Some were tempted to send specimens of their respective works. John Britton became one of Mr "Prince" Sanders's dupes, by confiding to his *friendly* charge fine-paper copies of three volumes, valued at £25. Of these he never heard more; but found that his new friend, in whom he had no suspicion of roguery, continued to visit and be visited by several distinguished persons from the west-end of London. He resided in the vicinity of Tavistock Square, and one night assembled, at a *soirée*, a large party of nobles, gentry, and ladies, amongst whom were the Duke of Sussex, Mr Wilberfore, and other personages of rank. Before he quitted London, he published an octavo volume, with his portrait engraved by Charles Turner. Its title is :—

"By Authority. Haytian Papers: A Collection of the very Interesting Proclamations, and other Official Documents; together with some Account of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Kingdom of Hayti. With a Preface by Prince Sanders, Esq., Agent for the Haytian Government. London: Printed for W. Reed, 17 Fleet Street." 8vo. 1816.

This volume is a curiosity. Its editor seems to have imposed on several other persons besides the careful John Britton, who, in his *Autobiography*, quotes the above story from Dr Dibdin.

An Errant Journalist.

On Christmas Day, 1831, there died in the metropolis a poor, misguided journalist, whose mad career, presenting one of the most lamentable instances of lost genius on record, is thus narrated in the *Athenæum*:—

John Mitford was a cousin of Miss Mitford, the portrayer of country life, and of Dr Mitford, the historian of Greece, and possessed talent which might have added increased lustre to the name he bore. Born at Mitford Castle, in Northumberland, his spirit turned, as so many untamed spirits do, to the sea, and he fought under Hood and Nelson. But quitting the navy, he attached himself to the newspaper press in various capacities, and afterwards edited the *Scourge*, the *Bon Ton Gazette*, the *Quizzical Gazette* (a penny publication), &c. But his habits plunged him to the neck in poverty. Whilst editing the *Bon Ton Gazette*, Elliot, the proprietor, had to keep him in a sort of cellar, with a candle and a bottle of gin (which was constantly being replenished), and a piece of old carpeting for his coverlet at night—yet he would stealthily creep out in search of gin unless his shoes were taken away from him. He wrote the songs, "The King is a true British Sailor," and "Johnny Newcome in the Navy." The publisher of the latter allowed him a shilling a day while he was writing it. The money was expended after his own manner—twopence in bread and cheese and an onion, and the rest in gin, and he had nothing to pay for the grass and nettles in Bayswater fields that formed his bed at night. A compassionate Samaritan on one occasion gave him a pair of Wellington boots; but they were speedily converted into gin, which he at once sat down to drink out. The man who had bought them soon afterwards returned, and jeeringly told him that he had just pawned them for fifteen shillings. "Ah!" said Mitford, with a self-gratulatory shrug, "but you went out in the cold to do it." For several years this poor, idle, straying, wilful, clever sot lived by his wits, and slept three nights in the week in the open air, when he could not muster threepence for a filthy bed in St Giles's. He died of course perfectly destitute, leaving a wife and family, who had been taken care of by his near relative, Lord Redesdale; and his poor, emaciated body was buried by Mr Green, of Will's Coffee-House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, who had, in early days, been a shipmate of the unfortunate fellow.

Death of Flaxman, the Sculptor.

During the year 1826, Flaxman's health declined; but his suffering was little, nor did he abstain from making sketches, and enjoying the company of his friends. The winter had set in; and as he was never a very early mover, a stranger found him rising one morning when he called about nine o'clock. "Sir," said the visitor, presenting a book as he spoke, "this work was sent to me by an Italian artist to present to you, and at the same time to apologise for its extraordinary dedication. In truth, sir, it was so generally thought throughout Italy that you were dead, that my friend determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, and having his book ready for publication, he has inscribed it '*Al Ombra di Flaxman.*' No sooner was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted, and the author, affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will accept his work and his apology." Flaxman smiled, accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family and some of his friends.

This singular occurrence happened on Saturday, the 2d of December; the great sculptor was well and cheerful:—next day he went to church—felt himself suddenly affected with cold—refused all medicine—went to bed—and when he rose on Monday, assured his sister that he was well enough to receive some friends, whom he had invited to dinner. When these guests came, they were touched with the change in his looks; but he assumed cheerfulness, presided at table, tasted wine with the ladies, said something pleasing to all, and they went away without any apprehension that they were to see him no more. An inflammation of the lungs was the result of the cold which affected him on Sunday. The disorder spread with fatal rapidity: he refused to go to bed, saying, "When I lie, I cannot breathe," and sat in a cushioned chair, attended by his sister, and the sister of his wife. All attempts to arrest the deadly malady were in vain; and on Thursday morning, December the 7th, 1826, he passed, without a struggle, from a world of which he had long been the ornament.

The public gave little encouragement to Flaxman and Banks, but showered its patronage on two much inferior sculptors, Bacon and Chantrey. As to Flaxman, the greatest sculptor of his day, the neglect which he experienced is something inconceivable. Canova, who was well acquainted with his exquisite illustrations of Dante, &c., could hardly believe that a man of such genius was not an object of admiration among his countrymen; and, in allusion to their insensibility to Flaxman's merits, and to their patronage of inferior artists, he said to some of the English at Rome, "You see with your ears!"

Death of Newton, the Painter.

NEWTON died insane. In the asylum, at Chelsea, where he was placed, his conversation was, for the most part, rational, but he always muttered something sufficiently flighty to show the state of his mind. At one time, his friend had some hope, from his having taken up his pencil, which he had long laid aside. Dr Sutherland considered this a favourable symptom. Leslie thus describes his visit to him in October 1834:—

"He showed me many pencil sketches, some begun in oil. The subject of the oil sketch was the widow of Lord Strafford showing her cousin's father's portrait. He told me that Lord Strafford was not executed, but had vanished from the scaffold, and was still living; that he was the same person as Lorenzo de' Medici, who had appeared in the world many times in different characters. With the exception of this flight, his conversation was rational."

Among the sketches which he showed to Leslie was one of "A child marching through a garden of flowers, fancying himself a soldier, and saluting the flowers;" this, Newton said, was himself, and what he did when a child. All the materials required for drawing and painting were placed in his room; but he never again sketched or painted. He died in August 1835. A few days before his death his mind seemed somewhat restored, though Mr Leslie did not hear that it ever was entirely so. During the rapid consumption that ended his life, he read only the Bible and

Prayer-Book; and when he became too weak to read, they were read to him by an attendant. The day before he died, he desired to hear the funeral service, saying, "It will soon be read over me." He listened with great attention, and remarked that it was "very fine."

Charles Lamb at the Play.

LAMB, the best theatrical critic of his time, has left these delightful playgoing recollections:—

"At the north end of Cross Court," says our charming essayist, "there yet stands (as a playgoer of sixty may remember) a portal of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to a humble use, serving at present as an entrance to a printing-office. This old doorway was the identical pit-entrance to old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see my *first play.* The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

. . . .

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who established them! With one of these we went. I remember waiting at the door—not that which is left, but between that and an inner door, in shelter. Oh, when shall I be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable accompaniment in those days. As far as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses was, '*chase* some oranges, *chase* some nonpareils, *chase* a bill of the play;' chase *pro* chuse. But when we got in and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to *Troilus and Cressida*, in Rowe's Shakspeare—the tent scene with Diomede; and a sight of that plate can always bring back, in a measure, the feeling of that evening. The boxes, at that time full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters, reaching down, were adorned with a glittering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed) resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy! The orchestra lights at length arose, those 'fair Auroras!' Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again; and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old—and the play was *Artaxerxes*.

"I had dabbled a little in the *Universal History*—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past.

I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import; but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princes, passed before me—I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awestruck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has ever since visited me but in dreams. Harlequin's invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldames seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St Denys.

"The next play to which I was taken, was the *Lady of the Manor,* of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomine called *Lun's Ghost*—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire) Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud—the father of a line of harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patch-work, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

"My third play followed in quick succession. It was *The Way of the World.* I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysteric affections of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some solemn tragic passion. *Robinson Crusoe* followed, in which Crusoe, Man Friday, and the Parrot were as good and authentic as in the story. The clownery and pantaloonery of these pantomines have clean passed out of my head. I believe I no more laughed at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape and grin, in stone, around the inside of the old round church (my church) of the Templars.

"I saw these plays in the season of 1781–2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven years (for at school all playgoing was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old Artaxerxes' evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

> Was nourished I could not tell how.

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reverence was gone! The green curtain was no longer a veil drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present a 'royal ghost,' but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellow-men who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up, a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bell, which had been like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at, which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelvemonths—had wrought in me. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance, to me, of Mrs Siddons in Isabella. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theatre became to me, *upon a new stock*, the most delightful of recreations."

"*Corner Memory Thompson.*"

IN February 1843, there died, at the age of eighty-six, this remarkable person, whose eccentric success had become matter of public interest. John Thompson was a native of St Giles's, where his father was a greengrocer: the boy, on carrying a salad to the house of an undertaker in the neighbourhood, attracted attention by his ready and active manner, and the undertaker took him as errand boy; then he became assistant, and next married his master's daughter, and thus obtained property. This was his *start* in life, and enabled him to commence business as an auctioneer and brewer's valuer, by which he amassed great wealth. As he advanced in life, he sought retirement, and on a spot just below Hampstead Church, built for himself, without plan or order, "Frognal Priory," an assemblage of grotesque structures, but without any right of road to it, which he had to purchase at a great price. Thence, Thompson often went to town in his chariot, to collect curiosities for Frognal Priory, and these, for a time, he would show to any person who rang at his gate. He was designated "Corner Memory" from his having, for a bet, drawn a plan of St Giles's parish from memory, at three sittings, specifying every coach-turning, stable-yard, and public pump, and likewise the *corner shop* of every street. He possessed a most mechanical memory; for he would, by reading a newspaper overnight, repeat the whole of it next morning. He gained some notoriety by presenting to the Queen a carved bedstead, reputed once to have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey; with this he sent home some other ancient furniture, and the whole is now in an apartment of Windsor Castle.

Deville, the Phrenologist.

In 1817 a Mr Deville, a lamp-manufacturer of London, was a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He had been originally a pot-boy, then a journeyman plasterer, and afterwards kept a shop for the sale of plaster figures, which he cast. He had risen to a respectable position simply by the force of his natural powers. Mr Bryan Donkin, a civil engineer, was an early auditor of Gall at Vienna, and subsequently a friend of Spurzheim. He was also, like Mr Deville, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and when, in 1817, he with others determined to make a collection of casts as records of phrenological facts, Mr Deville was applied to for his assistance, which he rendered as a matter of business for three or four years. In 1821 he became interested in phrenology, and began to form a collection of casts on his own account. Already, in 1826, Spurzheim said it was finer than any he had seen elsewhere. At Mr Deville's death, in 1846, this collection consisted of about 5450 pieces; of these 3000 were crania of animals, and the remainder (2450) illustrations of human phrenology. There were 200 human crania, and 300 casts of crania; amongst the latter, those which Baron Cuvier permitted Mr Deville to take from all the authenticated human skulls in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy of Paris. Mr Deville was a practical observer, and possessed the large number of 1500 casts of heads taken by himself from persons while living. Amongst these were 50 casts of persons remarkably devoted to religion; 40 of distinguished painters, sculptors, architects, &c.; 30 of eminent navigators and travellers; 80 of poets, authors, and writers; 70 of musicians, amateurs, and composers of music; 25 of pugilists; 150 of criminals; 120 pathological casts illustrative of insanity, &c. Perhaps the most interesting of all are 170 casts which illustrate the changes caused in the cranial conformation of from 60 to 70 individuals by age, special devotion to one pursuit, and the like. Mr Deville's account of some of these has been published.

The above account of the Strand phrenologist appears in the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Monk Lewis.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, commonly called *Monk* Lewis, from his once popular romance of that name, was a good-hearted man, and, like too many of that fraternity, a disagreeable one—verbose, disputatious, and paradoxical. His *Monk* and *Castle Spectre* elevated him into fame; and he continued to write ghost-stories till, following as he did in the wake of Mrs Radcliffe, he quite overstocked the market. Lewis visited his estates in Jamaica, and came back perfectly negro-bitten. He promulgated a new code of laws in the island for the government of his sable subjects; one may serve for a specimen: "Any slave who commits murder shall have his head shaved, and be confined three days and nights in a dark room."

Upon occasion of printing the *Rejected Addresses*, *Monk* Lewis said to Lady Holland, "Many of them are very fair, but mine is not at all like; they have made me write burlesque, which I never do."

"You don't know your own talent," answered the lady.

Lewis aptly described himself, as to externals, in the verses affixed to his *Monk*, as having

> A graceless form and dwarfish stature.

He had, moreover, large grey eyes, thick features, and an inexpressive countenance. In talking, he had a disagreeable habit of drawing the forefinger of his right hand across his right eyelid. He affected, in conversation, a sort of dandified, drawling tone: young Harlowe, the artist, did the same. A foreigner who had but a slight knowledge of the English language, might have concluded, from their cadences, that they were little better than fools—"just a born goose," as Terry the actor used to say. Lewis died on his passage homeward from Jamaica, owing to a dose of James's powders injudiciously administered by "his own mere motion." He wrote various plays, with various success: he had admirable notions of dramatic construction, but the goodness of his scenes and incidents was marred by the badness of his dialogue.* Lord Byron laments his loss in this odd couplet:—

> I would give a sugar-cane,
> Monk Lewis, were he back again.

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* Note to the *Rejected Addresses*, edit. 1861.

The Penalties of Avarice.

POSSESSION naturally brings apprehension as to the power of retaining it. There were periods in the career of Rothschild, the millionaire, when his gigantic capital seemed likely to be scattered to the four quarters of the globe. He had also other sources of apprehension. Threats of murder were not unfrequent. On one occasion he was waited on by a stranger, who informed him that a plot had been formed to take his life; that the loans which he had made Austria, and his connection with Governments adverse to the liberties of Europe, marked him for assassination; and that the mode by which he was to lose his life was arranged. But though Rothschild smiled outwardly at those and similar threats, they said, who knew him best, that his mind was always troubled by these remembrances, and that they haunted him at moments when he would willingly have forgotten them. Occasionally his fears took a ludicrous form. Two tall mustachioed men were once shown into his counting-house. Mr Rothschild bowed; the visitors bowed; and their hands wandered first in one pocket and then in another. To the anxious eye of the millionaire, they assumed the form of persons searching for deadly weapons. No time seemed allowed for thought; a ledger, without a moment's warning, was hurled at the intruders; and in a paroxysm of fear he called for assistance to drive out two customers, who were only feeling in their pockets for letters of introduction. There is no doubt that he dreaded assassination greatly.

"You must be a happy man, Mr Rothschild," said a gentleman who was sharing the hospitality of his splendid home, as he glanced at the superb apartments of the mansion.

"Happy—I happy!" was the reply. "What! happy, when just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, 'If you do not send £500, I will blow your brains out?' Happy—I happy!"

And the fact that he frequently slept with loaded pistols by his side is an indirect evidence of a constant excitement on the subject.*

The late Nathan Meyer Rothschild was the most famous foreign exchange broker in London. "He never hesitated for a moment in fixing a rate, either as a drawer or purchaser of a foreign bill of exchange on any part of the world; and his memory was so retentive that, notwithstanding the multifarious transactions in which he was engaged on every foreign post-day on the Royal Exchange, he never took a note of them; but on his return to his office could dictate to his clerks the whole of the bargains he had made, with the various rates of exchange, and the names of the several parties with whom he had dealt, with the most perfect exactness." Nevertheless, this Hebrew Mammon could scarcely write his own name; and was, moreover, a man of the coarsest habits in general society.

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* *Characters of the Stock Exchange.*

Coleridge's Opium-Eating.

ONE of the most melancholy facts in the history of Coleridge is his indulgence in the use of opium. This he continued for a length of time, until it began to weaken and obscure his vigorous and brilliant intellect, before his friend Cottle became aware that he used it.

In 1814, Cottle wrote to him a very faithful letter, full of dissuasives against the habit; and in Coleridge's reply occur the following affecting passages:—

"For ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse—far worse than all. I have prayed, with drops of agony on my brow; trembling not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?'

"Secondly, overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears, and the very bitterness of shame, but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of taking laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself.

"Thirdly, though before God I cannot lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of His mercy, because to despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow-men I may say, that I was seduced into the accursed habit ignorantly. I had been almost bedridden for many months, with swellings in my knees. In a medical journal, I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case, or what appeared to me so, by rubbing in laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm —like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned, the supposed remedy was recurred to; but I cannot go through the dreary history.

"Suffice it to say, that effects were produced which acted on me by terror and cowardice, of pain and sudden death, not—so help me God—by any temptation of pleasure, or expectation, or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs Morgan and her sister will bear witness so far as to say that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits, the keener my enjoyments, till the moment, the direful moment arrived, when my pulse began to fluctuate, my heart to palpitate, and such falling down, as it were, of my whole frame, such intolerable restlessness, and incipient bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity, 'I am too poor to hazard this.' Had I but a few hundred pounds —but two hundred pounds—half to send Mrs Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private madhouse, where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time life or death would be determined), then there might be hope. Now there is none! You bid me rouse myself: go bid a man, paralytic in both arms, to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery.'"

Writing to another friend, a short time after, he says:—

"Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. I used to think the text in St James, that 'he who offends in one point offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker, and to my benefactors injustice, *and unnatural cruelty to my poor children*, self-contempt for my repeated promise, breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood."

It is interesting to know that Coleridge afterwards broke away from this dreadful habit, and that his life was lengthened out some twenty years longer.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Last Lecture.

At the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar Square, is a relic of considerable interest in connection with the history of the foundation. Such is the chair in which, nearly a century since, Sir Joshua Reynolds took his seat as the first President of the Royal Academy of Arts, at their first place of meeting, in Pall Mall. It will be recollected that Reynolds reigned paramount at the Academy until the feud through Fuseli being elected Academician over Bonomi, in whose behalf the President had been over-zealous. Sir Joshua then quitted the chair deeply offended, and wrote a cold but courteous farewell. The Academy endeavoured to soothe him; and the King, through Sir William Chambers, conveyed the royal wish that Sir Joshua would continue President. He relented, and resumed the chair, but only to resign it with more kindly feeling, after an occupation altogether of twenty-one years. He last appeared in the Academy on Dec. 10, 1790. During his lecture a great crash was heard, and the company, fearing that the building was about to come down, rushed towards the door. Sir Joshua, however, sat silent and unmoved in his chair. The floor, which had only sunk a little, was soon supported, and the company resumed their seats, and the President recommenced his discourse with perfect composure. He afterwards remarked that, if the floor had fallen, the whole company must have been killed, and the arts in

Britain, as a consequence, thrown back two hundred years. Sir Joshua concluded his discourse with these emphatic words. Speaking of Michael Angelo, he said:—

"I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as *he* intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michael Angelo."

As Sir Joshua left the chair, Burke went up to him and said—

> The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

The chair has been disused for the last few years, and is now preserved at the Academy with reverential care as a relic.

Eccentricities of Cobbett.

William Cobbett, the celebrated political writer, as the reader may probably remember, was a self-taught man of great natural abilities, who—from excess of self-esteem, defect of sympathy out of the pale of his own sphere, and a want of that scholarly "discipline of humanity," of which such men stand particularly in need—went from one extreme in politics to another with anything but misgiving; injured the support which he otherwise gave to Reform, by a long course of obloquy and exaggeration; brought his courage and even his principles into question, by retreats before his opponents, and apparent compromises with Government; and ended a life of indomitable industry, by obtaining the reputation rather of a powerful and amusing than estimable or lasting writer. Readers of his *Political Register* will not easily forget how he lorded it over public men, as if they knew nothing and he knew everything; or what letters he addressed to them, in a style beyond the unceremonious—such as those to the Bishop of London, beginning "Bishop," and to Sir Robert Peel, whom he addressed as "Peel's-Bill-Peel," and saluted simply by his surname:—

"TO PEEL'S-BILL-PEEL.

"PEEL," &c.

Hazlitt said of him, that, had everything been done as he desired in Church and State, he would have differed with it all next day, out of the pure pleasure of opposition.

Cobbett's worst propensity was to exult over the fallen. His implied curses of the hapless George III., who had nothing to do with the fine and imprisonment which produced them, are too shocking to be repeated. He crowed unmercifully over the suicide of Lord Castlereagh; and ridiculously as ungenerously pronounced Walter Scott, during his decline, and after the bankruptcy which he laboured so heroically to avert, to have been nothing but a "humbug!"

When in the commencement of his literary career, and elated with the *noise* which he had created in the United States, Cobbett wrote to his father in the following manner:—

"DEAR FATHER,—When you used to set me off to work in the morning, dressed in my blue smock-frock and woollen spatterdashes, with my bag of bread and cheese, and a bottle of small-beer, swung over my shoulder on the little crook that my old godfather, Boxall, gave me, little did you imagine that I should one day become so great a man as to have my picture stuck in the windows, and have four whole books published about me in the course of one week. Thus begins a letter which I wrote to my father yesterday morning, and which, if it reaches him, will make the old man drink an extraordinary pot of ale to my health. Heaven bless him! I think I see him now, by his old-fashioned fireside, reading the letter to his neighbours. 'Ay, ay,' says he, '*Will* will stand his ground wherever he goes.' And so I will, father."

It will be recollected that, for many years, each number of Cobbett's *Political Register* bore upon its first page the figure of a *gridiron.* The history of this remarkable emblem is that in his *Register*, dated at Long Island, on the 24th September 1819, Cobbett wrote the well-known prophecy on Peel's Cash-payment Bill of that year as follows :—

"This Bill was grounded on concurred reports of both Houses. It was passed by unanimous votes of both Houses. It was, at the close of the session, a subject of high eulogium in the Speaker's speech to the Regent, and in the Regent's speech to the two Houses. Now, then, I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry this Bill into effect is impossible; and I say that, if this Bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron, and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."

On the hoisting of the gridiron in triumph, he wrote and published the fulfilment of his prophecy by the following statement :—

"Peel's Bill, together with the laws about small notes, which last were in force when Peel's Bill was passed—these laws, all taken together, if they had gone into effect, would have put an end to all small notes on the first day of May 1823; but, to precede this blowing up of the whole of the funding system, an Act was passed, in the month of July 1822, to prevent these laws, and especially that part of Peel's Bill which put an end to small Bank of England notes from going into full effect. Thus the system received a respite; but thus did the Parliament fulfil the above prophecy of September 1819."

It was Mr Cobbett's intention to have placed as a sign a large gridiron over the door of his publishing-office in Fleet Street. For this purpose he had made an iron gridiron of dimensions sufficient for him to have lain thereon; he was six feet high; and the gridiron was gilt, and we remember to have seen it displayed in the office-window in Fleet Street. It has been asserted that the sign was actually placed over the entrance-door, May 1, 1823; but Mr Paul Cobbett states, "there never was any gridiron put up, though often threatened to be. But a *bonâ fide* very large gridiron was actually made ready for publication when required, and probably it is now to be seen (where I saw it about six years ago) on the gable-end of a building in the occupation of the successor of Mr Tucker, a candle-manufacturer, an old neighbour of ours at Kensington."*

Mr Cobbett will be remembered by his *English* and *French Grammars*, *Cottage Economy*, *Rural Rides*, *Poor Man's Friend; Legacy to Labourers*, a comedy; *Surplus Population and the Poor-Law Bill*, which was acted by his own labourers, in a barn; *A Legacy to Parsons* (*A Legacy to Lords*, left behind him in MS., which is promised publication), and other works. He was invariably a very early riser, and must have been continually employed in writing and compiling his *Political Register*, which he extended to eighty-seven volumes; in addition to the many other useful, entertaining, and instructive books he has written.

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* *Letter from Mr Paul Cobbett*, in Mr J. H. Wilson's *privately printed Catalogue.*

At the back of his house at Kensington, nearly opposite the New Vestry Hall, in ground now devoted to other purposes, and also at a farm which he possessed at the same time, not far off (at Barn Elm), Cobbett cultivated his Indian corn, his American forest-trees, his pigs, poultry, and butchers' meat—all which he pronounced to be the best that was ever beheld; but the aristocratic suburb did not prove a congenial soil, and he quitted it, a bankrupt. He appears, nevertheless, to have succeeded, upon the whole, in the worldly point of view, and ultimately made his way into Parliament—a triumph, however, which was probably the death of him, owing to the late hours and bad air for which he exchanged his farming habits of life. At all events, he did not survive it long.

Eccentricities of Lord Byron.

Mr Rogers, in his *Table Talk*, writes:—"Neither Moore nor myself had ever seen Byron, when it was settled that he should dine at my house to meet Moore; nor was he known by sight to Campbell, who, happening to call upon me that morning, consented to join the party. I thought it best that I alone should be in the drawing-room when Byron entered it; and Moore and Campbell accordingly withdrew. Soon after his arrival they returned, and I introduced them to him severally, naming them as Adam named the beasts. When we sat down to dinner, I asked Byron if he would take soup. 'No; he never took soup.' Would he take some fish? 'No; he never took fish.' Presently, I asked if he would eat some mutton. 'No; he never ate mutton.' I then asked if he would take a glass of wine. 'No; he never tasted wine.' It was now necessary to inquire what he *did* eat and drink; and the answer was, 'Nothing but hard biscuits and soda-water.' Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda-water were at hand; and he dined upon potatoes bruised down on his plate and drenched with vinegar. My guests stayed till very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him, 'How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?' He replied, 'Just as long as you continue to notice it.' I did not then know what I now know to be a fact—

that Byron, after leaving my house, had gone to a club in St James's Street and eaten a hearty meat supper. . . .

"Byron had prodigious facility of composition. He was fond of suppers, and used often to sup at my house and eat heartily (for he had then given up the hard biscuit and soda-water diet); after going home he would throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press next morning. . . . In those days, at least, Byron had no readiness of reply in conversation. If you happened to let fall any observation which offended him, he would say nothing at the time, but the offence would lie rankling in his mind, and, perhaps, a fortnight after, he would suddenly come out with some very cutting remarks upon you, giving them as his deliberate opinions, the results of his experience of your character."

How Robert Bloomfield wrote his "Farmer's Boy" in the Heart of London.

THIS true poet of nature was born in 1766, at a small village in Suffolk: his father died in the same year, leaving his widow five other children besides Robert. To obtain a maintenance, she opened a school, and taught her own children the elements of reading along with those of her neighbours. Besides this education, Bloomfield was taught to write for two or three months at a school in the town of Ixworth. At the age of eleven he went to work upon his uncle's farm, receiving only his board for his labour. In his fifteenth year he removed to London, to join his two brothers in making shoes, in a garret in Bell Alley, Coleman Street. At this time he read about as many hours every week as boys generally spent in play. He next wrote a few verses, which were printed in the *London Magazine*; and he was observed to read with much avidity a copy of Thomson's *Seasons*, which first inspired Bloomfield with the thought of composing a long poem, such as the *Farmer's Boy*, the idea being favoured by a visit of two months to his native district, where he had often held the plough, driven a team, and tended sheep. He returned to London and shoemaking; but some years elapsed before he produced his *Farmer's Boy*, which he composed while he sat at work in his garret in Bell Alley, with six or seven other workmen; and nearly 600 lines were completed before Bloomfield committed a line to paper. The poem was published in 1800, was translated into French and Italian, and partly into Latin; 26,000 copies were sold in three years; and it was the dearest of the lowly-born poet's gratifications, when his book was printed, to present a copy of it to his mother, to whom he then had it in his power, for the first time, to pay a visit, after twelve years' absence from his native village.

Dr Dibdin, the Bibliomaniac.

In Hornton Street, Kensington, for some years, lived Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the lively bibliomaniac; for, in the big books which he wrote, he mixed up with antiquarianism many passages amusing for the reader's animal spirits and enjoyment. The Doctor travelled much on the Continent, in his favourite pursuit of visiting libraries, when he dined with the monks and others who possessed them, and made a feast-day of it with the gaiety of his company. When he assembled his friends over a new publication, or for the purpose of inspecting old books, the meeting was what he delighted to call a "symposium;" that is to say, they ate as well as drank, and were very merry over old books, old words, and what they persuaded themselves was old wine. There would have been a great deal of reason in it all if the books had been worth as much inside as out; but in a question between the finest of writers, in plain calf, and one of the fourth or fifth rate, old and rare, and bound by Charles Lewis, the old gentleman would have carried it hollow. He would even have been read with the greater devotion. However, the mania was harmless, and helped to maintain a proper curiosity into past ages. Tom (for though a Reverend, and a Doctor, we can hardly think of him seriously) was a good-natured fellow, not very dignified in any respect; but he had the rare merit of being candid. A moderate sum of money was bequeathed him by Douce; and he said he thought he deserved it, from the "respectful attention" he had always paid to that not very agreeable gentleman. Tom was by no means ill-looking; yet he tells us, that being in company when he was young with an elderly gentleman who knew his father, and the gentleman being asked by somebody whether the son resembled him: "Not at all," was the answer; "Captain Dibdin was a fine-looking fellow." This same father was the real glory of Tom; for Captain Dibdin was no less a person than the "Tom Bowling" of the famous sea-song:—

> Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
>   The darling of our crew.

Captain Thomas Dibdin was the brother of Charles Dibdin, the songster of seamen; and an admirable songster was Charles, and a fine fellow in every respect was the brother thus fondly recorded by him. "No more," continues the song—for the reader will not grudge us the pleasure of calling it to mind—

> No more he 'll hear the tempest howling,
>   For death hath broach'd him too.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Dr Dibdin was thus the nephew of a man of genius, and the son of one of the best specimens of an Englishman. His memory may be content.

The Doctor relates an anecdote of the house opposite him, which he considers equal to any "romance of real life." This comes of the antiquarian habit of speaking in superlatives, and expressing amazement at every little thing. As the circumstance, however, is complete of its kind, and the kind, though not so rare, we suspect, as may be imagined, is not one of every-day occurrence, it may be worth repeating:—A handsome widow, it seems, in the prime of life, but in reduced circumstances, and with a family of several children, had been left in possession of the house, and desired to let it. A retired merchant of sixty, who was looking out for a house in Kensington, came to see it. He fell in love with the widow, paid his addresses to her on the spot, in a respectful version of the old question put to the fair showers of such houses—"Are you, my dear, to be let with the lodgings?"—and, after a courtship of six months, was wedded to the extemporaneous object of his affections at Kensington Church, the Doctor himself joyfully officiating as clergyman; for the parties were amiable; the bridegroom was a collector of books; and the books were accompanied by a cellar-full of burgundy and champagne.*

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* From a sketch in *All the Year Round.* Dr Dibdin was a high connoisseur in wines as well as in books.

Samuel Rogers, the Banker Poet.

A FEW days after the death of Mr Rogers, in 1855, there appeared the following interesting record of him from the practised pen of Mr Robert Carruthers, who long enjoyed the friendship of the distinguished poet and patron of artists and men of letters.

It is not our intention to speak of the poetry of Mr Rogers. In noticing it some time since we characterised it generally as presenting a classic and graceful beauty; with no slovenly or obscure lines; with fine cabinet pictures of soft and mellow lustre, and occasionally with trains of thought and association that awaken or recall tender and heroic feelings. Now that personal interest in a living poet is withdrawn, and kindness and respect towards him are of no avail, it may be questioned whether Rogers's poetry will maintain any prominent place in our literature. He will always be esteemed one of the purest disciples of the old classic school of Pope and Dryden—and to turn to him from the mystic ravings, tortures, and Red Indian chants of some modern poets, is like emerging from the wards of an hospital to fresh air and sunshine; but he wants vital interest, passion, and strength, for universal popularity. He had not what Gray terms the "golden keys" that can unlock the gates of joy or horror, or open the "sacred source of sympathetic tears."

It is as a man of taste and letters, as a patron of artists and authors, and as the friend of almost every illustrious man that has graced our annals for the last half century and more, that Mr Rogers has of late years challenged public attention. He was a link between the days of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, and the present time. He had rambled over St Anne's Hill with Fox and Grattan. Sheridan addressed to him the last letter he ever wrote, begging for pecuniary assistance, that the blanket on which he was dying might not be torn from his bed by bailiffs; and Rogers answered the call with a remittance of £200. No man had so many books dedicated to him. Byron inscribed to him his *Giaour* in token of "admiration of his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude for his friendship." Moore was no less laudatory, and Moore owed substantial favours to the old poet. By his mediation his quarrel with Byron was adjusted, and when Moore fell into difficulties the liberal hand of Rogers was opened. His benefactions in this way were almost of daily occurrence. "There is a happy and enviable poet!" said Thomas Campbell one day on leaving Rogers's house; "he has some four or five thousand pounds a year, and he gives away fifteen hundred in charity." And next to relieving the distress of authors and others, it was the delight of Mr Rogers to reconcile differences and bring together men who might otherwise never meet. At his celebrated breakfast-parties persons of almost all classes and pursuits were found. He made the morning meal famous as a literary rallying-point; and during the London season there was scarcely a day in which some four to six persons were not assembled at the hospitable board in St James's Place. There discussion as to books or pictures, anecdotes of the great of old, some racy sayings of Sheridan, Erskine, or Horne Tooke, some apt quotation or fine passage read aloud, some incident of foreign travel recounted—all flowed on without restraint, and charmed the hours till mid-day. Byron has described the scene of these meetings:—

"Rogers is silent, and, it is said, severe. When he does talk he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house, his drawing-room, his library, you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh, the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!"

Byron's sensitiveness coloured all he saw with his own feeling. There was none of this misery resulting from Rogers's taste. He enjoyed life—had money, fame, honour, love, and troops of friends. His recipe for long life was "temperance, the bath, flesh-brush, and *don't fret*." But his house was really a magazine of marvels —the saloon of the Muses!—and its opening view on the garden and lawn of the Green Park in itself a picture. Paintings by Titian, Guido, Rubens, Claude, Raphael, and English artists, covered the walls. Every school, Italian and Spanish, had its representative, and not the least prized were the native landscapes of Wilson and Gainsborough, and the "Strawberry Girl" and "Puck" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the hall were Greek sculptures, busts, and vases, with endless articles of *virtu*. The library had its rare and choice editions—a drawing by Raphael, an original bust of Pope by Roubiliac, antique gems and cameos, and many precious manuscripts. Two of these he lately presented to the British Museum—Milton's agreement with his bookseller for the copyright of "Paradise Lost" (for which he gave a hundred guineas), and Dryden's contract with his publisher, Jacob Tonson. The whole arrangement of these rooms bespoke consummate taste and carelessness of cost. The chimney-piece of the drawing-room was of Carrara marble, sculptured with bas-reliefs and miniature statues by Flaxman; and the panels of a small library displayed the "Seven Ages of Man," painted by Stothard. To comprehend how so much was done by one less than a noble, we must recollect Rogers's *bank*, his exquisite taste, and his long life. He had written Journals of Conversations with Fox, Erskine, Horne Tooke, and the Duke of Wellington (some of which we have seen), and these can scarcely fail to be both interesting and valuable.

The severity of remark alluded to by Byron as characteristic of his friend, was displayed in a certain quaint shrewdness and sarcasm with which his conversation abounded, though rarely taking an offensive form. He could pay compliments as pointed as his sarcasm. Moore has recorded the pleasure he derived from one of Rogers's remarks—

> "What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose on your lips and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed."

These and many other sayings, pleasant and severe, will now be remembered. But higher associations, even apart from his genius, will be associated with the name of Samuel Rogers. His generosity and taste—his readiness to oblige and serve, or to encourage and reward the humblest labourer in the literary vineyard—his devotion to all intellectual and liberal pursuits—the jealousy with which he guarded the dignity and rights of literature—the example of a straight path and spotless life extended to more than ninety-two years;—these are honours and distinctions which will "gather round his tomb," and outlast his monument.

A London Recluse.

SECLUSION in a vast metropolis like London—that maelstrom of human affairs—is an anomalous state of existence, which is often set down by unthinking persons as madness; or, at least, not sanity:—

Thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Nevertheless, this phase of life has been enjoyed by persons of a reflective turn of mind, without being associated with selfishness, or caring nothing for the outside world, but loving,

Through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

In one of the fine houses of the Adelphi—No. 1, in Adam Street, the house in which lived Dr Vicessimus

Knox, the "British Essayist"—there died, in September 1863, a recluse of the better class, both as regards station and intellect, and whose sympathies were with the world, though he was, as it were, shut out from its stir. Such was Mr George Blamire, son of Dr Blamire, of Carlisle, a gentleman possessed of considerable property, and formerly a barrister. Mr Blamire had, for nearly twenty years, lived in Adam Street, in almost total seclusion; no person, under any pretence whatever, being allowed to enter the three rooms in his occupation on the first floor. His meals were prepared by his housekeeper, and were left on a tray at the door of the ante-room and then taken in by the deceased; and although many times in a state of ill-health, he refused to have medical aid, but used to have sent in from a chemist's a quantity of different medicines. All communications to him were received in the same way as his meals, and for more than twelve months he never left the house. He is stated to have been a person of considerable ability, and, although very eccentric in his habits, of perfectly sound mind, and capable of managing his property, which consisted among others of large estates in Cumberland and Cardiff. Death, in such seclusion, must have come with twofold awe. It appears that Mr Blamire's housekeeper went up, as usual, with his dinner, but received no reply at the door, and although she frequently called him, she did not again see him alive. In two days, becoming alarmed, she made a communication to the police, and the door was broken open. The floor of the ante-room was strewn with newspapers, writings, &c., chairs, table, and other articles of furniture. The left-hand room (which is some 40 feet in length and looking over the Thames) presented even a more extraordinary appearance. At one end was a chimney-glass some twelve feet in height, covered with dust and cobwebs. The furniture, of very handsome description, was in an equally dusty state, while the dust lay on everything to nearly an inch in thickness. The floor was strewn with trunks, papers, and books of science and law of much value. There were also three large bags filled with new boots; several silver spoons lay upon the sideboards; and packages of candles, clothing, &c., were heaped up in the utmost confusion. Near the doorway was a painting of the Crucifixion, about 12 feet by 4 feet, said to be of great value. In the right-hand room, furniture, books, paintings, &c., were piled together in dirt and disorder. The deceased was found lying back in an arm-chair quite dead, and in a rapid state of decomposition, having no doubt been dead several days. He was dressed, but in a very dirty state, and by his side lay the remains of some food. There was neither bed nor bedding; the deceased is stated for twenty years to have slept in the same chair. In other parts of the room were scraps of bread, bottles of wine, and medicine. Upon a further search, £7, 17s. in a bag, a gold and silver watch, twenty-six silver articles, and other valuables were found; while upon the floor were scattered thirty keys. Dr Alfred Harvey afterwards examined the body and made a *post-mortem* examination, from which it was shown that death had resulted from exhaustion from low fever, accelerated by neglect; the verdict returned by the coroner's jury. The deceased was a bachelor, and had no near relatives; but he was said to have been very charitable and honourable.

Mr Blamire appears also to have adopted a somewhat eccentric course with his wine cellars. Upon the death of his father, Dr Blamire, in 1834, a large quantity of the doctor's choice wines and spirits was walled up in a vault beneath a public court in Carlisle. Ten years later, at the suggestion of a friend, the vault was opened for the purpose of substituting stone for wooden bins, but was again walled up, and so remained until it was opened for the purposes of sale in February 1865. Another portion of the wines had been stored in the chamber of a friend's house at which Mr Blamire was accustomed to stay when visiting Carlisle.

The wines fetched extraordinary prices: six dozen of port, described as "the finest and most perfect 1820," £35 per dozen; £27, £16, £13, 10s., and £10, 10s. Some East Indian Sherry brought £18, 15s. per dozen.

The spirits were equally remarkable for their history and the prices they fetched. They were thus described:—"From authentic records it can be certified that part of the rum was bottled in 1720; it was recorked in 1826, and was thus upwards of 144 years old." Several lots of the rum 144 years old were bought at 26s. and 27s. a bottle, and for one lot 60s. a bottle was paid; 13 magnums of rum sold for 62s. 6d. each; six bottles of old whisky, 19s. The whole stock realised above £1700.

Philip Astley, the Rider.

THE originator of the Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge, and which we to this day call "Astley's," was Philip Astley, born at Newcastle-under-Lyne, in 1742. He came to London with his father, who was a cabinet-maker, and worked with him at his business, till 1759, when he enlisted in the 15th, or Elliot's own Light Horse. Astley was a man of great muscular power, about six feet in height, and was of imposing appearance. He was also an expert horseman, and was one of the rough-riders, teacher, and breaker, of the regiment. After seven years' service, he obtained his discharge, and then made equestrianism his profession. His General gave him a charger as a mark of esteem; and with this horse, and another which he purchased in Smithfield, Astley commenced his performances in an open piece of ground in St George's Fields, through which the New Cut ran, and to which the Halfpenny Hatch led. The price of admission to the space within the railing of the ride was sixpence. Astley himself, described as the handsomest man in England, was the chief performer, assisted by a drum, two fifes, and a clown by the name of Porter; at first, it was an open area; transparencies, paintings, fireworks, slack-rope, vaulting, Egyptian pyramids, tricks on chairs, tumbling, &c., were subsequently added. In the course of time, Astley hired part of a large timber-yard; he first inclosed it circularly with boarding, and erected seats for spectators, and a pent-house roof, to protect them from the rain. Here he exhibited in a rope-ring, with the sky for a covering; he performed in the morning. In the evening he exhibited a "learned horse," with *Ombres Chinoises*, sleight-of-hand, &c., in a large room in Piccadilly; and his profits enabled him to lend his landlord, the timber-merchant, £200—the whole of the yard, and the timber in it, being mortgaged to Astley as security. The borrower left England upon receiving the money, and was never after heard of.

The lender, in due time, sold the timber, and with the money, increased by £60, the produce of a diamond-ring which he found at the foot of Westminster Bridge, and which was never advertised by the loser, Astley, in 1780, erected a roofed building, with a commodious auditory, which he opened as the *Amphitheatre Riding House;* by successive enlargement of which he built upon the whole extent of the ground in his possession. The performances were given at night. But Astley had a powerful competitor. Charles Hughes, another clever equestrian, had already inclosed a ride, in the open fields, near the present Stangate Street, and joined Charles Dibdin, the naval song-writer, in a scheme for uniting dramatic entertainments with equestrian feats; and hence arose, in St George's Fields, the Royal Circus. To compete with this opposition, Astley added a stage and scenery to his riding circle, and opened with entertainments similar to those at the Circus; but not being duly licensed, he was indicted, and imprisoned. He, however, obtained both his release and a licence through Lord Chancellor Thurlow, to whose daughter he taught riding. He then enlarged his theatre as the *Royal Grove*, from the interior being painted to resemble a grove; but he subsequently changed the name to the *Amphitheatre of Arts.* Here we find Horace Walpole among the spectators: and in one of his previous *Letters* is a reference to Astley riding on three elephants at once, an obscurity which we cannot clear up. In the above year, Walpole writes to Lord Strafford :—

> "London at this time of the year (September), is as nauseous a drug as any in an apothecary's shop. I could find nothing at all to do, and so went to Astley's, which, indeed, was much beyond my expectation. I do not wonder any longer that Darius was chosen King by the instructions he gave to his horse; nor that Caligula made his Consul. Astley can make his dance minuets and hornpipes. But I shall not have even Astley now: her Majesty the Queen of France, who has as much taste as Caligula, has sent for the whole of the *dramatis personæ* to Paris."

Here Astley built a theatre. Walpole, alluding to air-balloons, which then occupied "senators, philosophers, ladies, everybody," says :—

> "I doubt it has put young Astley's nose out of joint, who went to Paris lately under their Queen's protection, and expected to be Prime Minister, though he only ventured his neck by dancing a minuet on three horses at full gallop, and really in that attitude has as much grace as Apollo Belvedere."

During the Revolution, Astley's theatre was seized, and made into barracks; but the property was restored to him during the Consulate of Buonaparte, and it is said that a rental was paid for all the time it had been kept from him.

On August 17, 1794, during Astley's absence on the Continent, the Amphitheatre and nineteen adjoining houses were destroyed by fire. Astley immediately came over to England, rebuilt his theatre, and opened it on Easter Monday, 1795, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and proved very successful. On September 2, 1803, this theatre (very little insured), was also burnt while Astley was in Paris; the mother of Mrs Astley, jun., perished in the flames.

> Base Buonapartè, fill'd with deadly ire,
> Sets, one by one, our playhouses on fire.
> Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on
> The Opera House, then burnt down the Pantheon;
> Nay, still unsated, in a coat of flames,
> Next at Millbank he cross'd the River Thames;
> Thy hatch, O Halfpenny! pass'd in a trice,
> Boil'd some black pitch, and burnt down Astley's twice.
>
> —*Rejected Addresses.*

In plain English, the Halfpenny Hatch, then a footway through fields; but now, as the same bards sing elsewhere—

> St George's Fields are fields no more,
> The trowel supersedes the plough:
> Swamps, huge and inundate of yore,
> Are changed to civic villas now.

This was said or sung in 1812.

Astley then leased the property to his son, John; and he continued lessee during the remainder of the life of his father, who went to Paris, to dispose of the amphitheatre he had built there. He died there, October 14, 1814, aged 72, and was buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. On October 19, 1821, his son went to Paris for his health: he died in the same house, chamber, and bed, where his father breathed his last.

Philip Astley altogether *built nineteen theatres*, including an amphitheatre in Peter Street, Dublin, for which he obtained a patent from the Irish Parliament; but at its expiry, he parted with the property. The last theatre erected by Astley was the Olympic Pavilion, in Wych Street, Strand, upon part of the site of Craven House. It was principally built with the timbers of *La Ville de Paris*, the ship in which William IV. had served as midshipman; the materials having been given to Astley, with a chandelier, by King George III.: the theatre was opened with horsemanship, September 18, 1806. Astley sold the property to Elliston, whose proprietorship of the Olympic was the most successful portion of his enterprising life. This theatre was destroyed by fire *within an hour*, March 29, 1849: it was rebuilt in the same year, and opened December 26.

Astley appears also to have built his Amphitheatre with bad materials; for, on June 8, 1841, it was burnt *within two hours*, from its being principally constructed with old ship-timber. The fire arose from ignited wadding, such as caused the destruction of the old Globe Theatre in 1613, and Covent Garden Theatre in 1808. The proprietor of Astley's Theatre at the time of the fire was Andrew Ducrow, born at the Nag's Head, Borough, in 1793, when his father, Peter Ducrow, a native of Bruges, was "The Flemish Hercules" at Astley's. Andrew Ducrow died in 1842, of mental derangement and paralysis, produced by the catastrophe of the burning of his theatre in the previous year.

Astley gave annually a new wherry, to be rowed for on the Thames. Dr Johnson, in Boswell's Life, has this odd reference to Astley, showing him by comparison to have been a great attraction in his day: "Whitfield never drew as much attention as a mountebank does; he did not draw attention by doing better than others, but by doing what was strange. Were Astley to preach a sermon standing upon his head or a horse's back, he would collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that."

Astley greatly improved his art. William Stokes, an equestrian of the 17th century, boasted, in his book called the "Vaulting Master," &c., printed at Oxford, in 1652, that he had reduced "vaulting to a method." In this volume are several plates illustrating different specimens of his practice, which consisted chiefly in leaping over one or more horses, or upon them, sometimes seating himself in the saddle, and sometimes standing upon the same. "All these feats," says Strutt, "are now [1801] performed at Astley's, with many additional acquirements; and the horses gallop round the ride, while the actor is going through his manœuvres: on the contrary, the horses belonging to our vaulter remained at rest during the whole time of his exhibition."

The "O. P. Riot."

THE history in little of the "O. P. Riot" is as follows:—

The newly-built Covent Garden Theatre opened on the 18th Sept. 1809, when a cry of "Old Prices" (afterwards diminished to O. P.) burst out from every part of the house. This continued and increased in violence till the 23d, when rattles, drums, whistles, and cat-calls having completely drowned the voices of the actors, Mr Kemble, the stage-manager, came forward and said that a committee of gentlemen had undertaken to examine the finances of the concern, and that until they were prepared with their report the theatre would continue closed.

"Name them!" was shouted from all sides.

The names were declared—viz., Sir Charles Price, the Solicitor-General, the Recorder of London, the Governor of the Bank, and Mr Angerstein.

"All shareholders!" bawled a wag from the gallery.

In a few days the theatre re-opened: the public paid no attention to the report of the referees, and the tumult was renewed for several weeks with even increased violence. The proprietors now sent in hired bruisers, to *mill* the refractory into subjection. This irritated most of their former friends, and, amongst the rest, the annotator, who accordingly wrote the song of "Heigh-ho, says Kemble," which was caught up by the ballad-singers, and sung under Mr Kemble's house-windows in Great Russell Street. A dinner was given at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, to celebrate the victory obtained by W. Clifford in his action against Brandon, the box-keeper, for assaulting him for wearing the letters O. P. in his hat.

At this dinner Mr Kemble attended, and matters were compromised by allowing the advanced price (seven shillings) to the boxes. A former riot of a similar sort occurred at the same theatre in the year 1792, when the price to the boxes was raised from five shillings to six. That tumult, however, only lasted three nights.*

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* Note to *Rejected Addresses*, edit. 1861.

Charles Mathews, the Elder.

LEIGH HUNT, in the quarto volume which he wrote upon *Lord Byron, and some of his Contemporaries*, gives the following sketch of Mathews, the comedian :—

"I had the pleasure of seeing him and his wife at their table; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the one, he had given more force and interest to that of the other in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines have been cut, and the face has stood him well. I have seldom been more surprised than in coming close to Mr Mathews on this occasion, and in seeing the bust that he has in his gallery of his friend Mr Liston. Some of these comic actors, like comic writers, are as unfarcical as can be imagined in their interior. The taste for humour comes to them by the force of contrast. The last time I had seen Mr Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion he looked like an irritable in-door pet; on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, 'Buffet on; I have seen trouble as well as you.' The paralytic affection, or whatever it was, that twisted his mouth when young, had formerly appeared to be master of his face, and given it a character of indecision and alarm. It now seemed a minor thing; a twist in a piece of old oak.

"The reasons why Mr Mathews' imitations are still better in private than in public are, that he is more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience ('fit though few'), and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not be introduced on the stage. Thus, he gives to persons who he thinks will take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own—Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Incledon was extraordinary; his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailor-like twist of mind, with which everything hung upon him; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence.

"One morning, after stopping all night, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child were snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and, at intervals, out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathising in perfect good faith, when Mr Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he."

Miscellaneous.

Miscellaneous.

Jack Cade in Southwark.

THE late Mr Corner, the painstaking antiquary, of Southwark, was thoroughly acquainted with the history of this very interesting portion of our metropolis; and, among his many valuable contributions to its illustration was a paper upon the ancient inns of the district, several of which remain to this day.

The White Hart is one of the inns mentioned by Stow; but it possesses a still earlier celebrity, having been the head-quarters of Jack Cade and his rebel rout during their brief possession of London, in the year 1450, when Henry VI. was king. And it has been immortalised by Shakspeare, in the Second Part of his play of *King Henry VI.*, when a messenger enters in haste, and announces to the king :—

> The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord !
> Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
> Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house ;
> And call your grace usurper, openly,
> And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

And, again, another messenger enters, and says :—

> Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
> The citizens fly and forsake their houses,

Jack Cade afterwards thus addresses his followers: "And you, base peasants, do you believe him? Will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword, therefore, broke through London gates that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark?"—Shakspeare's *Henry VI.*, Part II., act iv., scenes 4 and 8.

Cade entered London from Blackheath, through the Borough, and towards evening he retired to the White Hart, in Southwark. He continued there for some days, entering the city in the morning, and returning to Southwark at night; but at last, his followers committing some riot in the city, when they would have entered they found the bridge-gate shut against them, whereupon a battle ensued between them and the citizens, which lasted all day, and ended, at the approach of night, by a cessation of arms till the morrow; but during the night a proclamation of pardon, which was published in the Borough, induced the great body of Cade's followers to desert him, and he was obliged to fly, and endeavour to conceal himself in Sussex, where he was soon afterwards slain by Alexander Iden, at Hothfield.

There is a contemporary account of some of Cade's doings in Southwark, in a letter to John Paston, Esq., from J. Payne, servant to Sir John Fastolf, who was sent by his master from his house in Horselydown to the rebels' camp at Blackheath, to obtain the articles of their demands; and Payne, being taken by the rebels, was about to be beheaded, but his life was spared on the intercession of Robert Poynings, Esq. (of Southwark, who was engaged in the rebellion, and is mentioned as having been carver and chief doer for Cade), and Payne was sent back to Southwark to array himself, under a promise to return to the rebels. On returning home, he counselled his master, Sir John Fastolf, to send away the soldiers and munitions of war, which he had provided for the defence of his house at Horselydown, which he did, and went with his men to the Tower. Payne was seized, and taken before Cade at the White Hart, who ordered him to be despoiled of his array; and he seems to have lost all that he had; and they would have smitten off his head, but Poynings again saved his life; and he (Payne) says:—

"I was up till at night that the battle was at London Bridge [8th July, as the historians have it; but, by a note in one of the Paston letters, Cade fled on the 22d June from Blackheath], and then at night the captain put me out into the battle at the bridge, and there I was wounded and hurt near unto death, and there I was six hours in the battle, and might never come out thereof."

The *Chronicle of the Grey Friars* (one of the publications of the Camden Society) records another deed of violence committed by Cade and his followers at this place.

"At the Whyt Harte in Southwarke, one Hawaydyne, of Sent Martyns, was beheddyd."—*Chron. of Grey Friars*, p. 19.

The White Hart, as now existing, is not the same building that afforded quarters to Jack Cade; for, in 1669, the back part of the old inn was accidentally burnt down, and the inn was wholly destroyed by the great fire which happened in Southwark in 1676.

The Records of the Court of Judicature inform us that John Collett, Esq., was then the owner of the property, and Robert Taynton, executor of . . . . was the tenant.

The White Hart appears, however, to have been rebuilt upon the model of the older edifice, and still realises the descriptions which we read of the ancient inns, consisting of one or more open courts or yards, surrounded with open galleries, and which were frequently used as temporary theatres for acting plays and dramatic performances in the olden time.

Mr Dickens, in one of his earliest productions, the *Pickwick Papers*, has given us an admirable description of the Borough inns, and of the White Hart in particular.

Shakspeare's House in the Blackfriars.

THE most important fact relating to the town property of Shakspeare, is that first pointed out by Mr Halliwell, in his 8vo *Life* of the Poet—viz., that the house purchased by him of Henry Walker, March 10, 1612-13, and the counterpart of the conveyance of which is preserved in the Guildhall Library, with Shakspeare's signature attached, and which is described there as "abutting upon a streete leading doune to Pudle Wharfe (Blackfriers) in the east part right against the Kinges Majesties Wardrobe," is still identified, or rather sheltered, in the churchyard of St Andrew's there. The *very house* was, most probably, destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666; but the house stands on its proper spot, and until within these few years, it had been tenanted by the Robinson family, to whom Shakspeare leased it. Close behind this house, in Great Carter Lane, stood the Old Bell Inn, mentioned in a letter addressed to Shakspeare; and the poet was probably often in this house, the site of which was noted, after the destruction of the original building, by a richly-sculptured *bell*, dated 1687.

"This is the most important document ever submitted to the public connected with Shakspeare: it was probably one of his last acts previously to his final abandonment of the metropolis. The most diligent antiquaries have been unable to discover when the bard first left London to settle in his native town, but Malone has pointed out in his *Inquiry* (page 215) that in the year 1596 he resided in Southwark, near the Bear-garden; and Mr Collier, in his *Life of Alleyn* (pages 90–92) has proved by 'a brief noat taken out of the poore's booke,' and delivered to Henslowe, as church-warden, on the 6th of April 1609, that Shakspeare then occupied a good house in the liberty of the Clink; as he is there assessed in the weekly payment of 6d., no one but Henslowe, Alleyn, Collins, and Barrett being so highly rated; he must, however, have given it up before the date of this instrument, as he is here designated as 'William Shakspeare, of Stratforde-upon-Avon in the County of Warwick, Gentleman.' It appears also very probable that at this period our great dramatist wound up all his theatrical speculations, and that Alleyn became the purchaser of his interest in the Blackfriars, as Mr Collier has discovered a paper in the handwriting of Alleyn (page 105), bearing date April 1612, in which he enumerates various sums of 'money paid by me E. A. for the Blackfryers' amounting in all to £599, 6s. 8d., 'which,' says Mr Collier, 'would be equal to nearly £3000 of our present money.'

"The situation and boundaries of this tenement are fully described in the deed; and the interest is greatly enhanced by a detail of places in its immediate vicinity, and a list of persons who had rented that and the adjacent property, as follow:—'All that dwelling-house or tenement with the appurtenances situate and being within the Precinct Circuit and Compasse of the late blackffryers, London, sometymes in the tenure of James Gardyner Esquior and since that in the tenure of John ffortescue gent. and now or late being in the tenure or occupacon of one William Ireland or of his Assignee or Assignes; abutting upon a streete leading downe to Pudle wharffe on the east part, right against the Kings Maiesties Wardrobe; part of wch said Tenement is erected over a great gate leading to a Capitall Mesuage wch sometyme was in the tenure of William Blackwell Esquior, deceased, and since that in the tenure or occupacon of the right Honorable Henry, now Earle of Northumberland. And also all that plot of ground on the West side of the said Tenement wch was lately inclosed with boords on two sides thereof by Ann Bacon, Widowe, soe farre and in such sorte as the same was inclosed by the said Ann Bacon and not otherwise, and being on the thirde side inclosed with an olde Brick wall; which said plott of ground was some tyme purcell and taken out of a great peece of ground lately used for a garden and also the soyle whereupon the said tenement standeth, and also the said Brick wall and boords wch doe inclose the said plott of grounde, which said Dwelling house or tenement and other the premisses above by theis pnts menconed to be bargayned and soulde the said Henry Walker late purchased and had to him his heires and assignes for ever of Mathie Bacon of Graies Inne in the countie of Middx. gentleman by indenture bearing date the fifteenth day of October in the yeare of our Lord God one thowsand six hundred and fower.' These parcels correspond precisely with those of a mortgage deed hereafter mentioned.

"It is remarkable that the indenture is stated at the commencement to be 'Betweene Henry Walker Citizein and Minstrell of London of the one partie, and William Shakspeare of Stratforde Upon Avon in the countie of Warwick, Gentleman, William Johnson, citizein and vintener of London, John Jackson, and John Hemyng, of London, Gentleman, of thother ptie,' and that the property was conveyed to all four, 'theire heires and assignees for ever,' but that Shakspeare himself is declared to have paid the consideration money, amounting to £140. It concludes by declaring that hereafter the premises, with all fines and recoveries, shall 'bee esteemed, adjudged and taken to bee to th' onlie and proper use and behoofe of the said William Shakspeare his heires and assignees for ever, and to none other use intent or purpose,' while all the usual covenants for a clear title, quiet possession, and further assurances are exclusively in favour of Shakspeare alone. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Shakspeare was the sole purchaser, and he accordingly bequeaths in his will to his daughter, Susannah Hall, 'all that messuage or tente with thapp'tenncs lyeing and being in the blackfryers in London nere the Wardrobe,' —evidently the same house."

Prisoners in the Tower.

UPWARDS of one thousand prisoners have been confined in the chambers and cells of the Tower at one time. Among the celebrated persons imprisoned here were—

A. D.

1100. Ralph Flambard, the militant Bishop of Durham.
1296. Balliol, King of Scotland, and Scottish chieftains.
1307. Lady Badlesmere, for refusing the Queen of Edward II. lodging in her Castle of Leeds, Kent.
1347. Charles of Blois, and the twelve citizens of Calais, with the governor.
1386. Geoffrey Chaucer, said to have here written his *Testament of Love.* (Chaucer was appointed clerk of the works, July 13, 1389, 13th Richard II.)
1415. The Duke of Orleans, father of Louis XII., composed here a volume of English poems, which contains the earliest view of the Tower.
1534. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; and Sir Thomas More.
1540. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex.
1547. The Duke of Norfolk and his son, the poet Earl of Surrey.
1553. Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. Latimer was also a prisoner here from 1541 to 1547.
1554. Sir Thomas Wyatt.
1562. The Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakspeare.
1606. Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators.

A. D.

1612. Lord Chancellor Bacon, "a broken reed;" Sir Edward Coke, a close prisoner.

1613. Sir Thomas Overbury, supposed to have been poisoned by his gaoler.

1616. The Countess of Somerset,* for Overbury's murder.

1626. "Mr Moor was sent to the Tower for speaking (in Parliament) out of season; and Sir William Widdrington and Sir Robert Price for bringing in candles against the desire of the House." (*Dwarris, on Statutes*, p. 83.)

1628. Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham; Sir John Elliot, second imprisonment; John Selden.

1641. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; Archbishop Laud; and Bishop Hall.

1648. The pious Jeremy Taylor.

1651. Sir William Davenant, whose life was saved by Milton and Whitelocke.

1656. Lucy Barlow, mother of the Duke of Monmouth—she was liberated by Oliver Cromwell.

1661. Harrington, who wrote the *Oceana.*

1679. Viscount Stafford, beheaded 1680.

1679. Samuel Pepys, the diarist, suspected of connection with the Popish Plot; liberated on bail for £30,000.

1681. The Earl of Shaftesbury.

1683. William Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney.

1685. James Duke of Monmouth.

1688. (The Revolution). The infamous Lord Jeffreys; William Penn, for street preaching; the Seven Bishops.

1692. The great Duke of Marlborough.

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* The Countess of Somerset's "only child, born in the Tower during her imprisonment, and named Anne, after the name of the Queen, in the hopes thereby of propitiating her Majesty, was afterwards married to the Duke of Bedford, and was the mother of William Lord Russell."—*Amos.*

A. D.

1712. Sir Robert Walpole, for receiving bribes.
1715. Harley, Earl of Oxford; the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale.
1717. William Shippen, "downright Shippen."
1722. Bishop Atterbury and the Earl of Orrery.
1746. Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat.
1760. Earl Ferrers, hanged for murder.
1762. John Wilkes; no charge specified.
1780. Lord George Gordon (Riots).
1794. John Horne Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall, Holcroft, and others.

The Tower still remains the prison to which political offenders are committed by Parliament.

The Ancient Watch and Ward.

In ancient times, an armed force was employed for the protection of fortified towns, and for the purpose of giving notice of the approach of friend or enemy. This armed watch was continued in after-times as a local guard, when the necessity for soldiery became unnecessary, on account of the more civilised state of the community. Cities, towns, and boroughs, according to the number of their respective inhabitants, were bound to maintain a certain number of men for watch by night, and for ward by day; hence the division of London and other places into *wards*, of which the alderman was more especially the magistrate. The watch had power to search out all improper, or even suspected persons, and to keep them in custody till the following day.

The first notice we hear of a nightly watch in the City of London, is in the year 1263, during the disputes between King Henry III. and the citizens. During this troublesome time, a strong guard was kept in the City, and by night a party of horse, supported by some infantry, incessantly patrolled the streets. However, the citizens of London disgraced themselves in this service. We read in the *Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs*, that, about 1262, "the citizens kept watch and ward, riding by night through the City with horse and arms; though among them a countless multitude of persons obtruded themselves; some evil-minded among whom, under pretext of searching for aliens, broke open many houses belonging to other persons, and carried off such goods as were there to be found. To restrain the evil designs of these persons, the watches on horseback were therefore put an end to, and watch was kept by the respective wards, each person keeping himself well armed within his own ward."

In 1509, at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., that monarch made his entry into the City in state, and was received by the citizens with great pomp and pageantry. The watch, which had in those days become a large and well-constituted body, were paraded before him; and the King was so pleased that he returned shortly afterwards to the City, accompanied by his Queen and the principal nobility, when the procession was repeated, and afterwards it was continued every Midsummer-night.

The march was begun by the City music, followed by the Lord Mayor's officers in parti-coloured liveries;

the sword-bearer on horseback, in bright armour, preceded the Lord Mayor, mounted on a stately horse, richly trapped, attended by a giant and two pages on horseback, three pageants, morris-dancers, and footmen; next came the sheriffs, preceded by their officers, and attended by their giants, pages, pageants, and morris-dancers; then marched a great body of demilances, in bright armour, on stately horses; next followed a body of carabineers, in white fustian coats, with a symbol of the City arms on their backs and breasts; then marched a division of archers, with their bows bent, and shafts of arrows by their sides; next followed a party of pikemen in their corslets and helmets; after whom marched a column of halberdiers in their corslets and helmets, and the march was closed by a great party of billmen, with helmets and aprons of mail, and the whole body, consisting of about two thousand men, had between every division a certain number of musicians, who were answered in their proper places by the like number of drums, with standards and ensigns, as veteran troops.

This nocturnal march was illuminated by 940 cressets, 200 whereof were defrayed at the City expense, 500 at that of the companies, and 240 by the City constables. When on usual duty, two men were appointed to each cresset, one to carry it, and "another to beare a bag with light and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the cressets, taking wages, besides that every one had a straw-hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast in the morning, amounted in number to almost 2000." An old poet thus notices these cressets:—

. . . . Let nothing that 's magnifical,
Or that may tend to London's graceful state,
Be unperformed, as showes and solemn feasts,
Watches in armour, triumphs, cresset lights,
Bonfires, bells, and peals of ordnance,
And pleasure.

The cressets here mentioned were a sort of iron pan, containing burning pitch, or other combustibles, carried at the end of a long pole; they appear to have been employed in many of the pageants of the citizens.

The yearly pageant of the watch on Midsummer-night was discontinued, by desire of the King, in 1539, on account of its greater expense to the City, but it was again set on foot in 1548, during the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Gresham; in about twenty years after, this marching watch and its procession were entirely remodelled, and a standing watch, much more useful and less expensive, appointed in its stead.

In addition to these safeguards, Stow tells us there belonged to each ward "*a bellman*, who, especially in the long nights, went through the streets and lanes ringing a bell, and saluting his masters and mistresses with some rhymes suitable to the festivals and seasons of the year, at the same time bidding them to lock to their lights." This latter custom is said to have originated in the reign of Queen Mary, January 1556, and to have been first practised in Cordwainer Street, by Alderman Draper. The duty of the bellman appears to have been the seeing that the lanterns which the citizens were bound to provide for lighting the streets were duly hung out before their doors, and his habitual cry was, "Hang out your lanterns!" "Look to your lanterns!" A woodcut of one of these worthies is prefixed to a ballad in the Roxburgh Collection.

In the *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson, the Merry Londoner*, 1606, we read, that—

> "When the order of hanging out lanterne and candlelight first of all was brought up, the bedell of the warde where Maister Hobson dwelt, in a darke evening, crieing up and down, 'Hang out your lanternes!' 'Hang out your lanternes!' using no other wordes, Maister Hobson tooke an emptie lanterne, and, according to the bedell's call, hung it out. This flout by the Lord Mayor was taken in ill part, and for the same offence Hobson was sent to the Counter; but being released the next night following, thinking to amend his call, the bedell cried out with a loud voice, 'Hang out your lanternes and candles!' Maister Hobson thereupon hung out a lanterne and candle unlighted, as the bedell again commanded; whereupon he was again sent to the Counter; but the next night, the bedell, being better advised, cryed 'Hang out your lanterne and candlelight!' which Maister Hobson at last did, to his great commendation, which cry of lanterne and candlelight is in right manner used to this day."

Defoe has left us the following sketch of the City watch in 1714:—

> "All the streets are extremely well guarded by watches, or guards, who carry no other arms about them than clubs, or great staffs; for, as this is a country of drinking, which often makes mankind fool-hardy,

firearms would be of dangerous consequence, if used here, as they are in the more southern countries. The watchmen are generally so civil as to lead a strayed stranger to his lodgings with his lanthorn; and if he prove mutinous, but not outrageous, they only carry him to their round-house, where he passes the night at a small expense, till the fumes of his wine are evaporated; but for vagrant rogues they are very useful in carrying them immediately to prison; and thus they keep the peace of the City."

Sometimes bequests were made for the lighting. Thus, John Wardall, by will dated 29th August 1656, gave to the Grocers' Company a tenement called the White Bear, in Walbrook, to the intent that they should yearly, within thirty days after Michaelmas, pay to the churchwardens of St Botolph, Billingsgate, £4 to provide a good and sufficient iron and glass lantern, with a candle, for the direction of passengers to go with more security to and from the waterside, all night long, to be fixed at the north-east corner of the parish church of St Botolph, from the feast-day of St Bartholomew to Lady-day; out of which sum £1 was to be paid to the sexton for taking care of the lantern. This annuity is now applied to the support of a lamp in the place prescribed, which is lighted with gas. John Cooke, by will dated 12th September 1662, gave to the churchwardens, &c., of St Michael's, Crooked Lane, £76 to be laid out to the most profit and advantage, for various uses; and amongst them for the maintenance of a lantern and candle, to be eight in the pound at least, to be kept and hanged out at the corner of St Michael's

Lane, next Thames Street, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock at night, until the hours of four or five in the morning, for affording light to passengers going through Thames Street or St Michael's Lane.

Robbing the Royal Treasury.

THE Chapel of the Pyx, at Westminster, or its immediately adjoining building, was in old time a Royal Treasury, once the scene of a glorious haul by way of the robbery of about two millions of our money by certain folks, amongst whom the Abbot and forty of his monks fell under suspicion and were sent to the Tower. This money (£100,000) had been laid up for the Scotch wars by Edward I. Mr Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect, on one occasion found under the hinges of a door giving access to a portion of this building, "some pieces of white leather," which Mr Quekett declared to be human skin, originally, no doubt, as was the case elsewhere, the personal property of certain thieves, and stretched over the entire door as a terror for the future. Such it did not prove, for one Richard de Podelicote, sacrist of Westminster, and the Keeper of the Palace, with some friends of theirs, broke into the King's strong box and spoiled him to their hearts' content. The King, who was not a man to be trifled with, sent writ after writ from his Scottish camp at Linlithgow, and soon the evil was out. Here is part of Podelicote's confession :—

"He was a travelling merchant for wool, cheese, and butter, and was arrested in Flanders for the King's debts in Bruges, and there were taken from him £14, 17s., for which he sued in the King's Court at Westminster at the beginning of August, in the thirty-first year, and then he saw the condition of the refectory of the Abbey, and saw the servants bringing in and out silver cups and spoons and mazers. So he thought how he might obtain some of those goods, as he was so poor on account of his loss in Flanders, and so he spied about all the parts of the Abbey. And on the day when the King left the place for Barnes, on the following night, as he had spied out, he found a ladder at a house, which was near the gate of the Palace towards the Abbey, and put that ladder to a window of the chapter-house, which he opened and closed by a cord; and he entered by this cord, and thence he went to the door of the refectory, and found it closed with a lock, and he opened it with his knife and entered, and there he found six silver hanaps, in an ambry behind the door, and more than thirty silver spoons in another ambry, and the mazer hanaps under a bench near together; and he carried them all away, and closed the door after him without shutting the lock. Having spent the proceeds by Christmas, he thought how he could rob the King's treasury. And as he knew the ways of the Abbey, and where the treasury was, and how he could get there, he began to set about the robbery eight days before Christmas, with the tools which he provided for it—*viz.*, two 'tarrers,' great and small knives, and other small 'engines' of iron, and so was about the breaking open during the night hours of eight days before Christmas to the quinzain of Easter, when he first had entry on the night of a Wednesday, the eve of St Mark (April 24); and all the day of St Mark he stayed in there and arranged what he would carry away, which he did the night after, and the night after that, and the remainder he carried away with him out of the gate behind the church of St Margaret, and put it at the foot of the wall beyond the gate, covering it with earth, and there were there pitchers, cups with feet and covers. And also he put a great pitcher with stones and a cup in a certain tomb. Besides he put three pouches full of jewels and vessels, of which one was 'hanaps' entire and in pieces. In another a great crucifix and jewels, a case of silver with gold spoons. In the third, 'hanaps,' nine dishes and saucers, and an image of our Lady in silver-gilt, and two little pitchers of silver. Besides he took to the ditch by the mews a pot and a cup of silver. Also he took with him spoons, saucers, spice dishes of silver, a cup, rings, brooches, stones, crowns, girdles, and other jewels which were afterwards found with him. And he says that what he took out of the treasury he took at once out of the gate near St Margaret's Church, and left nothing behind within it."

The affair was evidently got up between the parties above named; and an extraordinary instance of their cunning and foresight is shown by the cemetery (the cloister-garth, that is) having been sown with hemp in the previous spring, so that it should grow high enough by the time of the robbery to hide treasures in, "that the misdeed might be unknown." What punishment was inflicted on the robbers is unknown. When Mr Scott came upon the skin above mentioned, he also made entry upon a forgotten store of records, dating from about *temp.* Henry III. to Henry VIII., the depository of which some zealous canon had turned into a wine-cellar about sixty or seventy years back. A number of little boxes of poplar were amongst the shamefully treated heap; each containing one or more deeds with seals attached, all relating to the affairs of private individuals, interesting from their early dates, extending, as far as has been ascertained, from the time of Henry III. to that of Edward III. They are as fresh as when new, beautifully written, and the seals often very good. Fragments of encaustic tiles, of beautiful patterns, were found in the same place, the glaze on which was so fresh as to lead to the belief that they had never been trodden on. In making entry to this place, which led from the cloisters to the entrance to the dormitory, now the library, Mr Scott found "the sill of the doorway worn deeply with the feet of the monks, and more so on one side than the other, showing that one leaf only of the folding doors was used."—From the *Athenæum* review of *Gleanings of Westminster Abbey*, by G. G. Scott, F.S.A.

Migration of Citizens Westward.

THE Mayoralty of Sir Francis Gresham Moon, 1854–5, was distinguished by its hospitalities, which were conducted with fitting splendour and loyal citizenship; and especially by many a graceful recognition of the claims of art, and literature, and antiquarian lore, at the festive board of the Mansion House. Upon one of these occasions, the Lord Mayor entertained the Noriomagians, an antiquarian and social club, and the office-bearers of the Society of Antiquaries to meet them. After dinner, some short papers were read, including one by Mr Lemon, of the State Paper Office, which presents some curious illustrations of the state of society in the reign of James I., and is as follows:—

"Distinguished as our host has been in his presidency of the first city of modern times, it occurred to me," said Mr Lemon, "that a note of the abodes of some few of the celebrated personages who passed their lives in quietude and retirement in those parts of London where commercial activity now reigns paramount, would not be unacceptable.

"The migration of the citizens westward is a very curious and interesting problem, which I hope some day to see fully worked out by abler hands than mine. Within the compass of two centuries, a race of men have wholly disappeared from the City as inhabitants. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, numbers of the nobility and gentry possessed houses and estates in the City, in which they permanently dwelt—not for the purposes of traffic or commerce, but as independent gentlemen residing in the pleasantest localities they could select. While on one side the Tower was a royal residence, and on the other, Bridewell was a favourite resort of royalty, and the gorgeous tilts and tournaments of Smithfield were pageants of the utmost attraction, it cannot be wondered at that spots in Cheapside and Cornhill, in the fair lanes leading to the river, and on the banks of the river itself, were eagerly sought for by the followers of the court and the votaries of pleasure.

"In arranging the noble collection of State archives under my charge, I have occasionally made a note of the residences of some of the most celebrated characters of the Elizabethan period, and I confine myself to the notice of a few only on the present occasion. Previous to Elizabeth I find that—

"In 1548, John Lisle, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, resided in Ely Place, and at the same time Sir Anthony St Leger, Lord Deputy of Ireland, had his abode in Southwark, at Chamberlain's Wharf in Tooley Street, formerly called from him 'St Leger's Wharf.'

"In 1549, Sir Edward Wootton had a house in Warwick Lane.

"In 1552, Sir Philip Hoby, at the Tower.

"In 1556, Sir Roger Cholmeley lived in the Old Bailey; and in 1558, Sir Francis Englefield, then Secretary of State, rusticated in the pleasant paths of Whitefriars.

"Coming now to the time of Elizabeth, in the first year of her reign, John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, resided at London Stone itself, so of course he must have been a thorough Londoner.

"In 1559, Frances, the celebrated Duchess of Suffolk, lived at the Charter House.

"In 1567, Richard Bertie, ancestor of the Earls of Lindsey, lived in elegant style on his estates in the Minories and the Barbican; and in 1568, the learned John Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury, resided in St Lawrence Lane. I doubt if the smallest bishop that now exists, even Sodor and Man, would voluntarily prefer living in that locality.

"In 1570, Sir Thomas Gresham had Gresham House, and there, very properly, as a citizen, he carried on his immense mercantile transactions, as well as his diplomatic agencies.

"In 1571, Lady Eleanor Pelham is found in the Minories; Sir Ralph Sadleir, the Ambassador, in Howard Place; and Margaret, Countess of Lennox, the mother of Lord Darnley, at Islington and Hackney.

"The Lord Chief-Justice Catlyn, in 1572, was fashionable enough to take up his abode in St Bartholomew's the Great; and in 1576, I find that Sir Walter Mildmay, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was his next neighbour in the same place. In that same year, Lady Mary Sydney lived at St Paul's Wharf, Sir Richard Baker in St John's Zachary, Sir George Peckham at St Sepulchre's, and Dame Elizabeth Leigh at St Olave's Jury.

"In 1579, a serious affray took place in Fleet Street between Mr Edmond Wyndham and Lord Rich, when Wyndham, being nearly overpowered by his assailant, found refuge in the house of the French Ambassador, in Salisbury Court."

Mr Lemon then proceeded to say: "I will not trouble you with more details of this nature, but proceed at once to read a document singularly illustrative of them, and highly important as to the jurisdiction of the City in relation to the curious localities of the Black and the White Friars. It appears to be a claim made by the resident inhabitants there, for a confirmation or grant of exclusive privileges, and to relieve themselves from the troublesome interference of the Lord Mayor and his officers, whose presence, no doubt, was on many occasions personally inconvenient."

We have not space to reprint these documents entire; but may state that they are "A Note of Liberties as to the Inhabitants of the late dissolved Houses of the Blacke and White Friers do claime to have exempte, from the Cittie of London;" and a petition to "Her Highness," for the well government of the precincts, including "the names of all such persons, as well honourable as worshipfull, inhabiting within the said precincts, or neere adjoyninge to the same, of which it maie please Her Highness to make choice of commissioners." In this list are the names of—

Imprimis—The Earl of Lincoln, L. Admirall of England; the Bishop of Wigorne; the Lord Cobham; the Lord Cheynie; the Lord Laware; the Lord Russell; the Lord Clinton; Sir Ambrose Jermyn; Sir Nicholas Poynes; Sir Thomas Gerrarde; Sir William Morgan; the Lord Buckhurst; the Lord Chief-

Justice of England; the Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas; the Master of the Rolles; the Queene's Sollicitour; Mr Tho. Fanshawe; Peter Osborne; Mr Powle, of the Chancery.

"There is no date to this curious and interesting paper, but from the signatures attached to it, and the appearance of the handwriting, it must have been as nearly as possible about the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or about the year 1581. What immediate effect this memorial had does not appear; but it is quite certain that both the precincts of the Black and White Friars enjoyed exclusive, and even dangerous privileges, for nearly two centuries afterwards. According to Maitland, the inhabitants of the Black Friars not only imagined, but exercised, a right, independent of the jurisdiction of the City of London, until the year 1735, when it was terminated by an action brought by the City in the Court of King's Bench, and the jury returned a verdict in favour of the City. The exclusive privileges of the White Friars precinct grew to be so dangerous that they were determined by Act of Parliament in 1696.

" It seemed to me this slight but authentic notice of a curious little republic—an *imperium in imperio*—might be interesting as a scene of bygone time, and might even lead us to regret that such scenes were gone for ever. What delight it might be, even now, if a portion of the citizens could enjoy such a pleasant retreat, free from troublesome Lord Mayors and their more troublesome officers, to have their own exclusive pump, to light up their own lanterns, to dwell where incontinent persons dare not show their naughty wicked heads, or to indulge in the excitement of a cart exhibition, if any such were unwise or unlucky enough to be caught. But all our pleasures are gradually disappearing before the march of reform and the flight of the rail. Hanging is difficult, and even unfashionable.

"I will not detain you any longer. The state of society here indicated continued in London throughout the reign of James I.

"How the glorious fire of London broke out; and how, thereupon, everybody that could, migrated westward; and how streets arose and markets were planned; and how the Lord Mayor opposed all the buildings he could; and how, by main force, he demolished the stairs at the New Hungerford Market; and how he got a sharp rap of the knuckles from the Privy Council for so doing; and how he was obliged to submit, and build them up again;—behold, it is all written in manuscript, in a very large book, from which, some day or other, if I ever have an opportunity, I shall make it more at large appear unto your lordship."

INDEX.

A.

ACTOR, a Partisan, 229
Adventures, Strange, and Catastrophes, 284–352
Ambassadors' Squabble described by Pepys, 67
Ambassadors, Unburied, 239
Astley, the Beau, Story of, 51
Astley, Philip, the Rider, Account of, 427–432
Astronomical Curiosity, 253
Avarice, Penalties of, 401

B.

BANK OF ENGLAND, Runs upon the, 315
Bannister, John, his Acting, 227
Barclay's Banking-house, 130
Barclay Family and George III., 127
Bartholomew Fair, Account of, 188–209; Bartholomew Babies, 200; Belzoni's Feats, 210; Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 193; Booths, Shows, and Wrestling, 208, 209; Cadman on the Rope, 197; Cloth Fair, 189; Cool Tankard, 206; Drolls, 190, 198, 200, 201; Evelyn at the Fair, 197; Extinction of, 207; Hall, Jacob, on the Rope, 193; Harlequin Phillips, 199; Hone and Morley's Accounts, 209; Lady Holland's Mob, 206; Lee and Harper's Booth, 198; Little Britain, 208; Ned Ward on, 194; Origin of, 188; Phillips, the Merry Andrew, 199; Powel, the Puppet-showman, 194; Proclamation of, 190; Puppet-shows, 193; Rahere, jester and monk, 188; Roasted Pigs, 196; Scripture Subjects, 204; Shorter, Sir John, Death of, 207; Song of 1655, 205
Basset-token, 76
Beau of Leadenhall Street, 380
Beggar's Opera, Account of the, 147
Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, 415
Bottle Conjuror, 177
Bonassus, Exhibition of, 241, 242
Book of St Alban's, Story of, 45
Boruwlaski, Count, and George IV., 92

British Museum, Formation of, 305
British Museum, New, 305
Brothers, "the Prophet," Story of, 8
Bonaparte in London, 300
Burning of the Houses of Parliament, 348
Burning of Montague House, 301
Bursting of the South Sea Bubble, 308
Byron, Lord, Eccentricities of, 413

C

CARLISLE HOUSE, Mrs Cornelys at, 179-188
Carlton House and Regency, 131
Carlton House, Regency Fête at, 134
Cecilia's (St) Day, Musical Celebration of, 145
Celestial Bed, Dr Graham's, 55
Champion of England, the, 139
Christmas Festivities in Westminster Hall, 39
Christmas at the Inns of Court, 42
Christmas, Royal Gaming at, 75
Cibber, Mrs, and Prichard, Mrs, their Acting, 225
Citizens migrating Westward, 460
City Watch and Ward, 450
Clement (St) Danes Church built, 33
Clerkenwell, the Parish Clerks of, 62
Cobbett, Mr, Eccentricities of, 408–412
Cocker's Arithmetic puffed on the Stage, 222
Cockpits, London, 43
Coleridge's Opium-eating, 403
Companies, Public, 313
Cooke, T. P., and Lord Aberdeen, 230
Cornelys, Mrs, at Carlisle House, 179–188
"Corner Memory Thompson," 396
Cornhill Lottery Offices, 337
Coronation of George IV., 140
Coronation Stone and Championship, 138
Corsican Dwarf, 102
Coverley, Sir Roger, at Vauxhall, 157
Crossing Sweeper, Story of, 382
Curiosities of the Patent Office, 257–262

D.

DANES in London, Stories of the, 32–36
Dangerous Classes in the last Century, 293–297
Davies, Sir John, in Middle Temple Hall, 376, 377
Deville, the Phrenologist, 398
Dibdin, the Bibliomaniac, 416
Downing Street, Recollections of, 255
Dream Testimony in Cripplegate, 6
Dryden Cudgelled, 69
Dryden, his Funeral, 71
Dryden's Ode to St Cecilia's Day, 146
Dutch Giant and Dwarf, 100
Dwarf, Count Boruwlaski, and George IV., 92

Dwarfs, Celebrated, Account of, 100
Dymoke Family and the Coronation Championship, 138

E.

EARTH-BATH, ancient and modern, 56
Earthquake Hoaxes, 288–290
Earthquakes in London, 286
Epsom and its olden Celebrities, 266, 267, 268
Epsom Races, Humours of, 265
Exchange Alley and the South Sea Bubble, 308
Explosion, Memorable, 284

F.

FANTOCCINI, Account of, 81
Fashion for Flowers, 342
Females introduced on the Stage, 217
Fenton, Miss, and the Beggar's Opera, 150
"Field of the Cloth of Gold," Painted Window, 276–279
Fielding, Sir John, Cautions by, 293–297
Fire at White's Club-house, 280
Fireworks at Ranelagh, 175
Flaxman, the Sculptor, Death of, 389
Flooding of the Thames Tunnel, 343–347
Funeral of Dryden, a Hoax, 71

G.

GAINSBOROUGH at Schomberg House, 52
Gaming Hell, Origin of the Term, 77
Gaming Houses kept by Ladies, 73
Garrick's Acting, Cumberland on, 224
Gay and the Beggar's Opera, 147
George III. and the Barclay Family, 127
Ghost Story explained, 1
Ghost in the Tower, Story and Evidences of, 18–26
Giant, Norfolk, the, 99
Giants at Guildhall, the, 115
Giants, the Irish, 95
Gibson, the King's Dwarf, 101
Goddess of Health, 56
Gog and Magog at Guildhall, 115
Gog-magog, Story of, by Nares, 119
Going to Fires, 279
Goldsmith and Sir J. Reynolds at Vauxhall Gardens, 161
Graham, Dr, his Publications, 58
Graham, Dr, and his Quackeries, 54
Gresham's Shop in Lombard Street, 306
Gridiron, Cobbett's emblem, 410, 411
Guildhall, Banquets in, 121
Gulliver's Travels, 367

H.

HACKNEY Coaches, Origin of, 60
Hallucination in St Paul's, 14

Handsome Tracy, Story of, 434
Hardham's 37 and Garrick, 221–223
Harlow's Picture of the "Trial of Queen Katherine," 248
Hogarth's "Industrious and Idle Apprentices," 243
Hogarth's Pictures at Vauxhall, 158
Hudson, Jeffrey, the Dwarf, 101
Hudson, "the Railway King," 351

I.

INDIAN Kings, the Four, 269
Ireland's Shakspeare Forgeries, Account of, 325–331

J.

JACK CADE in Southwark, 441
Journalist, an Errant, 387, 388

K.

KYNASTON, Richard, the Actor, 215

L.

LAMB, Charles, at the Play, 392–396
Lansdowne Family and Lansdowne House, 250–253
Leadenhall Street Beau, the, 380
Lee, Nat, his Madness, 378
Leverian Museum Lottery, 338
"Living Skeleton" Exhibition, 49
London, Population of, 354
London Recluse, 423–426
Lord Mayor's Day and Show, 120
Lord Mayor's Fool, 125
Lotteries in London, 332–341
Lowe at Marylebone Gardens, 171
Lucky Numbers in Lotteries, 335

M.

MACAULAY, Lord, on Public Companies, 313
Marlborough House and Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, 360–366
Marylebone Bowling-greens and Gaming-houses, 167
Marylebone Gardens, Account of, 167–172
Marylebone Fanatics, Three, 7
Masquerade at Carlisle House, 182
Mathews, Charles, the Elder, 435
May Fair a Century Ago, 212–215
Men who played Female Parts on the Stage, 215–219
Mermaid Hoax, 236
Middle Temple Hall, Scene in, 376
Migration of Citizens Westward, 460
Milkmaids on May-day, 232
Minister and the Player, 230–232
Mock Prince Sanders, 385
Monk Lewis, Account of, 399
Montague House and the British Museum, 304
Montague House, Burning of, 301
Montague, Edward Wortley, Account of, 234

Montague, Mrs Elizabeth, in Portman Square, 233
Morland's Mechanical Curiosities at Vauxhall Gardens, 156
Morocco Men in Lotteries, 340

N.

NANCY DAWSON, the Hornpipe Dancer, 220
Newcastle, Duke of, his Eccentricities, 368
New Zealander and the Ruins of London, 290
Newspaper, London, of 1677, 65
Newton, the Painter, Death of, 391

O.

O'BRIEN, the Irish Giant, 97
O'Byrne, the Irish Giant, 95
O. P. Riot described, 433
Opera, the, in 1747, 152
Opera at Carlisle House, 184
Opera-house Speculation, 263

P.

PAINTED Window of "the Field of Cloth of Gold," 276–279
Painted Window, St Margaret's, Westminster, 272
Pall Mall Sights, Old, 49
Pantheon destroyed by Fire, 281
Parliament Houses, Burning of, 348
Parr, Dr, and Ireland's Shakspeare Forgeries, 328
Patents, Curious, 257–262
Paul's Day in London, 37
Pepys at Bartholomew Fair, 192
Pepys at a Cockpit, 44
Pepys at Marylebone Gardens, 169
Pepys at Vauxhall Gardens, 124
Persons, Remarkable, 353–437
Petty, Sir W., and the Lansdowne Family, 353
Physicians, Celebrated, 370
Pictures, Sir Joshua Reynolds's, 246
Pictures at Lansdowne House, 250
Pigott Diamond Lottery, 339
Pig-faced Lady, the, 89–92
Plantagenet Times, City Regulations in, 36
Play-going Charles Lamb, 392–396
Pope's Procession and Burning of the Pope, 107
Portland Vase, Account of the, 238
Powel, the Puppet-showman, 78
Praise-God Barebones, Account of, 356–359
Prince Regent and the Author of *Waverley*, 136
Prisoners in the Tower, 448
Puffing on the Stage, 221
Puisne's Walke about London, a Ballad, 27
Punch and Judy, Account of, 77
Punch at Charing Cross, 77
Punch and Lord Nelson, 80

Punch, Mr Wyndham's Love of, 81
Puppets and Puppet Shows, 82

Q.

Quack Oculist, Sir W. Read, 372
Queen Anne's Farthings, Worth of, 323

R.

Races in Hyde Park, 47
Ragged Regiment in Westminster Abbey, 86
Ranelagh, Jubilee Masquerade at, 172
Recluse, a London, Death of, 423–426
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, his last Lecture, 406
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, his Zenith, 246
Ridotto at Vauxhall Gardens, 166, 167
Ring-dropping, old Fraud, 296
Robbing the Royal Treasury, 456
Rogers, S., Recollections of, 419
Roman London, Walls of, 30
Rothschild, Nathan Meyer, 401
Rout, Fashionable, in the last Century, 153

S.

St Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and Praise-God Barebones, 356–359
Salmon, Mrs, and her Wax-work, 83
Salt-box, Playing on the, 103
Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Eccentricities of, 364
Savile House, Leicester Square, destroyed by Fire, 282
Schomberg House, Romance of, 50
Scott, Sir Walter, and the Prince Regent, 136
Scrivelsby Court, and the Championship, a Ballad, 142
Sedan-chairs in London, 62–65
Shakspeare Forgeries, by Ireland, 325–331
Shakspeare's House in the Blackfriars, 444–447
Shark Story, Extraordinary, 104
Sharp, the Engraver, Fanaticism of, 7
Sheriffs, Presentation of, 124
Sights and Shows, and Public Amusements, 27
Sight-seeing, Lord Stowell's Love of, 241
Sky Farmers and Swindling, 293, 294
Southcote, Joanna, Story of, 11
South Sea Bubble, Account of the, 308–315
Stepney Legend of the Fish and Ring, 4
Strong Woman at May Fair, 213
Sweeps' Day at Montague House, 233
Swifte, Mr, his Narrative of the Ghost in the Tower, 18

T.

Thames Tunnel, Flooding of the, 343–347

Theodore, King of Corsica, his History, 317–323
Topham, the Strong Man of Islington, 105
Tower, Ghost in the, 18–26
Tower, Prisoners in the, 448
Tussaud's Wax-work, 86

V.

Vauxhall Gardens, Account of, 155–165
Voltaire in London, 374

W.

Walpole, Horace, his Account of Carlisle House and Mrs Cornelys, 182; Carlton House, 132; The Earthquake of 1750, 286; Dr Graham, 54; Ranelagh Masquerade, 172; Theodore King of Corsica, 317–323; at Vauxhall Gardens, 159
Watch-face at Somerset House, 240
Watch and Ward, Ancient, 450–456
Wax-work, Mrs Salmon's, 83
Westminster Abbey Wax-work, 87
Westminster Hall, Christmas Festivals in, 39
Westminster Hall, Coronation Banquet in, 140
Whitehall Cockpit, 44
White Hart Inn, Southwark, 441

Y.

York Buildings, a Site of Mischance, 298

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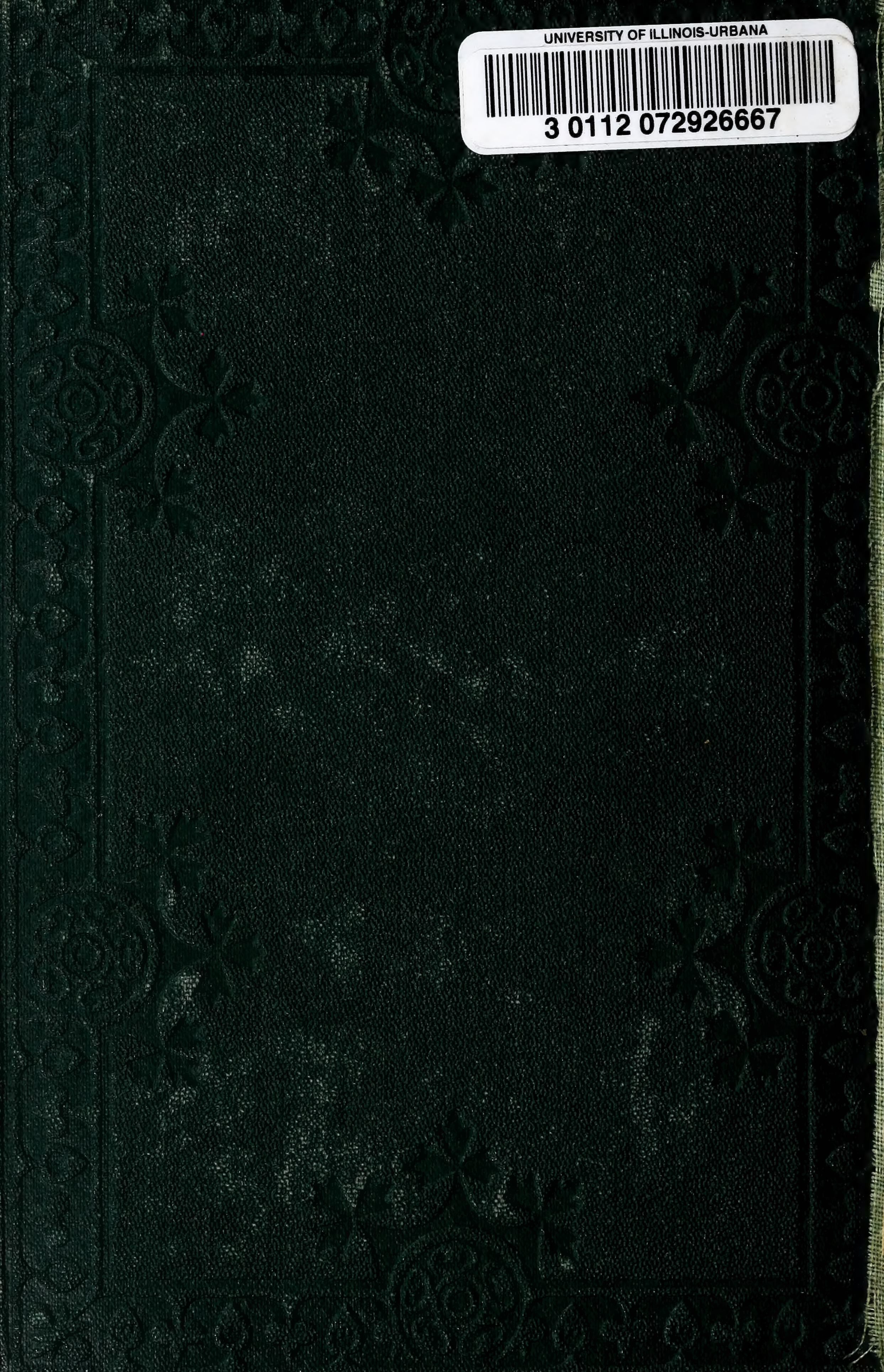

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